

MR. WM. FARRER,
AS LORD OGLEBY.

engraved by J. H. Wood, junr. from an Original - Painting by L. W. H. H.

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA,

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory ;

BEING THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

WITH THE

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

By **W. OXBERRY**, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME FIFTH.

CONTAINING

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.—SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.
OTHELLO.—DISTRESS MOTHER.—PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET ; ,
AND C CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1821.

**From the Press of Oxberry & Co.
8, White-Hart Yard.**

Oxberry's Edition.

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A COMEDY;

BY
G. Colman and D. Garrick.

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Remarks.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

This comedy was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, from the joint labours of Garrick and the elder Colman, early in 1766. It is recorded

Davies, as the remark of an eminent observer, that no dramatic piece, since the days of Beaumont and Fletcher, had been written by two authors, in which wit, fancy, and humour, were so happily blended. Under such a restriction, this honourable eulogy may, perhaps, be extended to the present period, and without the slightest reference or exceptions of any sort : while propriety of character and language are constituent parts of a good play, this child of poetic partnership may continue to prefer its fair claims upon critical praise.

The part of *Lord Ogleby* was written in a great measure, it is said, by Mr. Garrick, and intended at first for his own assumption. Infirmities, however, from which neither genius nor virtue was able to free him, prevented the fulfilment of this design, and it devolved in consequence upon Mr. King, by whom his ideas were transcribed with all the brilliant originality for which that great actor was distinguished. Mr. Colman expressed some dissatisfaction at this inevitable change, but experience convinced him of the towering abilities which judgment and caprice united ever after to respect.

The acting merit of this play is particularly conspicuous in the introduction of *Lord Ogleby*, whose appearance has been prepared throughout the first act with a spirit of the most pointed vigour, and agreeable variety. The solicitude of *Fanny* to develope her marriage with *Love-well*, and his tender anxiety to relieve her mind from its heavy burthen, are amiably contrasted with the sordid views of *Sterling*, the extravagant vivacity of his elder daughter, and the illiterate consequence

of her vulgar aunt. These are traits of character from which, even at their opening, much salutary monition may be derived. "Sweet are the uses" of such delineation, when the human mind is tuned to the music of moral inquiry, and delights to make even the "ugly and venomous" a source of ready reflection, and cheerful improvement.

The progress of the piece is not marked by any palpable departure from the attributes we have just described. On the contrary, some unimportant conversations excepted, which communicate an air of temporary languor to the scenes they connect with, the humour rises to a climax of pure and genuine entertainment. The part of *Lord Ogleby* becomes so prominent, from his errors of harmless vanity and venial misconception, that its merits will authorize the closest vigilance, and justify the warmest applause. Mr. Garrick has something like a prototype of this pleasant nobleman in the *Lord Chalkstone* of his own "Letlie," which, to soar still higher in the "heaven of invention," bears marks of being borrowed from *Lord Feeble*, who figures at some length in Moore's periodical paper, called "The World." On his originality, however, we shall pronounce no decisive opinion, but content ourselves with registering a sincere tribute to his splendid powers of instruction and amusement. From the most inoffensive foibles we may deduce involuntary bursts of laughter; and yet, in the midst of them, who can fail to profit by the peculiar beauty of his delicate feelings, and scrupulous honour?

From the embarrassments in which *Fanny* has been involved by a secret union with the object of her unblamable choice, an excellent lesson of cautious obedience and implicit candour may at once be derived. Her troubles are those of an amiable mind distressed by its own aberrations from the straight path of propriety, and wounded by the neglect of those duties to which the rights of her father were entitled. The sordid exercise of parental authority on his part affords, it is true, some colour for her conduct, but none for its concealment; while her virtues are only redeemed from the imprudence with which they have been tarnished, by the acuteness of her sorrows, and the sincerity of her repentance.

If just satire is a branch of true wit, this play, or some portions of it, may be ranked as a witty production. We are more inclined, however, to esteem it as fraught with the dignity of reflection, than illumined by flashes of impulse, without lowering it, on that account,

in the scale of critical regard. The nervous luxuriance of Congreve may be wanting, with the spirited ease of Farquhar; yet, when its simple solidity has been opposed to the seductive brilliance of their immoral flights, we learn how to value even humble purity. In the eye of literature, if the "Clandestine Marriage" can exhibit but few pleas for approval, we shall not hesitate to admit that, upon representation, it opens many avenues to amusement, and offers a happy medium for the exercise of manly taste, without doing violence to female virtue.

Our readers are aware that a sketch of Mr. Colman's dramatic life, has been already furnished in this work, and having considered the memoir of Mr. Garrick as more suitable to an exclusive composition, we shall prefix it to the first of his valuable farces that may fall within our limits.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and fifty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes—the second, forty—the third, thirty-five—the fourth, thirty-seven—the fifth, thirty-five—The half price commences, generally, at nine o'clock.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Poets and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law :
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from his canvass to the stage is brought.
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind ?
But not the same their characters and scenes ;
Both labour for one end, by different means ;
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
Their one great object, *Marriage à-la-mode* !
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold ;
And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye ;
While England lives, his fame can never die :
But he, who *struts his hour upon the stage*,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save,
The art and artist share one common grave.

O, let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier !
You to their worth must testimony give ;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known !
They'll boast of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of their own :
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt and be approv'd by you.

EPILOGUE,

BY MR. GARRICK.

SCENE, *an Assembly. Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables, among the rest, Colonel Trill, Lord Minum, Mrs. Quaver, and Sir Patrick Mahony.*

• *At the Quadrille Table.*

Col. T. Ladies, with leave—

2 Lady. Pass!

3 Lady. Pass!

Mrs. Q. You must do more.

Col. T. Indeed I can't.

Mrs. Q. I play in hearts.

Col. T. Encore.

2 Lady. What luck?

Col. T. To-night at Drury-lane is play'd

A comedy, and *tout nouvelle*—a spade!

Is not Miss Crotchet at the play?

Mrs. Q. My niece

Has made a party, sir, to damn the piece.

• *At the Whist Table.*

Lord M. I hate a playhouse—Trump—it makes me sick.

1 Lady. We're two by honours, ma'am.

Lord M. And we th' odd trick.

Pray do you know the author, Colonel Trill?

Col. T. I know no poets, heav'n be prais'd—Spadille—

1 Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord. (*Whispering Lord Minum*)

Lord M. What, he again!

“And dwell such daring souls in little men?”

Be whose it will, they down our throats will cram it.

Col. T. O, no—I have a club—the best—We'll damn it.

Mrs. Q. O, bravo, colonel!—Music is my flame.

Lord M. And mine, by Jupiter!—We've won the game.

Col. T. What do you love all music?

Mrs. Q. No, not Handel's.

And nasty plays—

Lord M. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.

(*Rises from the table and pays.*)

• *From the Piquette Table.*

Sir P. Well, faith and troth, that Shakspeare was no fool.

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, sir—so ends the pool.

(They pay and rise from the table.)

Song.—Colonel Trill.

I hate all their nonsense,
Their Shakspeares and Jonsons,
Their plays, and their playhouse, and bards;
'Tis singing, not saying;
A fig for all playing,
But playing, as we do, at cards.

I love to see Jonas,
Am pleas'd, too, with Comus;
Each well the spectator rewards.
So clever, so neat in
Their tricks and their cheating!
Like them we would fain deal our cards.

Sir P. King Lear is touching!—And how fine to see
Ould Hamlet's Ghost!—"To be, or not to be."—
What are your op'ras to Othello's roar?
Oh, he's an angel of a Blackamoor!

Lord M. What, when he chokes his wife!

Col. T. And calls her whore?

Sir P. King Richard calls his horse—And then Macbeth,
Whenc'er he murders—takes away the breath!
My blood runs cold at ev'ry syllable,
To see the dagger that's invisible!

(All laugh.)

Laugh if you please—a pretty play—

Lord M. Is pretty.

Sir P. And when there's wit in't—

Col. T. To be sure, 'tis witty.

Sir P. I love the playhouse, now—so light and gay,
With all those candles—they have ta'en away!

(All laugh.)

For all your game, what makes it so much brighter?

Col. T. Put out the lights, and then—

Lord M. 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir P. Pray do you mane, sirs, more than you express?

Col. T. Just as it happens—

Lord M.

Either more or less.

Mrs Q. A'n't you asham'd, sir?

(To Sir Patrick.)

Sir P. Me !—I seldom blush.
 For little Shakspeare, faith, I'd take a push.
Lord M. News, news ! here comes Miss Crotchet from the play.

Enter Miss Crotchet.

Mrs. Q. Well, Crotchet, what's the news ?

Miss C. We've lost the day.

Col. T. Tell us, dear miss, all you have heard and seen.

Miss C. I'm tir'd—a chair—here, take my capuchin.

Lord M. And isn't it damn'd, miss ?

Miss C. No, my lord, not quite,

But we shall damn it.

Col. T. When ?

Miss C. To-morrow night.

There is a party of us, all of fashion,
 Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar passion :
 A playhouse ! what a place !—I must forswear it ;
 A little mischief only makes one hear it.
 Such crowds of city folks !—so rude and pressing !
 And their horse laughs so hideously distressing !
 Whene'er we hiss'd, they frown'd and fell a swearing,
 Like their own Guildhall giants—fierce and staring !

Col. T. What said the folks of fashion ? were they cross ?

Lord M. The rest have no more judgment than my horse.

Miss C. Lord Grimly said 'twas execrable stuff.

Says one—"Why so, my lord ?"—My lord took snuff.

In the first act Lord George began to doze,
 And criticis'd the author through his nose ;
 So loud indeed, that as his lordship snor'd,
 The pit turn'd round, and all the brutes encor'd.
 Some lords indeed approv'd the author's jokes.

Lord M. We have among us, miss, some foolish folks.

Miss C. Says poor Lord Simper—"Well, now to my mind,
 The piece is good ;"—but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir P. Upon my soul, a very pretty story !

And quality appears in all its glory.

There was some merit in the piece, no doubt.

Miss C. O, to be sure !—if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, miss, the subject of the play.

Miss C. Why, 'twas a marriage—yes—a marriage—stay—

EPILOGUE.

A lord, an aunt, two sisters, and a merchant—
 A baronet, ten lawyers, a fat sergeant,
 Are all produc'd—to talk with one another ;
 And about something make a mighty pother !
 They all go in and out, and to and fro ;
 And talk and quarrel—as they come and go—
 Then go to bed—and then get up—and then—
 Scream, faint, scold, kiss—and go to bed again.—
 Such is the play—Your judgment—never sham it.

(All laugh.

Col. T. Oh, damn it !

Mrs. Q. Damn it !

1 Lady. Damn it !

Miss C. Damn it !

Lord M. Damn it !

Sir P. Well, faith, you speak your minds, and I'll be free—
 Good night—this company is too good for me. (Going.

Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.

(All laugh.

Sir P. Laugh if you please, but pray don't laugh so loud. [Exit.

Recitative.—Colonel Trill, Miss Crotchet, and Lord Minum.

Col. T. Now the Barbarian's gone, miss, tune your tongue,
 And let us raise our spirits high with song.

Miss C. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur*—I've one in *petto*,
 Which you shall join, and make it a *duetto*.

Lord M. Bella signora, et amico mio,
 I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*.

Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd chorus,
 And drive all tragedy and comedy before us.

(All the company rise and advance to the front of the stage.)

Trio.—Colonel Trill, Miss Crotchet, and Lord Minum.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a tragedy ?

Miss C. Never. never.

Col. T. A comedy ?

Lord M. Never, never.

Live for ever.

Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

Col. T. } Live for ever.

Lord M. } Tweedle dum, and tweedle-dee.

Miss C. }

Chorus. Would you ever go to see, &c.

Costume.

LORD OGLEBY.

First dress.—An elegant morning gown and cap, pink satin waistcoat and breeches.—Second dress.—Pink satin coat, trimmed with silver frogs.

SIR JOHN MELVIL.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and breeches.

STERLING.

Brown coat, green satin waistcoat, and black velvet breeches.

LOVEWELL.

Black coat and breeches and white waistcoat.

SERGEANT FLOWER.

Suit of black cloth.

CANTON.

First dress.—Green jacket, flowered waistcoat, and red breeches.—Second dress.—Velvet coat, satin waistcoat, and breeches.

BRUSH.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.

MRS. HEIDELBERG.

First dress.—Silk gown and petticoat.—Second dress.—Flowered satin saque and petticoat, white dressing gown.

MISS STERLING.

Blue satin body, white muslin skirt trimmed with lace, and blue satin riband.

FANNY.

First dress.—Plain white muslin.—Second dress.—White satin body, white muslin petticoat, trimmed with flowers and lace.

BETTY.

Coloured gown and white muslin apron.

TRUSTY.

Brown stuff dress.

MAID.

Coloured cotton gown.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant. Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.E. Second Entrance
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in Flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Persons Represented.

As originally acted.

<i>Lord Ogleby</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Sir John Melvil</i>	Mr. Holland.
<i>Sterling</i>	Mr. Yates.
<i>Lovewell</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Sergeant Flower</i>	Mr. Love.
<i>Traverse</i>	Mr. Lee.
<i>Trueman</i>	Mr. F. Aickin.
<i>Canton</i>	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Brush</i>	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Mrs. Heidelberg</i>	Mrs. Clive.
<i>Miss Sterling</i>	Miss Pope.
<i>Fanny</i>	Mrs. Palmer.
<i>Betty</i>	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Chambermaid</i>	Mrs. Plym.
<i>Trusty</i>	Mrs. Love.

Drury-Lane.

1818.

Covent-Garden.

<i>Lord Ogleby</i>	Mr. Lovegrove.	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Sir John Melvil</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Sterling</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Lovewell</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Sergeant Flower</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Traverse</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Brook.
<i>Trueman</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Canton</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Brush</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Mrs. Heidelberg</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Dafenport.
<i>Miss Sterling</i>	Mrs. Mardyn.	Mrs. C. Kemble.
<i>Fanny</i>	Mrs. Edwin.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Betty</i>	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs. Sterling.
<i>Chambermaid</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Miss Green.
<i>Trusty</i>	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Coates.



THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sterling's house.*

Enter MISS FANNY, R.H. and BETTY, L.H. meeting.

Bet. (Running in.) Ma'am ! Miss Fanny ! Ma'am !

Fan. What's the matter, Betty ?

Bet. Oh la ! Ma'am ! as sure as I am alive, here is your husband—I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fan. I'm glad to hear it.—But pray now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again on any account. You know we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Bet. Dear, ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it is never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doomsday for Betty.

* *Fan.* I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Bet. Very true, ma'am ! and yet I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret ; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fan. Do but keep this secret a little while longer,

and then I hope you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Bet. The sooner the better, I believe; for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fan. Fie, Betty!

(*Blushes.*)

Bet. Ah! you may well blush. But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fan. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Bet. Angry—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it as much as if it was my own—I meant no harm, heaven knows. (1)

Fan. Well, say no more of this—it makes me uneasy.—All I have to ask of you is, to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Bet. Me reveal it!—If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—and as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother.—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evening.—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and wife, as—

Fan. See there now again! Pray be careful.

Bet. Well, well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife—I'll say no more.—What I tell you is very true, for all that—

Love. (*Within.*) William!

Bet. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fan. What!

Bet. I say here comes Mr. Lovewell.—Mind the caution I gave you—I'll be whipped now if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family.

(1) However natural in private, we think this circumstance might have been less forcibly insisted on.

However, if you choose it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, so you must reap—as you brew, so you must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back stairs, and leave you together. [Exit, R.H.]

Fan. I see, I see, I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL, L.H.

Love. My love!—How's this?—In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fan. Oh, Mr. Lovewell, the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family, and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Love. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of it's concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fan. End how it will, I am resolv'd it shall end soon—very soon. I would not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Love. Do not be too violent neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from

Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling. They will be here this evening—and I dare say within this hour.

Fan. I am sorry for it.

Love. Why so?

Fan. No matter—only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Love. As soon as possible.

Fan. But directly.

Love. In a few days you may depend on it.

Fan. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Love. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fan. Nay, but you must.

Love. Must! Why?

Fan. Indeed you must—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Love. Alarming, indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—What are they?

Fan. I cannot tell you.

Love. Not tell me?

Fan. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Love. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can this mean? Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fan. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assur'd, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Love. You put me upon the rack—I would do any thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence, can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know, too, your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendour of high life; her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls

quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family. Now if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might perhaps be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fan. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Love. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fan. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.

Enter STERLING, R.H. *as she is going.*

Ster. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fan. (*Confused.*) Mr. Lovewell, sir.

Ster. And where are you going, hussy?

Fan. To my sister's chamber, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ster. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner?—Well—well—let us but once see her eldest sister fast married to Sir John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Love. Would to heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation.

Ster. Yourself, eh, Lovewell!

Love. With your pleasure, sir.

Ster. Mighty well!

Love. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Ster. Better and better!

Love. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir—

Ster. What! You marry Fanny?—no—no—that will never do, Lovewell—You're a good boy, to be sure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—There's no stuff in the case; no money, Lovewell!

Love. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate; but though not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour—

Ster. But not the stuff, Lovewell!—Add one little round 0 to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Love. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Ster. Pshaw ! pshaw ! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Love. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Ster. Inclinations ! why you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell ?

Love. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir ; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Ster. Why, indeed, now if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Love. (*Hesitating.*) I am afraid, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you.

Ster. Why, you would not offer to marry her without my consent ! would you, Lovewell ?

Love. Marry her, sir ! (*Confused.*)

Ster. Ay, marry her, sir !—I know very well, that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark as you are would go much further towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers, or mothers, or uncles, or aunts, to prevent her. But you would not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that

manner.—I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Love. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—beg, sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Ster. Promise, then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Love. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no further. (1)

Ster. Well—well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you.—Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense!—What's doing in town?—Any news upon 'Change?

Love. Nothing material.

Ster. Have you seen the currants, the soap, and Madeira, safe in the warehouse? Have you compared the goods with the invoice, and bills of lading, and are they all right?

Love. They are, sir.

Ster. And how are stocks?

Love. Fell one and a half this morning.

Ster. Well, well—some good news from America, and they'll be up again.—But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil?—when are we to expect them?

Love. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them.

(*Giving letters.*)

Ster. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed! It takes my breath away.—(*Opening it.*)—And French paper too!—with a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes.—*My dear Mr. Sterling*—(*Reading.*)—Mercy on me! his lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise.—But how's this?—Eh!—*With you to-night—Lawyers to-morrow morning.*—To-night!—that's sudden, indeed—Where's my sister Heidelberg? She should know of this immediately.—Here, John! Harry! Thomas!—(*Calling the Servants.*)—Harkye, Lovewell!

(1) *Lovewell's* escape from the dilemma in which *Sterling* had entangled him, is brought about with equal skill and propriety.

Love. Sir.

Ster. Mind, now, how I'll entertain his lordship and Sir John—We'll show your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold.—Here, cook!—butler!—(*Calling.*)—What signifies your birth, and education, and titles!—Money, money!—that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Love. Very true, sir.

Ster. True, sir! Why then have you done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellows?—John! Thomas!—(*Calling.*)—Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah! Love-well! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe.—Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob—Where are all my rascals?—Here, William!—(1)

[*Exit, R.H. calling.*]

Love. So—as I suspected.—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best to be done?—Let me see—Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to Sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! it hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed. [*Exit, L.H.*]

(1) *Sterling's* purse-proud sufficiency, and ignorant ostentation, have here broken out in glaring colours, and the whole scene, which boasts an agreeable variety, deserves the warmest commendation.

SCENE II.—*Miss Sterling's Dressing-room.*

MISS STERLING L.H. and FANNY R.H. *discovered.*

Miss S. O, my dear sister, say no more!—This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all, it is extremely natural.—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fan. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss S. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fan. Not in the least.

Miss S. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fan. No indeed I don't. Why should I?

Miss S. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature, Mr. Lovewell, in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fan. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Lovewell!—Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss S. Pretty peevish soul!—O, my dear, grave, romantic sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats! Love and a cottage!—eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!

Fan. And why not a coach and six without the indifference?—But pray when is this happy marriage of yours to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss S. In a day or two—I cannot tell exactly—Oh, my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little:—*(Aside.)*—I know you have a pretty taste. Pray give me your opinion of my jewels. How do you like the style of this esclavage? *(Showing jewels.)*

Fan. Extremely handsome indeed, and well fancied.

Miss S. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds

to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings!—set transparent!—Here, the tops, you see, will take off, to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like them? (*Shows Jewels.*)

Fan. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss S. Ha, ha, ha! very well, my dear!—I shall be as fine as a little queen indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixed—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life!—The jeweller says I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except lady Brilliant, and Polly What-d'ye-call-it, Lord Squander's kept mistress. (1)

Fan. But what are your wedding-clothes, sister?

Miss S. O, white and silver, to be sure, you know.—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fan. Fie, sister!—how could you be so abominably provoking?

Miss S. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring, dressed in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's-hall—whilst the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new cut yew hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fan. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a bye-word

(1) *Miss Sterling's* raillery has hitherto imparted much spirit to this scene, and the last sarcasm, to which our note is appended, sets the foolish profusion of licentious gallantry in a most satirical light.

in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple-bar again.

Miss S. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-square—far—far—from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within!—my heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at court!—gilt chariot!—pieballed horses!—laced liveries!—and when the whispers buzzing round the circle—“Who is that young lady? Who is she?”—“Lady Melvil, ma’am!”—Lady Melvil!—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—My ears tingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—“Any news upon ‘Change?”—to cry, “Well, Sir John! any thing new from Arthur’s?”—or to say to some other woman of quality, “Was your ladyship at the Duchess of Rubber’s last night?—Did you call at Lady Thunder’s?—In the immensity of crowd, I swear I did not see you—Scarce a soul at the Opera last Saturday—Shall I see you at Carlisle-house next Thursday?”—Oh, the dear beau monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Fan. And so in the midst of all this happiness you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss S. (*Affectedly.*) You?—You’re above pity.—You would not change conditions with me.—You’re over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortable, I dare say.—He will mind his business—you’ll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season, perhaps, you’ll sit together in a front box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing-master’s, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer, with some other citizens, at Tunbridge. For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You sha’n’t want my countenance, I assure you.

Fan. Oh, you're too kind, sister !

Enter MRS HEIDELBERG, R.H.

Mrs. H. (*At entering.*) Here this evening !—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my dear !—(*To Miss Sterling.*)—I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abille. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss S. To-night, ma'am ?

Mrs. H. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles !—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper ?

Enter TRUSTY, R.H.

Oh, here, Trusty ! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening ?

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Well, but mind what I say to you.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber—d'ye hear ? and Sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-chamb in the opposite—

Trus. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George.—But harkye, Trusty !

Trus. Ma'am !

Mrs. H. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains, take the kivers off

the couch and the chairs, and, do you hear—take the china dolls out of my closet, and put them on the mantlepice immediately—

Trus. Yes, ma'am. (*Going.*)

Mrs. H. And mind, as soon as his lordship comes in, be sure you set all their heads a nodding.

Trus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Begone, then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother, Sterling?

Trus. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Very well.—[*Exit Trusty, R.H.*]
—Miss Fanny, I pertest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fan. With me! nothing ma'am.

Mrs. H. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I vow and pertest, —And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the quality will be here by-and-bye. Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen.—[*Exit Fanny, R.H.*]
—She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest.—This ridiculous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natatal of the girl.

Miss S. Poor soul! she can't help it.—(*Affectedly.*)

Mrs. H. Well, my dear! Now I shall have an opportunity of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss S. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. H. Oh fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister!

What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss S. O, he is the very mirror of complaisance; full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. H. Jealous!—I say jealous, indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss S. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am; and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. H. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, cannot distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child—It is all purliteness and good-breeding. Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss S. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizened face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING, L.H.

Ster. (*At entering.*) No fish?—Why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Plague on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackerel.

Mrs. H. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Ster. I warrant you.—But pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you.—I'll give them such a glass of champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. H. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of quality. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff, and that will keep you awake—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laughs. It is monstrous vulgar.

Ster. Never fear, sister!—Who have we here?

Mrs. H. It is Mons. Cantoon, the Swish gentleman that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter CANTON (1) L.H.

Ster. Ah, mounseer! your servant.—I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Can. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am, I am yours—Matemoiselle, I am your—(*Bowing round.*)

Mrs. H. Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoon!

Can. Kiss your hand, matam!

Ster. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family?—when are we to see his lordship and Sir John?

Can. Mons. Sterling! mi Lor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter hour.

Ster. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. H. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afraid of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Cantoon, after your journey?

Can. No, tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Shall I go and show you the apartments, sir?

Can. You do me great honour, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Come, then!—come, my dear.—(*To Miss S.*)—[*Exeunt, Can. Mrs. H. and Miss S. R.H.*
Ster. L.H.

END OF ACT I.

(1) It has always been a maxim with judicious writers to heighten their scenes by the apposite introduction of new personages. The appearance of this obsequious Swiss is cleverly managed, and gives an agreeable fillip to the termination of the act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An anti-room to Lord Ogleby's bed-chamber. Table with chocolate, and small case for medicines.*

BRUSH L.H. and CHAMBERMAID R.H. *discovered.*

Brush. You shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Cham. Nay pray, sir, don't be so positive ; I cannot stay indeed.

Brush. You shall drink one cup to our better acquaintance.

Cham. I seldom drinks chocolate ; and, if I did, one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one—if my lord should wake, or the Swish gentleman should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frightened to death—besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord. *(In a fright.)*

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Cham. But should he come upon us without ringing—

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—this key—*(Takes a vial out of the case.)*—locks him up till I please to let him out.

Cham. Law, sir, that's potecary's stuff !

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed, than he can read without spectacles—*(Sips.)*—What with qualms, age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding-up, to set him a-going for the day.

Cham. *(Sips.)* That's prodigious indeed—*(Sips.)*—My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle—*(Sips.)*—a mere corpse, till he is revived and refreshed from our lit-

the magazine here—When the restorative pills and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Cham. (Sips.) Poor gentleman! but should the Swish gentleman come upon us. *(Frightened.)*

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry.—No foreigner must break in upon my privacy.—*(Sips.)*—But I can assure you Monsieur Canton is otherwise employed—He is obliged to skim the cream of half a score newspapers for my lord's breakfast—ha, ha, ha! Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably—My lord's chocolate is remarkably good; he wont touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Cham. (Sipping.) 'Tis very fine indeed!—*(Sips.)*—and charmingly perfumed—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam; and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking;—*(Takes them out of a drawer in the table.)*—and in return I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips.—*(Kisses her.)*—A small return of favours, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to us both.—*(He bows, she courtesies.)*—Come, pray sit down—Your young ladies are fine girls, faith;—*(Sips.)*—though, upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's mind about them; and were I inclined to matrimony, I should take the youngest. *(Sips.)*

Cham. Miss Fanny! The most affablest, and the most best-natur'd creter!—

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so—

Cham. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know.

(Sips)

Brush. By no means; but you cannot hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy. Give us plenty of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars, ha, ha, ha!

Cham. Bless me, here's somebody!—*(Bell rings.)*—

Oh, 'tis my lord!—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I sha'n't go this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Cham. Not for the world, Mr. Brush—I'll be here to set all things to rights—But I must not drink tea indeed—and so your servant.

[*Exit, with teaboard, L.H. Bell rings again.*]

Brush. Yes, yes; I hear you.—It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week, without some little flirting with the abigails;—this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her (1)—(*Bell rings.*)—O, my lord—

(*Going.*)+

Enter CANTON, M.D. with newspapers in his hand.

Can. Monsieur Brush!—Maistre Brush!—my lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him.

[*Exit, M.D.*]

Can. Depechez vous donc.—(*Puts on his spectacles.*)—I wish de deveil had all dese papiers—I forget as fast as I read—de Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Chronique, and so dey all go l'un après l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'll be enragé contre moi.—Voyons!—(*Reads the paper.*) Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus and advertise—

Enter MAID L.H. with chocolate things.

Vat you want, chil?—

Maid. Only the chocolate things, sir.

(1) The propensities of this menial libertine are admirably drawn, and convey a fine imputation upon the vices he would imitate. His bribery of the chambermaid with a few cakes of his master's chocolate, shows that sensualists, even on a minor scale, will refrain from no enormity to accomplish their views.

Can. O, ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit too.

[*Exit Maid, L.H.*
Lord O. (Within.) Canton! he, he!—(*Coughs.*)
—Canton!—

Can. I come, my!—vat shall I do?—I have no news—he will make great tintamarre!—

Lord O. (Within.) Canton! I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter LORD OGLEBY, M.D. leaning on BRUSH.

Can. Here, my lor!—I ask pardon, my lor, I have not finish de papiers.

Lord O. D—n your pardon and your papiers—I want you here, Canton.

Can. Den I run, dat is all.—(*Shuffles along. Lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.*)

Lord O. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Can. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help—

Lord O. (Cries out.) O Diavolo!

Can. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor?

Lord O. Indeed but I am, my lord.—That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew and the east wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screwed to my body.

Can. A littel veritable eau d'arquibusade vil set all to right—(*Lord Ogleby sits down, and Brush gives chocolate.*)

• *Lord O.* Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. (L.H.) Here, my lord! (*Pours out.*)

Lord O. Quelle nouvelle avez vous, Canton?

• *Can. (R.H.)* A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord O. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow!

Can. Oui, my lor, I have little advertise here vil

give you more plaisir den all de lies about nothing at all. La viola! *(Puts on his spectacles.)*

Lord O. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and good discretion.

Can. I vil, mylor :—*(Reads.)*—*Dere is no question but that the cosmetique royale vil utterly take away all heats, pimps, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.*—A great deal more, my lor.—*Be sure to ask for de cosmetique royale, signed by the docteur own hand—Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink—Eh bien, my lor.*

Lord O. Eh bien, Canton!—Will you purchase any?

Can. For you, my lor?

Lord O. For me, you old puppy? for what?

Can. My lor!

Lord O. Do I want cosmetics?

Can. My lor!

Lord O. Look in my face—come, be sincere.—Does it want the assistance of art?

Can. *(With his spectacles.)* En verité non—'Tis very smoose and brillian—but tote dat you might take a little by way of prevention.

Lord O. You thought like an old fool, monsieur, as you generally do. Try it upon your own face, Canton, and if it has any effect, the doctor cannot have a better proof of the efficacy of his nostrum.—The surfeit water, Brush!—*(Brush pours out.)*—What do you think, Brush, of this family we are going to be connected with?—Eh!

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it would never do to live with.

Lord O. You are right, Brush—There is no washing the blackmoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars—always taste of the Borachio—and the poor woman, his sister, is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over the fatigue of her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation!—I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff? *(Brush gives him a box.)*

Can. Dey tink so of you, mylor, for dey look at no-ting else, ma foi.*

Lord O. Did they? Why I think they did a little—Where's my glass?—(*Brush puts one on the table.*)—The youngest is delectable. (*Takes snuff.*)

Can. O oui, my lor, very delect inteed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord O. She was particular.—The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased mother.—Some peppermint water, Brush—How happy is it, Canton, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in their marriage contract but their fortune.

Can. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord O. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed side.—(*Brush goes for it.*)—Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Can. Mush good may do your lordship. (1)

[*Exit, R.H.*

Lord O. (*To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.*) And now Brush, leave me a little to my studies.—[*Exit Brush, R.H.*]—What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism: It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address.—(*Gets off his chair.*)—He! courage, my lor! by heavens, I'm another creature.—(*Hums and dances a little.*)—It will do, faith,—Bravo, my lor! these girls have absolutely inspir'd me—If they are for a game of romps—Me viola pret!—(*Sings and dances.*)—Oh! that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone.—I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day.—(*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom*

(1) The servility of *Canton's* dexterous insinuations to *Lord Ogleby* of youth and attractive influence, are irresistibly laughable, and lead this noble dupe into a most ludicrous opinion of his imputed powers.

of the glass, and takes out rouge; while he is painting himself, a knocking at the door.)—Who's there? I won't be disturb'd.

Can. (Within.) My lor! my lor! here is Monsieur Sterling, to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord O. What a fellow!—*(Softly.)*—I am extremely honoured by Mr. Sterling.—Why don't you see him in, monsieur?—*(Aloud.)*—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal.—*(Softly.—Door opens.)*—Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING and LOVEWELL, R.H.D.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well last night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get them, nor money to buy them.—His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord O. Your beds are like every thing else about you—incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden? You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flowering trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips.—Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord. I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about—I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord O. I pray heaven you may! *(Aside.)*

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord O. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world—he, he, he, he!

Can. Bravissimo, my lor! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ster. They shall meet your lordship in the garden—

we wont lose our walk for them ; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go the grand tour, as I call it, ha, ha, ha !

Lord O. Not a foot I hope, Mr. Sterling ; consider your gout, my good friend—you'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness, he, he, he !

Can. Ha, ha, ha ! 'tis admirable, en vérité !

(Laughs very heartily.)

Ster. If my young man—*(To Lovewell.)*—here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as mounseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord O. What say you, Canton, will you take my kinsman into your tuition ? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Can. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord O. Well said, Canton ! But here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, R.H.D.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of love ? Have you been sighing and serenading this morning ?

Sir J. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord O. I'm sorry to see you so dull, sir—What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these very young fellows are ! They make love with faces as if they were burying the dead—though indeed a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling ?

Ster. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—Ha, ha, ha !

Can. Dat is all Monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir J. Pr'ythee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden ; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.—*(Apart to Lovewell.)*

Love. We'll go together.—*(Apart.)*—If your lord-

ship and Mr. Sterling please, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[*Exeunt Sir John Melvil and Lovewell, R.H.D.*]

Ster. My girls are always ready ; I make them rise soon, and to bed early ; their husbands shall have them with good constitutions and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

Lord O. Fine things, Mr. Sterling !

Ster. Fine things indeed, my lord !—Ah, my lord, had you not run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

Lord O. Very pleasant, he, he, he !

(*Half laughing.*)

Ster. Here's mounseer now, I suppose, is pretty near your lordship's standing ; but having little to eat, and little to spend in his own country, he'll wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord O. Very pleasant, I protest—What a vulgar dog ! (*Aside.*)

Can. My lor so old as me !—He is chicken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Ster. Ha, ha, ha ! Well said, mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha !—But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden : we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter !

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Lord O. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter in July ! I sweat with the thoughts of it—

Can. C'est un barbare.

Lord O. He is a vulgar dog ; and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, monsieur !

[*Exeunt, R.H.D.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter Sir John Melvil and Lovewell, L.H.

Love. In my room this morning ? Impossible.

Sir J. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Love. On what occasion ?

Sir J. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you that I could not sleep in my bed—but I found that you could not sleep neither—'The bird was flown, and the nest long since cold—Where was you, Lovewell ?

Love. Pooh ! pr'ythee ! ridiculous !

Sir J. Come, now, which was it ; Miss Sterling's maid ? a pretty little rogue ! or Miss Fanny's Abigail ? a sweet soul too—or—

Love. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir J. Well, but where was you, Lovewell ?

Love. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was ?

Sir J. Walking ! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet, refreshing showers to walk in ! No, no, Lovewell. Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids—

Love. But your business ! your business, Sir John !

Sir J. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Love. Pshaw !

Sir J. Poor Lovewell ! he can't bear it, I see.—
(*Aside.*)—She charged you not to kiss and tell, eh, Lovewell ?—However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine.—What do you think of Miss Sterling ?

Love. What do I think of Miss Sterling ?

Sir J. Ay, what do you think of her ?

Love. An odd question !—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir J. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Love. How ?

• *Sir J.* But her person—what d'ye think of that ?

Love. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir J. A little grisette thing.

Love. What is the meaning of all this ?

Sir J. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—(*A loud laugh heard*

without.)—We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, STERLING, CANTON, MRS. HEIDELBERG, MISS STERLING, *and* FANNY, L.H.S.E.

Lord O. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling ! wonderful improvements ! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the bason with Neptune in the middle, are in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-park corner.

Ster. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expense, not I.—This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack smooth—as you see.—Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery.—The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East Indian captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches, and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord.

Lord O. No, I thank you, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle, and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord O. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling : for it looks like a cabin in the air.—If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Mrs. H. My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord !—But you'll excuse him.—I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste.—In the evening, I shall hope for the honour of your lord-

ship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the cow.

Lord O. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy and cream of politeness.

Mrs. H. O, my lord ! (*Leers at Lord Ogleby.*)

Lord O. O, madam ! (*Leers at Mrs. Heidelberg.*)

Ster. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord ?

Lord O. A most excellent serpentine ! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Ster. Ay, here's none of your strait lines here—but all taste—zigzag—crinkum—crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord !

Lord O. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling ! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks.—You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way.—It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch-street.

Can. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Lord O. What d'ye laugh at, Canton ?

Can. Ah ! que cette similitude est drole ! so clever what you say, mi lor !—

Lord O. You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about ?
(*To Fanny.*)

Fan. Only making up a nosegay, my lord !—Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it ?

(*Presents it.*)

Lord O. I'll wear it next my heart, madam ;—I see the young creature dotes on me !
(*Aside.*)

Miss S. Lord, sister ! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook, or the nurse, carries to town, on a Monday morning, for a beaupot.—Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweetbriar ?

Lord O. The truest emblems of yourself, madam ! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul !
(*Aside.*)

Ster. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. H. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over walking, brother !

Lord O. Not at all, madam ! We're in the garden of Eden, you know ; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty. *(Leers at the women.)*

Mrs. H. Quite the man of quality, I vow and per-test. *(Aside.)*

Can. Take a my arm, mi lor !

(Lord Ogleby leans on him.)

Ster. I'll only show his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord O. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling ?

Ster. Ay, ruins, my lord ! and they are reckoned very fine ones, too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord O. (Going, stops.) What steeple's that we see yonder ?—the parish church, I suppose.

Ster. Ha, ha, ha ! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord ! it is a spire that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord !

Lord O. Very ingenious indeed ! For my part, I desire no finer prospect than this I see before me.—*(Leers at the women.)*—Simple, yet varied ; bounded, yet extensive.—Get away, Canton !—*(Pushes Canton away.)*—I want no assistance—I'll walk with the ladies.

Ster. This way, my lord !

Lord O. Lead on, sir !—We young folks here will follow you.—Madam !—Miss Sterling !—Miss Fanny ! I attend you.

[Exit after Sterling, R.H. gallanting the ladies.]

Can. (*Following.*) He is cock o'de game, ma foi !
[*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir J. Hark ye, Lovewell, you must not go—at length, thank heaven ! I have an opportunity to unbosom.—I know you 'are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself you would rejoice to serve me.

Love. Be assured you may depend upon me.

Sir J. You must know then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me, will come to nothing.

Love. How ?

Sir J. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Love. No match ?

Sir J. No.

Love. You amaze me. What should prevent it ?

Sir J. I.

Love. You ! Wherefore ?

Sir J. I don't like her.

Love. Very plain indeed ! I never supposed that you were extremely devoted to her from inclination, but thought you always considered it as a matter of convenience rather than affection.

Sir J. Very true. I came into the family without any impressions on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference, ready to receive one woman as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious sober love, as a chimera, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I, who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries.—In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Love. Another ! So, so ! here will be fine work. And pray who is she ?

Sir J. Who is she ! who can she be but Fanny—the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny ?

Love. Fanny ! What Fanny ?

Sir J. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is not she an angel, Lovewell ?

Love. Her sister ? Confusion !—You must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir J. Not think of it ! I can think of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell, was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her?—You seem confounded—Why don't you answer me?

Love. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir J. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? Nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now; and yet I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Love. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir J. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Love. You'll find I'm in the right.

Sir J. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Love. You have not declared your passion to her already?

Sir J. Yes, I have.

Love. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir J. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Love. Encouragement!—did she give you any encouragement?

Sir J. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I pressed her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Love. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir J. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Love. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir J. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Love. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir J. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk yonder, d'ye see? I'll go to her immediately!

Love. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing.

Sir J. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Love. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits.—The shock will be too much for her.

(*Detains him.*)

Sir J. Nothing shall prevent me—Ha! now she turns into another walk—Let me go!—(*Breaks from him.*)—I shall lose her.—(*Going, turns back.*)—Be sure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you. [*Exit hastily, R.H.*]

Love. 'Sdeath, I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face!—I shall break out before my time.—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him—I am sure she could not—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—Leave him to solicit my wife? I can't submit to it.—They come nearer and nearer.—If I stay, it will look suspicious—It may be—

tray us, and incense him.—They are here—I must go
—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world! (1)
[Exit, L.H.]

Re-enter SIR JOHN MELVIL *and* FANNY, R.H.

Fan. Leave me, Sir John—I beseech you, leave me! Nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir J. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! Consider that this day must determine my fate, and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to entreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fan. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation, and think of mine! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me be gone.

Sir J. Nay, stay, madam, but one moment.—Your sensibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have been pretended on either side, more than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of a matrimonial negotiation, with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fan. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these com-

(1) The situation of *Lovewell* is here truly dramatic. He is compelled to let a rival solicit the affections of his wife, under an assurance, which has made some impression upon him, that her reception of his addresses has not been severe.

mon pretences of the heart half our sex are made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir J. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix—but when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fan. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit, nay if I did not even express the quickest resentment at your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you in honour to my sister ; and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her.

(*Going, R.H.*)

Sir J. One word, and I have done.—(*Stops her.*)—Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own ? I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you,—and hope to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling :—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fan. Hear me, sir ; hear my final determination.—Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them ;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other, I could not listen to your proposals.—What ! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister ; I, living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness, and not to conspire against her peace,

the peace of a whole family, and that of my own too!—Away, away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go.

Sir J. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope! *(Falls on his knees.)*

Fan. I cannot.—Pray, Sir John!—

(Struggles to go.)

Sir J. Shall this hand be given to another!—*(Kisses her hand.)*—No, I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Re-enter MISS STERLING, R.H.

Fan. Ha! my sister is here. Rise for shame, Sir John.

Sir J. Miss Sterling! *(Rises.)*

Miss S. I beg pardon, sir! You'll excuse me, madam!—I have broke in upon you a little opportunely, I believe—but I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotion.

Sir J. I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but—

Miss S. O dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology—the thing explains itself.

Sir J. It will soon, madam.—In the mean time, I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions—And—and—your humble servant, madam!

[Exit in confusion, R.H.]

Miss S. Respect!—Insolence!—Esteem!—Very fine truly—And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fan. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more

offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss S. Make me miserable—You are mightily deceived, madam; it gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, miss, the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, envious, and deceitful.

Fan. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss S. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No, no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fan. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss S. We shall try that, madam.—I hope, miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt, for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Fan. How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me.—Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me, and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgressions, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace.—Yet, at all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. (1)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

(1) The growing perplexities and delicate resignation of *Fanny*, who throughout her interview with *Sir John Melvil*, has shown good sense and commendable feeling, render her an object of favour and pity, which this soliloquy converts to the tenderest suspense.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter a SERVANT, conducting in SERGEANT FLOWER and COUNSELLORS TRAVERSE and TRUEMAN, L.H. all booted.

Serv. This way, if you please, gentlemen ! my master is at breakfast with the family at present, but I'll let him know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flow. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flow. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Sergeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him according to his appointment.

Serv. I will, sir. (*Going.*)

Flow. And harkye, young man.—(*Servant returns.*)—Desire my servant—Mr. Sergeant Flower's servant, to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall, with my portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*

Flow. Well, gentlemen ! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits.—Let me see—the Home, the Midland, and Western ; ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations.—Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford ?

Trav. The day after to-morrow.

Flow. That is commission-day with us at Warwick, too ; but my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there next morning. Besides I've half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again ; so I'll take the evening before me, and then *currente calamo*, as I say, eh, Traverse ?

Trav. True; and pray, Mr. Sergeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas, at Lincoln?

Flow. I am—for the plaintiff.

Trav. And what do you think on't?

Flow. A nonsuit.

Trav. I thought so.

Flow. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—luce clarius—we have no right in us—We have but one chance.

Trav. What's that?

Flow. Why, my lord chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

True. Ay, that may do indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's counsel.

Flow. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair?

True. I am, sir.—I have the honor to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go to the Western circuit, and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flow. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

True. About nine years and three quarters.

Flow. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!(1)

Enter STERLING, R.H.

Ster. Oh, Mr. Sergeant Flower, I am glad to see you—your servant, Mr. Sergeant! Gentlemen, your servant! Well, are all matters concluded? Has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's-inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has

(1) This scene is an extremely pleasant satire upon those maggots of the law, as Farquhar emphatically calls them, who breed and live in the rotten parts of it.

done? Will his tackle hold tight and strong?—Eh, master sergeant?

Flow. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, sir—But then, *serius aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do. My clerk has brought the writings, and all other instruments along with him; and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth.

Ster. But that d—n'd mortgage of sixty thousand pounds.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Trav. I can answer for that, sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion.—You agree, on your part, to come down with eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleases—he shall have it in India bonds, or notes, or how he chooses.—Your lords and your dukes, and your people at the court end of the town, stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—Eh, Mr. Sergeant?

Flow. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine and suffered a recovery, has hitherto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate, for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of two thousand pounds per annum is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Trav. Very true—and Sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thousand pounds per annum, and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, B.H.

Ster. Ah, sir John! Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony.—First the lawyers, then comes the doctor.—Let us but dispatch the long-robe, we shall soon get pudding-sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir J. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir, but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me.—Having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately. (*To Ster.*)

Ster. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Sergeant, you'll excuse it—business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flow. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Ster. Nay, nay, I sha'n't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you.—My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner, or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game at bowls and a cool tankard?—My servants shall attend you.—Do you choose any other refreshment?—Call for what you please; do as you please; make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you.—Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!—(*Follows the Lawyers out, L.H. bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.*)—And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir J. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length; after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Ster. Uneasiness ! what uneasiness ?—Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife, on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law ; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir J. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment ; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too ; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Ster. What the deuce is all this ? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir J. In one word, then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Ster. How, Sir John ? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family ? What ! refuse to—

Sir J. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me ; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family, by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Ster. Why, did you not tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter ?

Sir J. True.—But you have another daughter, sir—

Ster. Well !

Sir J. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her ; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it ; and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Ster. Mighty fine, truly! Why what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the grand seignor, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them, and—

Sir J. A moment's patience, sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Ster. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir J. Come, come, Mr. Sterling, I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Ster. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir J. I'll tell you, sir.—You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Well!

Sir J. Now, if you will but consent to my waving that marriage—

Ster. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impossible, Sir John!

Sir J. I hope not, sir; as, on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Ster. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir J. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Ster. Fifty thousand—

(*Pausing.*)

Sir J. Instead of fourscore.

Ster. Why—why—there may be something in that.—Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore.—But how can this be, Sir John? for you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who I believe, between you and me, Sir John, is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present encumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir J. That objection is easily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.—Ten thousand pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Ster. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir J. Nothing was ever further from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.—And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day; and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Ster. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir J. The very thing!

Ster. Odso! I had quite forgot.—We are reckoning without our host here—there is another difficulty—

Sir J. You alarm me. What can that be?

Ster. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister, •Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir J. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Ster. I don't know that; Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first; and by that time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir J. I'll fly to her immediately—you promise me your assistance?

Ster. I do.

Sir J. Ten thousand thanks for it! And now, success attend me! (*Going, R.H.*)

Ster. Harkye, Sir John!—(*Sir John returns.*)—Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir J. O, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir. (*Going.*)

Ster. You'll remember it is thirty thousand?

Sir J. To be sure I do.

Ster. But, Sir John! one thing more.—(*Sir John returns.*)—My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir J. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! (*Offering to go.*)

Ster. (*Holding him.*) And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir J. To be sure. A bond, by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [*Exit hastily, R.H.*]

Ster. I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality, that cry for a plaything one minute and throw it by the next!—as

changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation, truly! Here does this whirligig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his terra firma; and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family.—Well, thus it is, that the children of citizens who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. (1)

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG and MISS STERLING, R.H.

Miss S. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny, for you!

Mrs. H. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her.—With all her arts, she never could insinuate herself into my good graces; and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss S. O, ay—she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. H. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

(1) This scene is perhaps the most valuable of the whole play. It exhibits *Sir John Melvil* without delicacy, and *Mr. Sterling* without honour, for how either of them can propose or encourage an exchange "from one girl to the other," and term it no more "than transferring so much stock," we are unable to determine. The moral to be deduced from all this is what demands our praise, and *Sterling's* soliloquy, which is replete with good sense and just satire, will support the assertion.

Miss S. And then she's so mighty good to servants—“Pray, John, do this—pray, Thomas, do that—thank you, Jenny”—and then so humble to her relations—“To be sure, papa—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best.”—But with all her demureness and humility, she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. H. She Lady Melvil! Compose yourself, niece! I'll ladyship her, indeed: a little creppin, cantin—She sha'n't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatenation here.

Miss S. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealings into corners, to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. H. My spirit to a T.—My dear child!—(*Kisses her.*)—Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help differing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experience and sagacity makes me still suspect that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns too; but Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another-guess sort of a figur! and were as perfect a pictur of two distressed lovers as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo. As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss S. Matter of fact, madam! Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling

at her feet, and kissing her hand? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion? Is not that matter of fact? and did not Sir John, the moment that papa was called out of the room to the lawyer-men, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister.—Oh, that some other person, an earl or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster!

Mrs. H. Be cool, child! you shall be lady Melvil, in spite of all their caballins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss S. As I live, madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. (*Disordered.*)

Mrs. H. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, child! I'll give it him, I warrant you; and by-and-bye I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss S. Pray do, madam.—(*Looking back.*)—A vile wretch! [*Exit in a rage, R.H.*]

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.H.

Sir J. Your most obedient humble servant, madam.
(*Bowing very respectfully.*)

Mrs. H. Your servant, Sir John.

(*Dropping a half courtesy and pouting.*)

Sir J. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what passed this morning.

Mrs. H. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion which I would always wish to entertain of a person of quality. (*Pouting.*)

Sir J. It has always been my ambition to merit the

best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh circumstances, I flatter myself—

Mrs. H. You do flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John—And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John.

(*Warmly.*)

Sir J. I would not offend you for the world, madam; but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. H. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister; and the whole family must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir J. Indeed she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself and Mr. Sterling. And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, madam.

Mrs. H. Indeed?

Sir J. Quite certain, madam.

Enter STERLING, L.H.U.E.

Ster. (Behind.) So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. H. To marry Fanny?

(*Sterling advances by degrees.*)

Sir J. Yes, madam.

Mrs. H. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir J. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, madam.

—(*Sees Sterling.*)—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. H. What! have you consented to give up your eldest daughter in this manner, brother?

Ster. (In centre.) Give her up, heaven forbid! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you—Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John.

(*Apart to Sir J.*)

Mrs. H. Yes, yes; I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her. Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir J. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. H. No, I warrant you. I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted till the last.

Ster. What! did not you consult my lord? Oh, fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir J. Nay, but Mr. Sterling—

Mrs. H. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalties, are to know nothing of the matter, till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your qualaty, Sir John.—And as for you, brother—

Ster. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister.

Mrs. H. I am perfectly ashamed of you—Have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent—

Ster. Consent! I consent! As I hope for mercý, I never gave my consent—Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir J. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of her approbation—

Ster. Ay, in case I grant you, that is, if my sister approved—But that's quite another thing, you know—

(*To Mrs. Heidelberg.*)

Mrs. H. Your sister approve, indeed!—I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!—What!

approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger?—I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Ster. I tell you, I never did listen to it.—Did not I say, that I would be entirely governed by my sister, Sir John?—And unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs. H. I agree to his marrying Fanny!—abominable!—The man is absolutely out of his senses.—Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortune?—No!—After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest?—No!—Does not this overturn the whole system of the fammaly?—Yes, yes, yes!

Ster. Do you see now what you've done?—Don't betray me, Sir John. (*Apart to Sir John.*)

Mrs. H. You know I was always for my niece Betsy's marrying a person of the very first quality. That was my maxum:—and, therefore, much the largest settlement was of course to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common council-man, for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir J. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. H. What! at the expense of her elder sister?—O fie, Sir John!—How could you bear to hear such an indignaty, brother Sterling?

Ster. I! Nay, I sha'n't hear of it, I promise you.—I can't hear of it indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. H. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling—You know you have, and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I sha'n't forsake my niece, I assure you.—Ah, if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg, and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Ster. Did I, Sir John?—Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined. (*Apert to Sir John.*)

Sir J. Why to be sure, to speak the truth—

Mrs. H. To speak the truth!—To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both.—But have a care what you are about, brother! have a care, I say.—The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years—I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ster. I thought so. I knew she would never agree to it.

Sir J. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! What can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Nothing.

Sir J. What, must our agreement break off the moment it is made, then?

Ster. It can't be helped, Sir John.—The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidelberg was a warm man—a very warm man, and died worth a plum at least:—a plum! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plum and a half.

Sir J. Well; but if I—

Ster. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents. and old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir J. I can only say, sir—

Ster. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand was very fair and handsome, to be sure, Sir John.

Sir J. Nay, but I am willing to—

Ster. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will,

I might lose above a hundred thousand; so you see the balance is against you, Sir John.

Sir J. Suppose I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Ster. I think he would be more likely to persuade her to it than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir J. I'll apply to him this very day.—And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so your servant, Sir John.

[*Exeunt, Sir J. R.H. Ster. L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room.*

Enter MR. STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, and MISS STERLING, R.H.

Ster. What! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. H. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed!

Mrs. H. Posatively.

Ster. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. H. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother.—This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Ster. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsy?

Miss S. No indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not.—For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I

would not do or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs. H. Hold your tongue, Betsy; I will have my way.—When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do.—Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigour on our part; and the sending her out of the way, shall be the preliminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Ster. Well, but sister—

Mrs. H. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will.—Come along, child.—(*To Miss Sterling.*)—The post-chaise shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why I will—and so there's an end of the matter.—(*Bounces out with Miss Sterling, R.H. then returns.*)—One word more, brother Sterling—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother; show a proper regard for the honour of your family yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind: so act as you please, and take the consequences. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Ster. The devil's in the women for tyranny!—Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us. As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it.—“I will do this,” and “you shall do that,” and “you shall do t'other—or else the family sha'n't have a farden of”—(*Mimicking.*)—So absolute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden.*

Enter LORD OGLEBY and CANTON, L.H.

Lord O. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent

away?—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Can. Je ne sçais pas—I know nothing of it.

Lord O. It can't be—it sha'n't be:—I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us. Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change-alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever showing that she is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing: isn't she, Canton?

Can. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous and dat young lady, my lor.

Lord O. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals; your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Can. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat, I believe, nor mademoiselle neither too—Ha, ha, ha!

Lord O. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Canton. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires?—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Can. As de fine girl to you, mi lor, ha, ha, ha! you always fly togedre, like un pair de pigeons—

Lord O. Like un pair de pigeons—(*Mocks him.*)—Vous êtes un sot, Monsieur Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never see'st me badi-ner, but you suspect mischief, you old fool you.

Can. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, mi lor, he, he, he!

Lord O. He, he, he!—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here,—(*Takes out his box.*)—a most ridiculous superfluity; but a pinch of thee now and then is a most delicious treat. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Can. You do me great honeur, mi lor.

Lord O. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrimms, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Can. Your flatterie, mi lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord O. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure : but pr'ythee, *Cant.* is not that Miss Fanny yonder ?

Can. (*Looks with a glass.*) Ah—la voila ! En verité, 'tis she, mi lor—'tis one of de pigeons—de pigeons d'amour.

Lord O. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey.

(*Smiles.*)

Can. I am monkee, I am ole ; but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.

Lord O. Taisez vous, bête.

Can. Elle vous attend, mi lor.—She vil make a love to you.

Lord O. Will she ? Have at her then ! A fine girl can't oblige me more—'Egad, I find myself a little enjoué—Come along, *Cant.* ! she is but in the next walk—but there is such a deal of this d—ned crinkum-crankum, as *Sterling* calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them—Allons, Monsieur *Canton*, allons, donc !

[*Exeunt, singing in French, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the garden.*

Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY, L.H.

Love. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress ; it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fan. But how can it be effected before my departure ?

Love. I'll tell you.—*Lord Ogleby* seems to entertain a visible partiality for you ; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess ; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any

thing to recommend himself to a lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once. His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fan. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Love. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour-door. If you meet with him in the garden you may disclose the whole immediately. Tomorrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak, and make us happy! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Fan. What shall I do? What shall I say to him? I am all confusion.

Enter LORD OGLEBY and CANTON, L.H.

Lord O. To see so much beauty so solitary, madam, is a satire upon mankind, and it is fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex. I say one, madam; for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Can. Nothing at all, indeed.

Fan. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

Lord O. A favour, madam?—To be honoured with your commands is an inexpressible favour done to me, madam.

Fan. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What's the matter with me?

(*Aside.*)

Lord O. The girl's confused—Hey!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tete-a-tete with her.—(*Aside.*)—Allez vous en! (*To Canton.*)

Can. I go—Ah, pauvre mademoiselle! Mi lor, have pitié upon the poor pigeone! (*Apart to Lord O.*)

Lord O. I'll knock you down, Cant. (*Smiles.*)

Can. Den I go—(*Shuffles along.*)—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside.*—*Exit, L.H.*]

Fan. I shall sink with apprehension. (*Aside.*)

Lord O. What a sweet girl!—she's a civilized being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family. (*Aside.*)

Fan. My lord! I— (*Courtesies and blushes.*)

Lord O. I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have at this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally the humblest of your servants.

Fan. I think myself greatly honoured by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me that I am obliged, in my present situation, to apply to it for protection.

Lord O. I am happy in your distress, madam, because it gives me an opportunity to show my zeal.—Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! (*Aside.*)

Fan. There is not, perhaps, at this moment, a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord O. Does it, madam?—Venus forbid!—My old fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women.—(*Aside, and smiling.*)—Take courage, madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain.—You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—My heart, madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy and delicacy—by my honour, I am.

Fan. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind.—

Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord O. How, madam? Has Sir John made his addresses to you?

Fan. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say that my duty to my father, love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great respect I entertain for your lordship, —(*Courtesies.*)—made me shudder at his addresses.

Lord O. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear Miss Fanny, proceed!

Fan. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!—But if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure—

Lord O. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter it.

Fan. Then, my lord, Sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more particularly disagreeable to me at this time—as—as—

(*Hesitates.*)

Lord O. As what, madam?

Fan. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely devoted to another.

Lord O. If this is not plain the devil's in it.—(*Aside.*)—But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where—Tell me—

Re-enter CANTON, L.H. hastily.

Can. Mi lor, mi lor, mi lor!

Lord O. D—n your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical, melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Can. I demande pardonne, mi lor! Sir John Melvil, mi lor, sent me to beg you do him de honeur to speak a little to you, mi lor.

Lord O. I'm not at leisure—I am busy.—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll—
Can. Fort bien, mi lor. (*Goes out on tiptoe, L.H.*)

Lord O. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed. Let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fan. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it; and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen. (*Aside.*)

Lord O. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation!—(*Aside.*)—I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that—

Fan. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend—

Lord O. Upon me, madam?

Fan. Upon you, my lord. (*Sighs.*)

Lord O. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. (*Sighs.*)

Fan. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed—

Lord O. (*Takes her hand.*) Thou amiable creature, command my heart, for it is vanquished. Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fan. I cannot, my lord; indeed I cannot. Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses; and when you know them, pity and protect me. [*Exit in tears, R.H.*]

Lord O. How the devil could I bring her to this?—It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness.—(*Wipes his eyes.*)—My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired.—(*Stifles a tear.*)—Can I be a

man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite apropos. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby-house to-morrow morning. But what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now; no conquest there—no, no, that would be too much desolation in the family.(1)

Enter STERLING and MISS STERLING, L.H.

Ster. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsy.

Lord O. Your eyes, Miss Sterling, for I always read the eyes of a young lady, betray some little emotion. What are your commands, madam?

Miss S. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord O. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostasy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss S. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord O. Nay now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed.

(Concededly.)

(1) This scene is finished with elaborate skill and delightful uniformity. The whole originates in a very natural misconception, and is carried on with irresistible humour. The expressions which *Lord Ogleby* throws out aside are grotesquely entertaining; his triumph over the rejected addresses of *Sir John Melvil* adds most whimsically to his error, and the interruptive entrance of *Canton* affords the scene a fortunate relief.

Miss S. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord.

Lord O. Lovewell ! no poor lad ! she does not think of him.—(*Smiles.*)—I know better : however, a little time will solve all mysteries.

Miss S. Have a care, my lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice, and my sister's dissimulation ! You don't know her ; indeed, my lord, you don't know her ; a base, insinuating, perfidious !—It is too much—she has been beforehand with me, I perceive, endeavouring to prejudice your lordship in her favour ; and I am to be laughed at by every body. Such unnatural behaviour to me ! But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge. [*Exit, L.H.*

Ster. This is foolish work, my lord !

Lord O. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Ster. It is touching indeed, my lord ; and very moving for a father.

Lord O. To be sure, sir ! You, with your exquisite feelings, must be distressed beyond measure ! Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feeling, suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Ster. With all my heart, my lord.

Lord O. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the proposed marriage.

Ster. And I am very sorry to see it, my lord.

Lord O. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling ?

Ster. 'Tis my only wish at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord O. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

Ster. Shall they, my lord ? but how—how ?

Lord O. I'll marry in your family.

Ster. What ! my sister Heidelberg ?

Lord O. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister, but your daughter.

Ster. My daughter !

Lord O. Fanny!—now the murder's out!(1)

Ster. What you, my lord?

Lord O. Yes, I, I, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. No, no, my lord; that's too much. (*Smiles.*)

Lord O. Too much! I don't comprehend you.

Ster. What you, my lord, marry my Fanny? Bless me! what will the folks say?

Lord O. Why, what will they say?

Ster. That you are a bold man, my lord; that's all.

Lord O. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit, for aught I know. Do you court my alliance?

Ster. To be sure, my lord.

Lord O. Then I'll explain.—My nephew wont marry your eldest daughter, nor I neither.—Your youngest daughter wont marry him; I will marry your youngest daughter.

Ster. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord O. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the demon interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.

Ster. Who told you so, my lord?

Lord O. Her own sweet self, sir.

Ster. Indeed!

Lord O. Yes, sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble; your daughter will be a countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings, and you'll be father to an earl instead of a baronet.

Ster. But what will my sister say? and my daughter?

Lord O. I'll manage that matter; nay, if they wont consent, I'll run away with your daughter in spite of you.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ster. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good; I

(1) *Lord Ogleby's* design of marrying *Fanny* is opened with great judgment; and leads, in the approaching interview with *Lovewell*, to much laughable confusion.

wish you had my constitution ; but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord O. I'll answer for your sister, sir. Apropos, the lawyers are in the house. I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Ster. Very well ! and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want ; you must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match.—He, he, he ! what will the folks say ? [Exit, L.H.]

Lord O. What a fellow am I going to make a father of ! He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I wont think of the rest of the family.

Re-enter LOVEWELL, hastily, R.H.

Love. I beg your lordship's pardon ; are you alone, my lord ?

Lord O. No, my lord, I am not alone ; I am in company, the best company.

Love. My lord !

Lord O. I never was in such exquisite, enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Love. What are they, my lord ? (*Looks about.*)

Lord O. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Love. What company have you there, my lord ?— (*Smiles.*)

Lord O. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of ecstasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each in perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Love. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord O. You shall rejoice at it, sir ; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Love. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you; you have heard. • Miss Fanny has informed you—

Lord O. She has; I have heard, and she shall be happy; 'tis determined.

Love. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes. And will your lordship pardon the folly?

Lord O. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it? 'Twas unavoidable—fate and necessity.

Love. It was indeed, my lord. Your kindness distracts me.

Lord O. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Love. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections?

Lord O. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Love. (*Bows.*) You are too good, my lord.—And do you really excuse the rashness of the action?

Lord O. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Love. (*Bows.*) I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord O. More fool you then—

*Who pleads her cause with never failing beauty,
Here finds a full redress.* (*Strikes his breast.*)

She's a fine girl, Lovewell. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Love. Her beauty, my lord, is the least merit. She has an understanding—

Lord O. Her choice convinces me of that.

Love. (*Bows.*) That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord O. No, no, not altogether; it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Love. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person—

Lord O. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind, touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold, unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Love. My lord!

Lord O. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Love. Marry her!—Who do you mean, my lord?

Lord O. Miss Fanny Sterling, that is; the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Love. I am astonished!

Lord O. Why, could you expect less from me?

Love. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord O. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Love. No indeed, my lord. (Sighs.)

Lord O. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves, do I, Lovewell?

Love. No indeed, my lord.—(Sighs.)—What an accident! (Aside.)

Lord O. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Love. O, I do, my lord. (Sighs.)

Lord O. She said that you would explain what she had not power to utter; but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Love. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord O. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Love. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord O. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Love. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord O. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Love. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my lord?

Lord O. What's that to you?—You may have her,

if you will. I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city sophy to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations, eh, Lovewell?

Love. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord O. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer.—I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.H.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir J. After a battle indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement; and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord O. To the business then, and be as concise as possible, for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

(Smiles, and Lovewell bows.)

Sir J. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord O. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion—sha'n't I, Lovewell?

(Smiles, and Lovewell bows.)

Sir J. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord O. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine.—Any thing more?

Sir J. But this, my lord; that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord O. O yes, by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew?—Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

(Smiles, and winks at Lovewell.)

Love. I think not, my lord. *(Gravely.)*

Lord O. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir J. Will your lordship favour me with your good

offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord O. Mrs. Heidelberg?—Had not you better begin with the young lady first? It will save you a great deal of trouble, wont it Lovewell?—(*Smiles.*)—But do what you please, it will be the same thing to me: wont it, Lovewell?—(*Conceitedly.*)—Why don't you laugh at him?

Love. I do, my lord. (*Forces a smile.*)

Sir J. And your lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

Lord O. I'll speak to Mrs. Heidelberg about the adorable Fanny as soon as possible.

Sir J. Your generosity transports me.

Lord O. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. (*Aside.*)

Sir J. And your lordship is not in the least offended at this seeming inconstancy?

Lord O. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charms will even excuse infidelity. I look upon women as the *feræ naturæ*—lawful game—and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to pursue them;—Love-well as well as you, and you as well as he, and I as well as either of you.—Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen!

Sir J. You have made me happy, my lord.

Love. And me, I assure you, my lord.

Lord O. And I am superlatively so—allons donc! To horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—suivons l'amour. (*Sings.*)

[*Exeunt, Love. and Lord O. L.H. Sir J. R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Fanny's Apartment.*

Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY, L.H. followed by BETTY.

Fan. Why did you come so soon, Mr. Lovewell?

the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Bet. My mistress is right, sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Love. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Bet. I think we have wickedness and curiosity enough in this family, sir, to expect the worst.

Fan. I do expect the worst.—Pr'ythee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Bet. I warrant you, madam—the Lord bless you both. [*Crosses behind, and Exit, R.H.D.*]

Fan. What did my father want with you this evening?

Love. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fan. And why did you not obey him?

Love. Because I am certain that his lordship has opened his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—But as we shall discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fan. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt.—Indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me—this situation may have very unhappy consequences. (*Weeps.*)

Love. But it sha'n't.—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risk of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean (and in such case the meanest) consideration—of our fortune?—Were we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds will weigh against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice, you have made to love

and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fan. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake, my dear Lovewell; don't be so warm! your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered.—I am satisfied—indeed I am.—Excuse this weakness, this delicacy, this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Love. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment.

(*Kisses her.*)

Re-enter BETTY, R.H.D.

Bet. (*In a low voice.*) I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fan. Ha! what's the matter?

Love. Have you heard any body?

Bet. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard you too, or I'm mistaken—if they had seen you too, we should have been in a fine quandary.

Fan. Pr'ythee don't prate now, Betty!

Love. What did you hear?

Bet. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap—

Love. A nap!

Bet. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrapped this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ache from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times, and went so with my hand.

Fan. Well—well—and so—

Bet. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise—

(*Makes an indistinct sort of noise, like speaking.*)

Fan. Well, and what did they say?

Bet. O ! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Love. The outward door is locked ?

Bet. Yes ; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fan. Why did you ? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Bet. And I did it on purpose, madam, and coughed a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fan. What shall we do ?

Love. Fear nothing ; we know the worst ; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon—but Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy. and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Bet. I can distinguish a man from a mouse as well as my betters—I'm sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fan. He compliments you, don't be a fool !—Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll mutter for an hour.—(*To Lovewell.*)—I'll go and hearken myself.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Bet. I'll turn my back upon no girl for sincerity and service. (*Half aside, muttering.*)

Love. Thou art the first in the world for both ; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Bet. I am not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good carreter.

Re-enter FANNY, R.H.D.

Fan. All seems quiet.—Suppose, my dear, you go to your own room—I shall be much easier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Bet. you may discover, if you please ; but for my part, I shall still be secret.

(*Half aside, and muttering.*)

Love. Should I leave you now, if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay. Besides we should consult upon to-morrow's

business. Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her ; we can fasten this ; and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Bet. Shall I, madam ?

Fan. Do let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after.

Love. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny ! I'll be gone this moment. *(Going.)*

Fan. Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her—

Bet. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. *(Going hastily.)*

Fan. Softly—softly—Betty ! don't venture out, if you hear a noise. Softly, I beg of you ! See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion !

Love. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[Exeunt, softly, R.H.D.]

SCENE II.—*A gallery, which leads to several bed-chambers. The stage dark.*

Enter Miss STERLING, R.H.U.E. leading Mrs. HEIDELBERG, in a night-cap.

Miss S. This way, dear madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. H. Nay but, niece—consider a little—don't drag me out this figure ; let me put on my fly-cap !—If any of my lord's fammaly, or the counsellors at law should be stirring, I should be prodigus disconcerted.

Miss S. But, my dear madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber !—O ! she's all craft and wickedness.

Mrs. H. Well, but softly, Betsy !—you are all in emotion—your mind is too much frustrated—you can neither eat, nor drink, nor take your natural rest—compose yourself, child ; for if we are not as warisome

as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole fammaly.

Miss S. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir John Melvil has forsaken me ; my lord cares for nobody but himself ; or if any body, it is my sister : my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change broker : so that if you, madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her treachery—trample with scorn upon the rights of her elder sister—the will of the best of aunts—and the weakness of a too interested father.—(*She pretends to be bursting into tears during this speech.*)

Mrs. H. Don't, Betsy—keep your spirit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every particular.—But be composed and tell me what new mischief you have discovered.

Miss S. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart :—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward ;—she immediately came back and told me, that they were in high consultation ; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conducting Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs. H. And how did you conduct yourself in this dilemma ?

Miss S. I returned with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly ; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before the morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. H. Why, the brazen slut ! she has got her

sisters husband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too!—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss S. Hush madam! I hear something!

Mrs. H. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figur for the world.

Miss S. 'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. H. I protest there's a candle coming, and a man too!

Miss S. Nothing but servant's;—let us retire a moment!
(*They retire, R.H.U.E.*)

Enter BRUSH, L.H.U.E. half drunk, laying hold of the CHAMBERMAID, who has a candle in her hand.

Cham. Be quiet, Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet, and most amiable chambermaid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Cham. But you may do me harm, Mr. Brush, and a great deal of harm too; pray let me go; I am ruined if they hear you! I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they sha'n't hear us; and if you have a mind to be ruined, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore, I say it again, if you have no love, hear a little reason!

Cham. I wonder at your impudence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you. You are a town-rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by heavens! but your frowns, most amiable chambermaid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret drinker. Come now my dear little spider-brusher!

Cham. Don't be rude! bless me?—I shall be ruined—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Cham. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry

out, if you don't let me go. That is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's.

Brush. We know all that. And that Lord Ogleby's, and that my lady What-d'ye-call-'em's: I don't mind such folks when I'm sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that, too.

Cham. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O, but I have, my sweet spider-brusher—for instance, I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel, and fit for a prince.—With all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss S. (Within, R.H.U.E.) There, there, madam; all in a story!

Cham. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something!

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two d—n'd things at once.

Cham. Law! law! how you blasphemic!—we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but, as I was saying the eldest sister—Miss Jezebel—

Cham. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoked her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us.—No, no, she wont do—we are a little too nice.

Cham. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

• *Brush.* Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you don't have pity upon me, I will break open that door, and ravish Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. H. (Coming forward.) There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Cham. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. *(Runs off, L.H.)*

Miss S. (R.H.) A fine discourse you have had with that fellow.

Mrs. H. (L.H.) And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss S. What have you to say for yourself?

Cham. (In centre.) I can say nothing—I'm so frightened, and so ashamed.—But indeed I am virtuous,—I am virtuous, indeed.

Mrs. H. Well, well—don't tremble so; but tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss S. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Cham. Why, madam, don't let me betray my fellow-servants—I sha'n't sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. H. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Cham. O dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. H. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Cham. Why, our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forced us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss S. Holiday! for what?

Cham. Nay, I only made one.

Miss S. Well, well; but upon what account?

Cham. Because as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, Sir John, was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss S. And so you make a holiday for that—Very fine!

Cham. I did not make it, ma'am.

Mrs. H. But do you know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miss Fanny to-night?

Cham. No indeed, ma'am.

Miss S. Nor of his being now locked up in my sister's chamber?

Cham. No, as I hope for marcy, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Cham. Now, ma'am?—'Tis so very late, ma'am—

Mrs. H. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is on fire—tell him to come here immediately—Go, I say.

Cham. I will, I will, though I'm frighten'd out of my wits.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Mrs. H. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myself in order to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counterplot 'em too. [*Exit into her chamber, R.H.U.E.*

Miss S. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as in being made a countess.—Ha! they are unlocking the door.—Now for it! (*Retires.*)

Fanny's door is unlocked, and BETTY comes out, R.H.D. Miss Sterling approaches.

Bet. (*Calling within.*) Sir! sir!—now's your time—all's clear.—(*Seeing Miss Sterling.*)—Stay, stay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miss S. And so you are, Madam Betty.—(*Miss Sterling lays hold of her, while Betty locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*)

Bet. (*Turning round.*) What's the matter, madam?

Miss S. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Bet. I am no tell tale, madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me. (*Aside.*)

Miss S. You have a great deal of courage, Betty, and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Bet. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter STERLING, L.H.D.

Ster. What's all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturb'd in this manner?

Miss S. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain this matter.

Re-enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG, R.H.U.E. with another head-dress.

Mrs. H. Now I'm prepared for the rancounter.—Well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Ster. Not I—But what is it? speak.—I was got into my little closet, all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I'm quite in the dark.

Mrs. H. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss S. Who's in that chamber?

(Detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.)

Bet. My mistress.

Miss S. And who's with your mistress?

Bet. Why, who should there be?

Miss S. Open the door then, and let us see.

Bet. The door is open, madam.—*(Miss Sterling goes to the door.)*—I'll sooner die than peach.

[Exit hastily, L.H.D.]

Miss S. The door is locked; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. H. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Ster. But zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. H. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bed-chamber—There is the particular.

Ster. The devil he is!—That's bad.

Miss S. And he has been there some time, too.

Ster. Ditto!

Mrs. H. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Ster. By no means ! we shall expose ourselves, sister !—The best way is to insure privately—let me alone ! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss S. Make him marry her ! this is beyond all patience !—You have thrown away all your affection, and I shall do as much by my obedience ; unnatural fathers make unnatural children. My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it.—Had they made their escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world : but the deriders shall be derided ; and so—Help, help, there !—Thieves ! thieves !

Mrs. H. Tit-for-tat, Betsy ! you are right, my girl.

Ster. Zounds ! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family—the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. H. No, no ; the devil's in you, brother : I am ashamed of your principles.—What ! would you connive at your daughter's being locked up with her sister's husband ? Help ! Thieves ! thieves, I say !

(*Cries out.*)

Ster. Sister, I beg of you ! daughter, I command you !—If you have no regard for me, consider yourselves !—we shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting above twenty per cent. for our money.

Miss S. What, by my disgrace and my sister's triumph ? I have a spirit above such mean considerations : and to show you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar, 'Change-alley spirit—Help ! help ! Thieves ! thieves ! thieves, I say !

Ster. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs—the house is in an uproar.

Enter CANTON, L.H.U.E. in a night-gown and slippers.

Can. Eh, diable ! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tintamarre ?

Ster. Ask those ladies, sir ; 'tis of their making.

Lord O. (*Calls within.*) Brush !—Brush !—Canton !—where are you ?—What's the matter ?—(*Rings a bell.*)—Where are you ?

Ster. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Can. I com, mi lor! (Lord O. still rings.)

[Exit, L.H.U.E.]

Flow. (Calls within.) A light! a light here!—where are the servants? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Ster. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen!

[Exit, R.H.U.E.]

Mrs. H. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss S. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, R.H.U.E. with lights, before SERGEANT FLOWER, with one boot and a slipper, and TRAVERSE.

Ster. This way, sir! this way, gentlemen!

Flow. Well, but Mr. Sterling, no danger, I hope? Have they made a burglarious entry? Are you prepared to repulse them? I am very much alarmed about thieves at circuit time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

Trav. No danger, Mr. Sterling—no trespass, I hope?

Ster. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies' making.

Mrs. H. You'll be ashamed to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady, are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment locked up with this lady's younger sister.

Flow. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure; but, why were we to be frightened out of our beds for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss S. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, L.H.U.E. in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, &c. leaning on CANTON.

Lord O. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest. What's the matter with you all?

Ster. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my lord, too.

Lord O. What's all this shrieking and screaming! Where's my angelic Fanny? She's safe, I hope?

Mrs. H. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is locked up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

Lord O. My nephew! Then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. H. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with Miss Fanny, and Miss Fanny has been plotting to run away with your nephew: and if we had not watched them and called up the faminaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord O. Look ye, ladies! I know that Sir John has conceived a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too, that Miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person! and I am so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.—Eh, sha'n't I, Mr. Sterling?—(*Smiling.*)—What say you?

Ster. (*Sulkily.*) To be sure, my lord.—These bawling women have been the ruin of every thing. (*Aside.*)

Lord O. But come, I'll end this business in a trice—If you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will ensure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the key-hole.

Mrs. H. The horrid creatures!—I say, my lord, break the door open.

Lord O. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate! Now to our experiment!

(*Advancing towards the door.*)

Miss S. Now, what will they do? My heart will beat through my bosom.

Re-enter BETTY with the key, L.H.

Bet. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my lord ; we have done nothing that we ought to be ashamed of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

(Going to unlock the door.)

Mrs. H. There's impudence !

Lord O. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bed-chamber,—*(To Betty.)*—open the door, and entreat Sir John Melvil (for the ladies will have it that he is there) to appear, and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors.—Call Sir John Melvil into court !

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.H

Sir J. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. H. Hey-day !

Sir J. What's all this alarm and confusion ? There is nothing but hurry in this house ! What is the reason of it ?

Lord O. Because you have been in that chamber ; —have been ! nay, you are there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it—

Trav. This is the clearest alibi I ever knew, Mr. Sergeant.

Flow. Luce clarius.

Lord O. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these frolics, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come,—*(To Betty.)*—open the door, and entreat your amiable mistress to come forth and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Bet. *(Opening the door.)* Madam, you are wanted in this room. *(Pertly)*

Enter FANNY, in great confusion, R.H.D.

Miss S. You see she's ready dressed—and what confusion she's in.

Mrs. H. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage! Her guilt confounds her!

Flow. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fan. I am confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord O. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind. —Pour conviction into their ears, and rapture into mine. *(Smiling.)*

Fan. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—

(Faints away.)

LOVEWELL rushes out of the chamber, R.H.D.

Love. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer! Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were lost in this! Speak, speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny! let me but hear thy voice: open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

(During this speech they are all in amazement.)

Miss S. Lovewell!—I am easy.

Mrs. H. I am thunderstruck!

Lord O. I am petrified!

Sir J. And I undone.

Fan. *(Recovering.)* O, Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship in the face.

Ster. What now? Did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord O. Eh!—What! How's this? By what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Love. By that right which makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forego for any the best of kings could give.

Bet. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnanimity.

Lord O. I am annihilated!

Sier. I have been choked with rage and wonder;

but now I can speak.—Lovewell, you are a villain;—You have broken your word with me. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Fan. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbade him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you—we have been married these four months.

Ster. And he sha'n't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam!

Fan. Indeed, sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Ster. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly! and you shall follow him, madam!

Lord O. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. (1) Lookye, Mr. Sterling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them, is to forgive the cause of them! which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune; it is a debt of honour, and must be paid.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—You swore as much too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without—errors excepted.

Ster. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls, like herself, to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Love. I hope there will be no danger of that, sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

(1) The late Mr. King, we are told, showed great merit in this generous exclamation, by giving it with a kind of sympathetic unison which betrayed peculiar force and beauty.

Mrs. H. Indiscretion; quotha ! a mighty pretty delicate word to express disobedience !

Lord O. For my part, I indulge my own passions so much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls ! I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling !

Ster. Why, why, as to that my lord—to be sure, he is a relation of yours, my lord—What say you, sister Heidelberg ?

Mrs. H. The girl's ruined, and I forgive her.

Ster. Well—so do I then.—Nay, no thanks—(*To Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak.*)—There's an end of the matter.

(*Flow. Trav. and Betty retire.*)

Lord O. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while ?

Love. Your kindness, my lord—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude ! I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship.—For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, Sir John—

Sir J. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, yourself, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Love. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are

seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be damped, if his lordship's generosity and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors.(1)

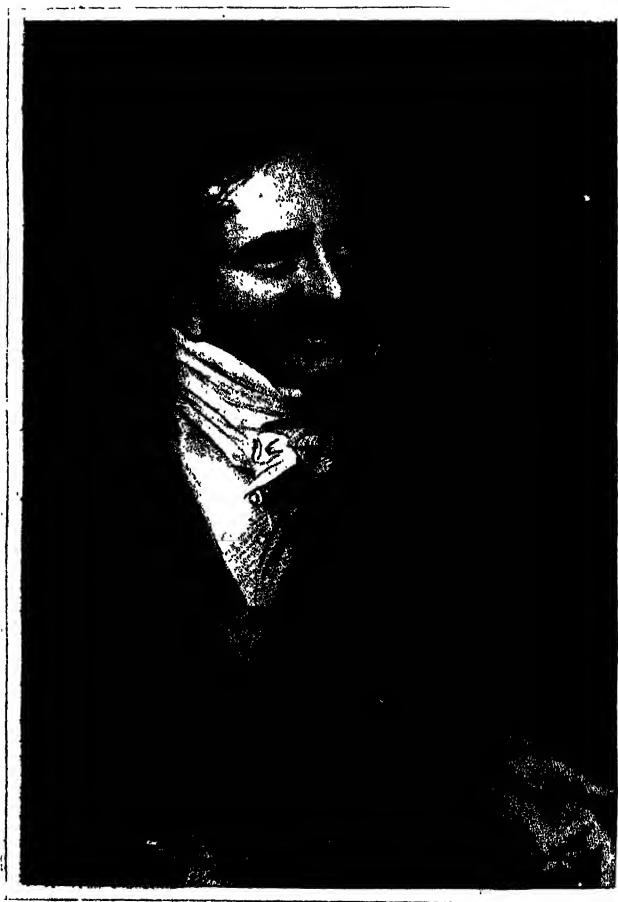
(*To the audience.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



(1) This classical mode of adverting to the spectators for applause does little credit to the powers by which that applause should be commanded. It is an offence against the most essential rule of dramatic propriety, which suppose the audience to be placed beyond the pale of observation or remark. The custom, we know, has obtained a "little brief authority," but we should like to see it renounced altogether in a spirit of honourable defiance.

From the Press of W. Oxenry,
8, White Hart Yard.



MR. ELLISTON,
AS FRANK HEARTALL.

Engraved by Woodcut from an original drawing by Messrs. men

Frank. H. Me, uncle?—What—Mr. Ferret?—Pooh, you are joking!

Gov. Only look at the rascal, now!—look at that face of innocence!—Oh—you—you ugly hypocrite!

Frank. H. Seducing rural innocence—destroying the peace of families—upon my soul, sir, these are serious charges!—Haven't I committed murder too?—shot a bishop's coach-horse, or fired a church?

Fer. Turn the matter as you please, sir,—did you not, last night, dodge from the opera a lady to a house in Jermyn Street?

Frank H. Yes, yes, I did, and a gentleman too—O you sly old poacher. (*To Ferret.*)

Gov. Eh!—What!—what's all this?

Fer. Can you deny that you have this day again beset her lodgings, bribed her landlady, and—

Frank H. (*Crosses to centre.*) Stop, my dear fellow, stop!—It's all true—I plead guilty so far—but curse me if ever I opened my lips to her.—She's an angel, by heaven! fire, water, stone-walls, bolts, bars, grates, graves, or gates of adamant, shall not prevent me from an interview with that divine, that fascinating woman!

Gov. What the devil! the fellow's in the clouds now!

Frank H. O uncle! such a creature! old slyboots there knows her well enough!—(*To Ferret.*)

Fer. Sir,—such observations are offensive!—She is above your calumny.

Frank H. I know it:—her mind is in her face—her eyes are mirrors that reflect her soul—her lips are truth and innocence; while each cheek presents the modest glow of health and virtue:—I die for her, by heaven!—I would break through all forms and—

Fer. Break through all forms? Aye, sir—and insult with rude ribaldry the distresses of an unfortunate family lodged in the same house.

Frank H. 'Tis false, by heaven!—I never yet entered the abode of the wretched to mock their miseries.

Gov. Answer to the charge, sir:—none of your heroics, but speak plainly;—if you are a scoundrel, tell so—prove yourself a rascal—and I am satisfied.

Frank H. This is a land of liberty, uncle, and I have no right to criminate myself;—however, thus it was—you shall be my judge.

Gov. Speak honestly, you dog—for if the proof be only presumptive, I'll hang you on it without benefit of clergy!—

Frank H. I am an odd fellow, uncle—

Gov. You need not tell me that.

Frank H. I know you like me the better for it—

Gov. It's a lie!—but go on.

Frank H. At the opera last night I beheld an angel in company with old Cerberus there!—(*looking at Ferret.*) I was almost mad I own, and would have given half my fortune to have exchanged a sentence with her:—the emblem of innocence and purity—I watched her home—marked her lodgings—then drove to my house—talked to the clerks—looked at the supper table—housekeeper inquired if I wished for any thing particular—Yes, said I, a charming creature!—the woman stared—What will your honour have for supper?—Old Ferret—about two and twenty—such eyes—went to bed, tossed, tumbled—and dreamt of Arcadian beauties—sheephooks—garlands of wild daisies—and old Ferret:—this morning attacked my fortress afresh—it would not do—such a creature—her distress brought tears into my eyes—the sweetest little babe too—the most fascinating—and the man himself a gentleman to all intents and purposes—overwhelmed with affliction and half mad—my heart almost beat through my bosom—I could think of nothing—all was chaos—the angel-being—such a child—about two and twenty—my heart absolutely torn between love and sensibility—so that I began to—to—to—Upon my soul, uncle, I absolutely forget what I have been talking about.

Fer. Aye—you make a fine story of it!

Gov. Why, what the devil are you at, sir?—Supping upon an old Ferret of two and twenty—and dreaming of sheephooks and daisies!—Zounds, sirrah! do you take me for a fool or a madman!

Frank H. Neither, my dear uncle, neither: but you

must not quarrel with me for little irregularities. When they become vices—consider them in their worst light, and kick me out of your doors !

Gov. Hey ! he begins to talk sense now !

Frank H. I own I feel myself smitten with a woman, whose honourable alliance, from report, would not discredit my family, and with your leave I am determined honourably to pursue her. Is this seduction ?

Gov. Humph ! no.

Frank. I have seen a beautiful woman bathed in the tears of misery, and a man of honour driven by misfortune to despair : if, by stretching my hand with what I could well spare, I have alleviated their calamities—have I in this act meditated the destruction of their peace ?

Gov. (*Feelingly*.) No.

Frank H. Then where's my offence, and what my punishment ?

Gov. This (*Embracing him*).—live for ever in your uncle's heart ! you were your father's last legacy to his loving brother—an odd, cholerick, impatient, foolish old fellow, who wishes not to see his nephew resemble any other man—if you were to be exactly what I would have you, you would be—yes, you *ding*, you would be—damme, you'd be kicked out of society for not bearing a resemblance to any thing in human nature ! (*Shakes his hand.*—*Ferret, during this speech, gets round to L.H.*)

Fer. Well, governor—it makes me more than happy to see you reconciled to your nephew. I am naturally anxious—a plain man, you know ; but youth will have its fling ; and the more we check it in its career, perhaps the more restive we find it.

Frank H. Right, Mr. Ferret ; yet sly insinuation will sometimes warp the heart of benevolence, and the warm levity of youth cannot always justify its failings against the cold cautions of premeditated hypocrisy. Good morning, sir ! (*Looks severely at Ferret, bows respectfully to his uncle, and exit, R.H.*)

Gov. Eh, what, what's all that about hypocrisy? I don't understand—hypocrisy!

Fer. But I do. (*Aside.*) Nor I: your modern orators have a method of saying a number of hard words without much meaning; good day, governor; I have business. (*Takes the Governor's hand.*) Your nephew is a good lad—but have an eye upon him! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Gov. Ha, ha, ha! poor honest soul! he is as watchful of that boy, and as pettish when he hears of his little errors, as his father would be: well; he shan't lose by it, for I have remembered him handsomely in my will. I should like to see this wench that Frank has fixed his affections upon; I warrant she's a rare one, for the rogue has the family taste! How the dog described her—eyes, and cheeks, and lips!—and—oh, the amorous young villain!—I ought to have been his father, for I was violently in love with his mother; but my brother, a fine tall handsome scoundrel, marched in like a great turkey-cock, put me aside with one of his wings, and looked as if he would gobble me up for presuming to think of such a creature; so I retired in confusion; went to the Indies and forgot her, and led a merry bachelor's life ever since! Merry, did I say?—oh!—no, not merry! I hate bachelors—that is, to mean, old single gentlemen—Then let my boy be married: he shall have a comfort that I never enjoyed myself—zounds, it must be a great comfort, for I have observed that even those who have the worst of it, who scold, brawl, and wrangle, 'till they are black in the face, and swear never to see one another more, are miserable till they make it up, and rush again into each other's arms.—A fig then for scolding wives, crying children, pin money, alimony, or any money but matrimony—my boy shall be married!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Widow Cheerly's lodgings.*

Enter the WIDOW CHEERLY and SUSAN, L.H.

Wid. Nay, nay,—for shame, Susan!—for shame

—What must the gentleman think?—how could you continue in conversation with a stranger for such a length of time?

Susan. La! ma'am—because he talked of nothing but you.

Wid. Me!—why—what could a man see in me to talk about?

Susan. I'm sure I can't tell, ma'am.—But hi, hi, hi!—well—he's a droll one to be sure!

Wid. Well, but what does he want!—Who is he?

Susan. La, ma'am! he saw you at the opera last night.

Wid. Aye!—Is it him?

Susan. Yes, ma'am—Our landlady, Mrs. Townly, says he is a great merchant—a banker, I believes, ma'am, in the city; that he's the best creter in the world—every body loves him!—O! he has called you such names!

Wid. Names!

Susan. Yes, ma'am—all manner of names:—Cupids, and Pollys!—and Flory's and Phæbes!

Wid. The girl is half mad!

Susan. If such a sweet gentleman had said so much to me, I'm sure I should be whole mad!—ha! ha!

Wid. Why, Susan, you are not in the country now:—this is London, child!—and if all t-ful, this certainly is the most disint- upon the face of the globe;—every morning, and evening the public prints give you caution, advice, and intelligence unsolicited;—the reviewers gratuitously tell you what books are fit for your perusal;—and almost every shopkeeper sells his goods at prime cost. What can be more liberal?

Susan. La, ma'am, you're right!—it's not a bit like the country:—there we are so starched, and so quizzical; with our double Barcelona handkerchiefs, and our long petticoats;—the ladies in Lon'on don't care who sees their necks and their ancles.—I hopes never to see the filthy country again!

Wid. And I, Susan, am miserable untill I get there. That gentleman's extraordinary conduct at the opera, last night,—his eyes absolutely—Plague take the fellow!—Now he has found me out, I don't know what may be the consequence!

Susan. La, ma'am—he was here this morning!

Wid. Here!—Where?

Susan. He popped into the gentlefolk's apartments that lodges here above;—and came running out, with his handkerchief to his face—and looked so sorrowful!—Between ourselves, ma'am, all is not right there, I believes;—far as I can larn, poor souls, all is low enough!

Wid. Aye, Susan—I am but little acquainted with city manners; and though my heart feels for their distresses, it might be reckoned impertinent curiosity to inquire into their circumstances.

Susan. Well, ma'am; for my part I am but a silly country girl: I don't care about your Lon'on fashions not I—and I shouldn't stop a bit at flying into that there lady's room, and popping into her lap whatever your ladyship thought proper to relieve her with;—for I'm sure she wants it—and I had rather she should think me unmannerly, than unfeeling!

Wid. No, no, my girl—it must be better managed. From the glimpse I have had of her, as I passed, her appearance promises a tender sensibility—her situation must increase that feeling; and under such circumstances we cannot be too delicate.

Susan. That's very true, ma'am. Shall I step in and say you wish to speak with her?

Wid. Yes;—No—Stop—I'll introduce myself.
(*Opens a desk, takes out a pocket-book, sits down and writes.*) You may go down, Susan.

Susan. Very well, ma'am. If she can relieve them, how happy it will make her! Sure as can be that banker gentleman would assist them, if he wa'n't ashamed to go about it, I warrant me.—O, bless her!—There would be more good servants in the

world, if every poor girl had half so good a mistress.

[*Aside—exit, L.H.*

Wid. Plague take that fellow at the opera!—how the man distracts me! A banker!—Aye, some fortune-hunting spendthrift, I warrant me,—that has heard of a young foolish widow, fresh from the country, with a good estate in her own possession,—and has set up an ideal bank, that she may give credit to his affections. When I first caught his eye, his face seemed all intelligence! and I durst not look upon him after.—Heigho!—not look upon him—why?—Why, because I—Devil take the fellow, he's no, I must never be a wife again. I'm spoiled for him—indulged beyond what husbands should allow; and so unrestricted, that I scarcely knew I had a husband until I lost him. Oh, heavens! what am I about?—Aye—self, self, self. In my own silly concerns I forget the distresses of my unfortunate neighbours. If I find them worthy, my purse they shall freely share; and I hope it will not prove the less acceptable for being the widow's mite. [*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*The Apartments of Malfort, jun.*

*Mr. and Mrs. MALFORT, discovered.
ing a doll.*

Malf. The more I reflect upon that strange generous conduct, the more my perplexity—the my amazement. His undisguised and easy strongly indicate he had no sinister intent.

Mrs. M. Believe me, no—his face was the index of a benevolent heart: and as he cast a look of sorrow on our sufferings, the tear of sympathy bedewed his cheek, and almost choaked his utterance.

Julia. Mamma, when will that good gentleman come again? I shall be so glad to see him!

Mrs. M. Shall you, Julia?

Julia. I shall, indeed, mamma!—he'll be surprised to see my new doll! I have called it after him!

M. Indeed!—Do you know his name?

Julia. No.

Mrs. M. Then what do you call your doll ?

Julia. I call it miss Good-gentleman !—(*They smile.*)

Wid. (*Without, L.H.*) Very well, Susan—you'll find me here in the drawing-room.

Malf. A stranger's voice ! Who can this be ?

Mrs. M. Nay, I know not, my dear.

Malf. A lady, and coming hither ! I'll retire into this closet. (*Malf. retires, taking Julia with him, D.F.L.H.*)

The Widow ent

Mrs. M. (*Curtseys.*) Madam

Wid. Madam !—(*Looks about as if she had mistaken the room.*) My dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons :—this is not my apartment ?

Mrs. M. No, madam.

Wid. I really know not what apology to make for this seeming intrusion.

Mrs. M. It requires none.

Wid. I am a volatile, unthinking creature, madam : a widow ; but lately left upon my own hands ; an estate at my disposal, of more than I can manage : this is my first visit to London, and if my manners are rustic or unpolished, I trust your good nature will find an excuse for them in the sincerity of my intentions.

Mrs. M. Oh, madam, fashion has banished ceremony ; and familiarity and good-breeding are now become synonymous terms.

Wid. So I am told, and I am quite glad to hear it. I shall stay in London all the winter, that I may be able to take down into the country with me as many freedoms and easy graces, as will completely stock the parish till the commencement of the next season.

Mrs. M. (*Sighing.*) You have charming spirits, madam

Wid. Yes, madam ; an easy mind sets the imagina-

tion afloat. Those that are dull, I would fain make merry; and those that are already cheerful, I would fain keep so. Good spirits, I believe, like a good temper, cannot be well attained;—they are both constitutional; and those that possess either, cannot be too thankful for the blessing.

Mrs. M. Yet circumstances, madam, may depress the spirits, and misfortunes sour the temper. There are those who have been blessed with both, in whom they are now

Wid. Aye!

told that I

creating

you could int

of yours?

I knew them; for I have been

in raising the spirits, and

where ever I appear.—I wish

to me to them :—are they friends

Mrs. M. Yes, madam :—my nearest—dearest friends; in whose delightful society I have shared the sunshine of their splendour; and from whom, though in deepest misery, I can never depart.

Wid. The very beings I wish to be acquainted with: you must introduce me. Dear, dear London! You cannot meet with any thing like this in the country. Where is the use of houses, parks, woods, and orchards, where every body has houses, woods, and orchards? Bring me to the distressed and houseless: under my humble, happy roof, they shall enjoy, at least, a temporary repose; and in the interim fortune may again smile, and in her merriest mood invite them back to home, to peace, and plenty.

Mrs. M. You, madam, I perceive, are one of those chosen few, on whom fortune has not blindly poured her favours. Your bounty flows from humanity's true source—the fountain of benevolence.

Wid. Benevolence! not at all, madam: I am, in fact, a sensualist in the clearest sense of the word: self-gratification is the spring of all my actions. I am young madam; richly left; my own mistress to all intents and purposes? why then should I think of hoarding wealth I can never want, while many, a thousand times more worthy than myself, are perishing for the means of pre-

sent sustenance? What can be more voluptuous than to behold the cripple throw by his crutch, whom your humanity has healed?—Can luxury be more highly gratified than in viewing the famished wretch eat cheerfully of the meal your charity prepared for him? Can the heart of vanity feel a more triumphant joy than when the unfortunate and meritorious condescend to share your roof, and smile complacent on the comforts you afford them?

Mrs. M. Yours are the sentiments of true philanthropy;—modest misfortune shrinks into its dreary confine, and eats, with heavy heart, its tear-washed crust.

Wid. I perceive madam, I have been guilty of intrusive impertinence. (*Preventing Mrs. M. from replying.*) Nay, I beseech you, madam,—I rattle strangely, and wish, with all my soul, I could impart to you a portion of my overflowing spirits;—but I have a sovereign remedy for vapours, if you would permit me to prescribe for you.

Mrs. M. The medicine that comes from so kind a physician requires no adventitious aid so make it palatable.

Wid. Your frankness charms me, madam—In this little family receipt-book you will find a short but certain system to banish temporary misfortunes, and check the progress of approaching calamity. (*Mrs. M. seems to refuse it.*) Nay, madam—'tis but a short maxim—and I trust not wholly unworthy of your perusal:—If, when you know me better, yourself and friends will add to the comforts of my rural cot, by sharing all its pleasures with me, the blessing of cheerfulness shall at least attend you—we'll laugh together at the frowns of fate, and fortune herself shall not appear amongst us unless she comes smilingly clad in the robes of good-humour.—Nay, no ceremony. [*Exit, l.h.*]

(*Mrs. M. sees her to the door—curtsies.*)

Mrs. M. How strange is all this—the cheerful ease—the unaffected benevolence of that charming wo-

man's conversation—recalls the memory of happier days—and, for a while assuages sorrow.

MALFORT enters from the closet.

Mrs. M. And now believe me, Henry, in the higher walks of life the greater number of our sex have hearts that feel distress, and bounteous hands outstretched for its relief, whose pride it is to succour modest genius, and bind round the brow of merit the laurel of reward.—But, ~~there is~~ the lively widow's recipe for cheerfulness—~~it is~~—(*Gives him the pocket-book.*)

Malf. (*He looks at it with astonishment.*) A Bank-note, looks at it with astonishment.) A Bank-note? can it be? (*Gives it to Mrs. Malfort.*)

Mrs. M. Henry!—What—shall we?—(*As if she asked to go and return it.*)

Malf. Stay, here is something written :—(*Reads,*)

Madam,

When we can do good, the ceremony that prevents it is wicked. From this you will understand, I have been informed that certain untoward circumstances have given a temporary derangement to your family affairs; as an immediate supply may be indispensably necessary, I have, perhaps impertinently, taken this method of presenting it. I can only be convinced that you forgive the liberty I have taken, by you and your family honouring my house in the country, with your presence, until the smiles of fortune shall supersede the frowns of adversity;—when your comfort and accommodation shall be the peculiar care of her, whose heart feels the most lively sorrows at your disappointments.

CHARLOTTE CHEERLY.

Merciful heaven!—how wondrous are thy bounties?—Wickedly desponding, I resigned myself a victim to despair—scorning the counsel of a gentle comforter,

and impiously repining at the decrees of fate :—when at the very moment that haggard Famine unveiled his care-worn face,—smiling Plenty steps in to drive the monster hence—to chide the misbelieving sufferer—and prove how dire, how deadly is his crime, who doubts the justice of unerring providence.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Widow's Apartment.*

Enter the WIDOW and FRANK HEARTALL, L.H. laughing.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha !—Upon my word, sir—I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners ; and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, madam ;—we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Wid. Indeed, sir ?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, madam ; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning without so much as a yes or a no :—the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence ; but, if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting-house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Wid. A dumb and honourable orator !—who is that, pray ?

Frank H. The ledger.

Wid. But now you are out of the counting-house I perceive your eloquence is not of that mute nature—You are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Wid. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir—But should I bring you to book—notwithstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have sometimes staked your credit at too great a venture. In the case of a consignment now, we'll say—For instance—a lady's heart.

Frank H. Oh!—Errors excepted!

Wid. What! you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam—in a mercantile way. Look you, madam: I am a plain fellow; neither more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—an English Merchant;—I throw down no man's enclosure—trample upon no man's corn—take nothing from the industrious labourer—pay the poor man for his work—and communicate my profit with mankind:—I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed—and what I can fairly spare I distribute freely. If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself, there it is—you have it, madam.

Wid. Why, really, sir, I never heard a better character,—and if you could contrive to get it backed by the church-wardens of your parish, I might perhaps give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam—if you cannot credit the character, you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret. He perhaps may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself;—he knows me.

Wid. He hinted as much. (*Dryly.*)

Frank H. Did he? then that's all you can expect from him: he hinted to me that he knew you, but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Wid. My situation, sir, is above disguise. I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly: and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died, bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possessions—his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Enviably, madam, though not substantial.

Wid. Now, sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. I am a single woman.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. But have been married.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. My husband dead.

Frank H. (Aside.) Thank heaven!—I know that too.

Wid. A free disencumbered estate.

Frank H. Damn the estate! I beg your pardon ma'am—don't mention the estate. You are single—that's enough :—you have been married—Did you like the state?

Wid. I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—Fond of your husband?

Wid. Humph—Y—es—I think I was :—I was married but three years—didn't see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!—not in three years?

Wid. No—the sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day-break—himself and his friends generally returned in the evening time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine and went to bed :—the next morning—

Frank H. Well, madam—the next morning?

Wid. The same career commenced again—and so on to the end of the third chapter.

Frank H. And for heaven's sake, madam, how did you behave?

Wid. Why, sir—how should I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam—but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Wid. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate : and, as he introduced me to each new guest, he would say, "This is my wife—look at

her—she has a heart as open as my wine cellar.—My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it.—Kiss me, my girl ; make my friends welcome ; and let's have a good dinner."

Frank H. And tho' thus neglected—you complied.

Wid. Neglected ? I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable ;—an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife :—besides, it was his only failing ; for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly.—His whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my set, or in the more solid sensations of relieving human misery.

Frank H. He was a good man—upon my soul, he was a good man—but rather too fond of hunting :—Had I such a wife—

Wid. You'd be fond of hunting too :—Nay—in open defiance of the laws, trespass, perhaps, upon your neighbour's manor.

Frank H. Upon my word, you wrong me, madam—but your good humour charms me ; your eyes first enslaved my heart—and your temper rivets my chain :—how shall I convince you that I love you ?—

Wid. To what purpose would you convince me ?—You have a heart ventured on another voyage : when it returns you may calculate the profit and loss—if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offered—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, madam.

Wid. No ?—that's surprising :—pray, sir, have you not visited another lady in this house ?—

Frank H. Madam—a—no—ther lady ?

Wid. Yes—sir, another lady : to whom you were pleased to say, as I am informed, abundance of civil

Frank H. Madam !

Wid. You were much struck with her person, and a lively concern for her misfortunes—

Frank H. Upon my honour, madam, you—you—
(*Aside.*)—yes, at it again—another scrape!

Wid. A husband—will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder; and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation in a whole skin—

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeased with his adventure

Wid. Am I right, sir?

Frank H. Yes, madam—the entries are pretty fair—but as to the sum total—

Wid. Oh!—Errors excepted!

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this matter, who does not admit of a doubt: but let the result of that interview be what it may—my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. Mrs. Malfort, if you are alone, madam, would speak with you on particular business.

Wid. (*Aside.*) Now for it!—I am alone: beg of her to step in. [*Exit George, L.H.*]

Frank H. I'll retire, madam.

Wid. Oh, by no means! You know the lady.

Frank H. Not I, madam. Malfort! I know no lady of the name.

Wid. (*Significantly.*) Indeed, sir?

Frank H. No; indeed, madam—I have heard my uncle mention a gentleman of that name, a very intimate friend of his, now, I believe in the Indies.

Wid. But no lady of that name comes within the circle of your acquaintance.

Frank H. No, upon my honour, madam.

Enter MRS. MALFORT, L.H.

Wid. (*Receiving her with great cordiality.*) My dear Mrs. Malfort, ten thousand welcomes.—Mr.

Heartall — Mrs. Malfort. — (*Introducing her, and looking significantly at Heartall.*)

Frank H. This Mrs. Malfort?—Madam—I—I—am happy to— (*Confused and bowing.*)

Mrs M. Sir the pleasure of this opportunity—is—a—circumstance that—

Frank H. My dear madam, don't mention it—I wish, I wish intirely to—I wish—(*Aside.*)—I wish the ice was set in, and I was over head and ears in the New River!

Wid. You don't know the lady, sir;—what is the matter with you?

Frank H. Is it again! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Madam—after a fair perusal of your book—by which I have marked indelibly the spirit of its contents upon my heart—I beg to return it unimpaired!—unless the tear of gratitude may have soiled the leaf whereon the hand of benevolence had written its inscription.

Wid. My dear Mrs. Malfort—we'll talk over that matter another time: I positively cannot receive it now. Do you know, madam, that this gentleman has been making a tender of his affections to me, with all the freedom of an old dangler—though, bless the man! I hav'n't known him above a dozen hours.

Mrs. M. Some men, madam, are easier known in that short space than others in half a century:—the woman who dares entrust her heart to that gentleman,—will, in my mind, find a heart to keep it company.

Wid. A great many, I believe, madam: oh, he looks like a young Blue Beard!—a fellow that has no more mercy upon poor women's hearts, than his predecessor had upon their heads.

Frank H. Upon my word, madam, this is cruel:—I am much afraid you have had but an indifferent character of me.

Wid. My good friend—I have had no character at all of you:—you must positively get a certificate from your last place, before I can take you into my service.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. A servant from your uncle, sir—says he knows you are here, and must see you directly.—
(*Frank Heartall going to cross, is prevented by the Widow.*)

Wid. You positively must not stir.—Send the servant up. [*Exit George, L.H.*]

Frank H. My dear madam, permit me to see him below-stairs.—He is the strangest creature—

Wid. No, no; let us have him—I like strange creatures. Be thankful—it mends your chance.

Enter TIMOTHY, L.H.

Frank H. What, Timothy—you have found me out?

Tim. Yes, sir—we have ferreted you!

Frank H. What, I am obliged to him,—am I?

Tim. If you think it an obligation, there it is due.

Frank H. I afraid I owe him many such.

Tim. I believe you do,—I don't know what he has been saying, but the governor blows a tornado:—he has been in five-and-twenty humours in three-and-twenty minutes;—I left him ordering the carriage: he swears he'll follow, and blow you up as high as Cape Finsterre. So I thought I'd trot on before and give you the hard word.

Frank H. Thank you, Timothy—you are an honest fellow.

Tim. Not I, bless you—I'm no honest fellow—I am as great a rogue as old Ferret—only it's in another kind of way.

Wid. Indeed, Mr. Timothy?

Tim. Fact, madam:—I'm a very great villain.—If I did not every night persuade my master that his nephew was a most consummate scoundrel, no rhetoric would convince him in the morning that he was an honest man.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! But if he acts so much by contraries, how can Ferret's insinuations injure his nephew?

Tim. Because, ma'am—they are insinuations—damnable hints—and diabolical inuendoes:—he never speaks bolt-out-right!—a toad in a hole, that spits his venom all around him, but can't get out of his circle.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha!—You have a pleasant time of it among them all, Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Bless you, ma'am, I like it:—I am an odd fish, master says, and love to swim in troubled waters:—I never laugh at his good-humours, nor frown at his infirmities: I always keep a sober steady phiz—fixed as the gentleman's on horseback at Charing-Cross: and in his worst of humours—when all is fire and fag-gots with him—if I turn round and coolly say, "Lord, sir, has any thing ruffled you?"—he'll burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and exclaim—"Curse that inflexible face of thine—though you never suffer a smile to mantle on it, yet it is a figure of fun to all the rest of the world!" (All laugh.)

Wid. This gentleman, I presume, Mr. Timothy, is rather a favourite of yours.

Tim. I can't tell, madam—I have fought many a battle for him, and I am afraid there will be many more fought on his account when the ladies begin to know him about half as well as I do.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! What, are the ladies to quarrel about him too?

Tim. Yes—I think there will be some pulling of caps!—but all for the good of trade; the destruction of lace will draw down the blessing of Bond-street on him.

Frank H. Well, Timothy—I shall see the governor, and endeavour to appease his wrath.

Tim. I am going: I see what you are about here.—a fine creature—lucky rogue.—But mum—I say nothing.

Frank H. Well—well—you are a good fellow, Timothy—and I shall find a time to reward your kindness.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER;

A COMEDY.

By A. Cherry.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

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AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

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BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

"THE Soldier's Daughter" is one of the most popular of our acting plays: and it attacks the public on so many of its weak sides, that it is no wonder that it is popular, in spite of the moderate share of talent displayed in it, or the slenderness of the interest excited. The Author (Mr. Cherry) was himself an actor of some merit; and, in preparing this Comedy for the stage, profited of the secrets which he had learned in the school of his profession, by never missing an opportunity of introducing those allusions which he had found infallible signals for drawing down the plaudits of an audience upon the character that uttered them. Here are clap-traps in abundance and of the most obvious kind—appeals in every page to our patriotism, our humanity, our sensibility, to those professions of public or private affection, which not to applaud on the boards of a theatre would be as indecorous as not to drink a toast in company, or to contradict a lady in an argument. "We compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and compliment ourselves on the wonderful similarity between us." We are reminded of our own boasted perfections both as men and Britons:—or if any follies and weaknesses appear, they are sure to lean to the favourable side—*too much* good-nature, *too much* gaiety and thoughtlessness, *too much* unsuspecting frankness, *too much* drollery and archness of humour. The Author makes it a rule to insinuate that his characters have all manner of good qualities, by apologizing for the excesses into which they are led by them; and thus kindly recommends them to our protection and countenance. Their benevolence is such that it opens their purses, and obtrudes their charities unlooked for, and in spite of themselves,—they cannot help it, and he hopes we shall excuse this extreme tenderness of their nature, "open as day to melting charity."—Then they "have a foolish rheum afflicts them" at a tale of distress, and the handkerchief applied to hide their tears is a signal

for ours to flow—then they have such an odd way with them—and say such odd things, that they cannot help laughing at them themselves. We laugh too for company.

The “Ha! ha! ha!” at the end of almost every sentence, (not of the lachrymose kind) is equivalent to a stage direction. “Here the audience are supposed to laugh, or the jest cannot go on.”

The title of the play, the “Soldier’s Daughter,” is itself a military *coupe-de-main*, it is a challenge to our national bravery, and natural pity. It is hardly fair thus to take an audience by storm or sap. The lady herself “professes too much;” and identifies her own and her country’s cause with a very heroic defiance of common sense. The Widow Cheerly is over-cheerful, over-frank, over-hospitable, but not over-nice, she might be admitted to the mess-room as a cadet, or take the field as a volunteer, by a mere change of dress. Her speech “would not betray her.” She is a volunteer in friendship, a volunteer in love, and a volunteer in mimicry and letter writing; but she carries off the liberties she takes, by the volubility of her tongue and the freedom of her gestures. She has no affected regrets for the loss of her first husband, nor any affected objections to taking another. This is the first man she meets, indeed; but then he is at the same time one of the most amiable and unaccountable of mortals. Frank Heartall is one of those stock Characters of the sentimental comedy, who are represented as all heart and no head; as getting themselves and others into unmeaning scrapes for pure want of thought, and getting out of them by much the same sort of chance-medley; as murdering their best friends, or relieving utter strangers as it happens; and doing good or making mischief, without the least malice afore-thought. This character is but slightly sketched in by the author, and would be hardly intelligible, but for the well-known family likeness. Mr. Bannister first came out in the part: he had been used to the class, and could give a cue to the critics.

Old Heartall is a Governor returned from India, blunt and well-meaning, but strangely versatile in his opinions, and as strangely led by the nose by the undisguised hypocrisy of Ferret, a character that disgusts us almost equally by the villainy and the shallowness of his plots, and who attempts to palliate his iniquity at last, by

observing with much gravity and phlegm, "That had there been no such vice as avarice, he had been an honest man."

Mr. and Mrs. Malfort contribute to the pathos of the piece, and their child Julia and her doll "Miss Good Gentleman," are pretty episodes. Malfort's rashness in challenging Heartall and suspecting his wife's attachment in consequence of a ridiculous anonymous communication, might be particularly blamed, if in this comedy folly, as well as vice and virtue, wit, humour, every thing, were not gratuitous.

W. H.

Andrew Cherry, was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Cherry, printer and bookseller, at Limerick in Ireland, and was born in that city, January 11, 1762; and, having received a respectable education at a grammar-school there, was intended by his father to be qualified for holy orders by matriculation in a university; but, by disappointments in life, his parent was obliged to abandon this intention, and, at eleven years of age, Andrew was placed under the protection of Mr. James Potts, printer and bookseller, in Dame-street, Dublin.

At the age of fourteen, he made his first appearance as Lucia, in the tragedy of "Cato," and at seventeen he boldly entered the dramatic lists; and, for some time after, he encountered all the pleasure and the pain, incidental to the life of a strolling player.

On the abdication of the late Mr. King, Mr. Cherry was engaged at Drury Lane, where he made his appearance on the 25th of September, 1802, in the characters of Sir Benjamin Dove, and Lazarillo, and was received with great applause.

After his retirement from Drury Lane Theatre, he was, for a time, manager of the Swansea Theatre. He died in the winter of 1813, at Monmouth. He is the author of the following pieces:—

Harlequin on the Stocks, Pant. Rom. 1793.—*The Outcasts*, Opera. 1796. N. P.—*Soldier's Daughter*, C. 8vo. 1804.—*All for Fame*, Com. Sketch. 1805. N. P.—*The Village*, C. 1805. N. P.—*The Travellers*, Op. Dr. 8vo. 1806.—*Thalia's Tears*, Poet. Effus. 1806. N. P.—*Spanish Dollars*, M. Ent. 8vo. 1806.—*Peter the Great* Op. Dr. 8vo. 1807.—*A Day in London*, C 1807.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and fifty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes—the second, forty—the third, thirty-five—the fourth, thirty-seven—the fifth—thirty-five.—The half price commences, at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.L. Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in Flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

PROLOGUE.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.]

SPOKEN BY MR. POPE.

The wretch condemn'd who pines in silent sorrow,
And tears the dawn of the all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of all-eternal night :—
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes.—
Hope like a smiling cherub, opes her gate,
And points out mercy on her throne of state !
Justice, obedient to the white-rob'd maid,
Sheathes her drawn sword—and grants her willing aid.
So the scar'd author of our play, to-night,
Dreads—ev'n these lamps, that bring his crimes to light.
Tho' chilling dew-drops mark the culprit's fear,
He knows your justice—if his cause you hear ;
But should his guilt excite the critic's fury,
His hope is—Mercy, from an English jury !

A home-spun fabric he presents to view ;
Devis'd, constructed, and prepar'd, for you.—
From nature drawn, and fed with Nature's food ;
His men and women—merely flesh and blood.
Thro' his rude scenes Benevolence holds place,
To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face ;
Cheer the sad husband and the faithful wife,
And fain would smooth the rugged road of life.
A youthful merchant ventures on this shore,
(Where many a merchant has been seen before ;)
Ye sons of Commerce, grant your pow'rful aid,
And give your voices—in support of trade

He adds thereto, to fill his varied scene,
 A sprightly fair-one of no vulgar mien,
 From Nature's school, with virtue's precepts taught her,
 A yeoman's widow, and a Soldier's Daughter.

All English growth! from garden, forest, field—
 Some perfum'd flowers, while some a poison yield :
 Who from his native land all ill can root ?
 Ev'n Eden's garden nurs'd forbidden fruit.
 Our author therefore, if his schemes you scan,
 But shews the danger, to preserve the man.

If in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
 You aught can find to send you pleas'd away ;
 If woe domestic can its griefs impart,
 Or sportive pleasure animate the heart ;
 At both he aims, and should his schemes succeed,
 Your gen'rous plaudits make him blest indeed !
 If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour,
 You bind him yours, for ever and for ever !

Costume.

GOVERNOR HEARTALL.

First Dress.—Grey cloth regimental coat, white waistcoat and breeches.—*Second Dress.*—Great coat and cocked hat.

FRANK HEARTALL.

Modern fashionable cloth suit.

MALFORT, SEN.

Old gentleman's black velvet suit. Camlet fly and cocked hat.

MALFORT, JUN.

Modern suit.

CAPTAIN WOODLEY.

Captain's uniform.

FERRET.

Crimson coat and waistcoat, black velvet breeches, hat trimmed up behind.

TIMOTHY QUAIN.

Old fashioned brown coat, white cloth waistcoat, brown breeches. small cocked hat.

SIMON.

Drab suit, hat, &c.

THE WIDOW CHEERLY.

Pink satin dress, trimmed with blonde lace.

MRS. MALFORT.

White muslin dress, trimmed with cotton fringe.

MRS. FIDGET.

Brown silk gown, blue quilted petticoat, white apron.

JULIA.

White frock.

SUSAN.

Coloured cotton gown.

MRS. TOWNLY.

Brown muslin dress.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	1818.	<i>Covent Garden</i>
<i>Governor Heartall</i>	Mr. Downton.		Mr. W. Farren
<i>Frank Heartall</i>	Mr. Elliston.		Mr. Jones.
<i>Malfort Senior</i>	Mr. Powell.		Mr. Egerton.
<i>Malfort Junior</i>	Mr. Wallack.		Mr. Abbott.
<i>Captain Woodley</i>	Mr. S. Penley.		Mr. Connor.
<i>Ferret</i>	Mr. Gattie.		Mr. Chapman.
<i>Timothy Quaint</i>	Mr. Penley.		Mr. Liston.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. Maddocks.		Mr. Simmons.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.		Mr. Healy.
<i>George</i>	Mr. Evans.		Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Townly</i>	Mr. Minton.		Mr. Penn.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Appleby.		Mr. Louis.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Buxton.		Mr. Heath.
 <i>Widow Cheerly</i>	 Mrs. Mardyn.		 Miss O'Neill.
<i>Mrs. Malfort</i>	Miss Boyce.		Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Julia</i>	Miss C. Carr.		Miss Boden.
<i>Mrs. Fidget</i>	Mrs. Sparks.		Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Susan</i>	Mrs. Scott.		Miss Green.
<i>Mrs. Townly</i>	Mrs. Maddocks.		Mrs. Coates.

THE
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An anti-chamber in the House of Malfort, sen.*

(*A very loud single knock at the outside door, L.H.*)

Enter WILLIAM, M.D. and SIMON, R.H. meeting.

Sim. Well, William—what—what's the matter now?

Will. Not much, master Simon; only Mr. Ferret's porter, to let you know that his master intends to call as he returns from 'Change.

Sim. Aye: like foul weather, he generally comes unsent for. Shall I tell you a secret, William?—I hate that man! I detest your sly, slow, hesitating friendships; plain honesty flows freely from the heart to the lips, and honour gives it utterance. (*A loud knock at the outer door.*) Heyday! Mr. Ferret's porter again, I suppose!

Will. (*Looking off, M.D.*) No; it is Mr. Ferret, himself.

Sim. Is it?—then begone, William—get about your business—have an eye to the door—look to the plate—let nothing be stolen, nothing be wasted.—

Will. I am gone, old Careful. [*Exit, M.D.*]

Sim. Old Careful ! 'Gad a'merçy, young Prateapace !

Fer. (*Within, M.D.*) What, in this room, is he ?—
Oh ! very well.

Enter FERRET, M.D.

Fer. Hah, old Adage, are you there ?

Sim. Yes, sir, I am here :—an old adage is better than a new face.

Fer. A new face ?

Sim. Yes, sir : some folks have a collection, and can wear the kind of countenance, that best answers their purpose.

Fer. Well said, old boy !—ha, ha, ha !—Well ; have you had any news from India, from my old friend, your master ?

Sim. No—hav'n't you ? 'Tis whispered that you have. Paper speaks when beards never wag.

Fer. I am his factor here ; and, from his clerks I sometimes have a hint of his domestic concerns.—But, should he suddenly surprise us by his appearance, all things, I trust, are right, Simon—you understand me ?

Sim. No—speak out : I am old and dull of apprehension.

Fer. A hint should be enough, friend Simon : you know I am a plain, simple, straight-forward fellow—apt to talk too much, perhaps.

Sim. (*Stily.*) Or not enough, perhaps.

Fer. You know, master Simon, I can't flourish upon a subject : but I do most heartily wish to make my worthy friend, my benefactor too, your honoured master—(*Taking Simon's hand with the affectation of great kindness.*) I say, I could wish to set his heart at rest upon a subject that absorbs all other thoughts, and renders even his large possessions, his lands, his ingots, and accumulating wealth, mere unregarded dross.

Sim. Ay, I understand you *now*—our lost young

master. It is a subject I never cared to touch upon—he can't bear it. After our good lady's death, and my old master went to take possession in the East, our young gentleman was left behind to adjust some family affairs, and then to follow—but no—oh dear, no—the hungry ocean will gape, and we fear our dear young master long since has been its prey.

Fer. I may be wrong. I am naturally anxious, you know. 'Tis true, your master, should he survive, most likely will expect from me, on his return, some satisfaction on this subject; but is it the office of a man to make his patron miserable?—no. His letters have been filled with strong expressions of parental solicitude.

Sim. (*Catching him up.*) What—he has written then?

Fer. N—yes—yes—yes—on his first going abroad I certainly had letters—

Sim. Which you have answered like a consoling comforter.

Fer. No.

Sim. I thought so. (*Aside.*)

Fer. I have replied to them with caution. Poor Henry!—poor fellow! He has had many strange tossings and tumblings. I have had my emissaries at work, who have still kept an attentive eye upon his conduct; but his progress was velocity itself. Immediately after the departure of his father, he became what we call quite a *jolly dog*: while his cash lasted, he kept his horses, his hounds, his curricule—flashed at the court, drove through the city, got connected with the family of old Discount, the banker.

Sim. That was prudent, however. A worthy man!—Honesty and honour are a noble firm;—'tis a partnership that misfortune alone can dissolve.

Fer. His son (a young profligate) and the younger Malfort became inseparable friends. His daughter,—what we call in the city, a dasher,—she, forsooth, caught your young master's fancy—in fine, he married her.

Sim. Heaven bless them !

Fer. A union, he well knew, that could never meet his father's wishes ; he has therefore carefully concealed it from his knowledge. Then, business was the cry—young Discount and Malfort entered jointly therein—one foolish speculation followed up another—your young master was drained—his own possessions sunk—his wife's fortune demolished—her father, heart-broken, died—his son, torn with shame and disappointment, fled, the lord knows whither ; whilst poor Malfort, remained a ruined bankrupt, and his wife—

Sim. What ? speak ?

Fer. Why, perhaps the most helpless of heaven's afflicted creatures—a beggared fine lady.

Sim. Poor, pretty creature !—where are they now ?

Fer. All my inquiries from this last stage of their situation have been fruitless—intirely fruitless—believe me, Simon.—(*As if he knew more but would not utter it.*) Good day, friend Simon ! I am naturally anxious : but 'tis not my way to create uneasiness in the bosoms of my friends ! if my purse was large enough, they might all put their hands into it. (*Shaking Simon by the hand with great seeming affection.*) Good day !

[*Exit, M.D.*

Sim. Ah ! I doubt it much : your purse is like your heart—deep, but close. Oh, my poor young master !—Well—he was a generous youth : when but a mere boy, how I have seen him bestow his favours on the wretched ; and stand with moistened eye, to view poor naked children feed upon his bounty ! and now, perhaps, he himself needs a benefactor, and pines in secret misery ! My old heart cannot bear the thought. Well, there are many turnings in the road of life, and I perhaps, at length, may find the path that leads to comfort ; for I would gladly share even my last hard morsel with my master's son.

[*Exit, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Governor Heartall's House.*

Enter MRS. FIDGET, and TIMOTHY QUAIN, R.H.

Mrs. F. 'Tis no such a thing, Mr. Timothy :—give me leave to know the private concerns of a family that I have lived with before you were born.

Tim. If that's the case, they have no private concerns by this time : they are pretty public now.

Mrs. F. Jackanapes ! Does it follow, because I indulge you with my communications, that all the world are to be instructed by me.

Tim. No ; it doesn't follow, it generally goes before ; you retail your knowledge every week-day in small paragraphs, and on Sunday, you rush forth yourself, fresh from the press—a walking journal of weekly communication !

Mrs. F. Well,—am I not right there, mongrel ?—It is the moral duty of a christian to instruct the ignorant, and open the minds of the uninformed.

Tim. Yes ; but you are not content with opening their minds, you open their mouths too, and set them a-prating for a week to come.

Mrs. F. It requires but little pains, however, to set you a-prating. Such a tongue !—mercy on me ! Gible, gabble, prittle prattle, for ever and for ever !

Tim. Lord a mercy ! there's a plumper ! When I came to live in this house, I never opened my lips for the first quarter :—the thing was impossible ; your eternal clatter almost starved as well as dumb-founded me : I could put nothing in or out of my mouth ; I was compelled to eat my victuals at midnight ; for, till you were as fast as a church, I was forced to be as silent as a tomb-stone.

Mrs. F. Why, sirrah !—jackanapes !—monkey ! His honour has suffered your impertinent freedoms, 'till you are become quite master of the house—and now I suppose you want to be mistress too.

Tim. So do you ; therefore we quarrel. Two of a trade, you know,—

Mrs. F. But your master shall know of your tricks, your fancies, and your insolencies.—

Tim. Let him—he likes it : he says himself, I am an odd-fish—a thorn-back, I suppose, or I shouldn't be able to deal with an old maid.

Mrs. F. Old maid !—Slander !—impudence !—puppy ! Have I lived to this time of day to be called old maid at last ?—I never, till now, seriously wished to be married. Had I a husband—

Tim. If you had, he'd be the most envied mortal in England.

Mrs. F. Why, fellow ?—why ?

Tim. Because there's not such another woman in the kingdom. *(Bell rings, R.H.)*

Mrs. F. Don't you hear the bell, puppy ?

Tim. No—your clapper drowns it.

Mrs. F. My clapper ? *(Violently.)*

Tim. Yes, your clapper. *(Calmly.)*

Enter SIMON, L.H.

Sim. O lord ! what's to do here ? Why here's a battle royal, between the young bantam and the old hen

Tim. (Perceiving Simon.) Ah ! master Simon—how do you do ?

Sim. Honest Timothy ! give me your hand. Where is the governor ? I have something of importance to impart. Can I see him to communicate ?

Tim. Aye, to be sure. Step with me, master Simon, and I'll introduce you to the governor directly : I haven't seen him this morning, therefore cannot tell you what sort of humour he's in ; he lay down in a frenzy last night, boiling with rage against his nephew. Mr. Ferret was here, and he always leaves the old gentleman in a stew.

Sim. What !—Old Blow-coal, as I call him ?—If a dormant spark of animosity exists, his breath is sure to make it blaze.

Tim. Come, then, master, Simon, let me show you to the governor, and see if we cannot contrive to blow up this son of sulphur. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sim. Have with you, my boy. (*Going.*)

Mrs. F. Mr. Simon, I shall expect you in my room, when your business is over, to taste my cordial, and drink a safe return to your worthy master.

Sim. That I will with all my heart:—yet let me tell you, Mrs. Fidget, there is no cordial like a gentle temper—nor any beverage half so delicious as when it is sweetened by the lips of good humour.

[*She courtesies—they exeunt—Sim. R.H. Mrs. F. L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A plain Chamber.* MRS. MALFORT
discovered.

Mrs. M. How mournfully passes each sad hour with those on whom misfortune's burden rests! Distress—accumulating distress—even the poignant dread of want; a husband sinking beneath a load of worldly care, and a poor prattling innocent unconscious of her state, are now my sole possessions. A brother, banished by his own imprudence! and my husband's father removed to climes far, far beyond inquiry, and ignorant of his son's desponding state—or, knowing it, perhaps, by evil tongues, or monstrous suggestions hardened to his sufferings. What then remains for me? Despair?—no—that power whose justice shields the weak and mourning sufferer, will shew its mercy also where fortune frowns—not guilt, nor pompous splendid vanity, have caused the sad reverse. Sweet patience be my comfort then—for I will not despair. (*Sets herself at the table.*)

Frank H. (Within, L.H.) Say you so, my little cherub? will you be my convoy? With such a pilot I cannot fail to make my port secure.

Enter JULIA and FRANK HEARTALL, L.H.

Julia. Mamma! here's a gentleman who says he

wants to speak to you. (*Mrs. M. just looks up, and then resumes her situation.*)

Frank H. A charming woman ! but certainly not the person I last night traced to this house in her carriage from the opera.

Julia. (*Pulling him by the coat.*) Sir, this is my mamma ; you said you had something very particular to say to her.

Frank H. Ye—ye—yes, my dear, very particular to a lady, as I thought in this house, but not to her.

Julia. Why, is not mamma a lady ?

Frank H. Certainly, yes my dear, but—What can I think of all this ? she seems absorbed in grief : poor girl ! perhaps the neglected victim of some wealthy profligate, and this little prattler the offspring of her dishonour ; left ungratefully to perish, while her seducer wantonly drives his curricule through the public streets, and unblushingly smiles upon each passing female. By heaven ! had I my will, such wretches should wear an indelible stamp of infamy, that all good men might shun them, and women learn to abhor the traitors to their sex.

Mrs. M. (*Coming forward.*) Sir, your business, if you please.

Frank H. My business, madam, is—A delicate creature, by my soul ! (*Aside.*) Why really, madam, I—I—I cannot exactly tell you what my business is. I am here, led by a cherub into the presence of an angel ! I dare not rudely ask the cause of your affliction, but your appearance interests me, and I should feel the warmest gratification, in alleviating your sorrows.

Mrs. M. Sir, there is a frankness in your manner, which assures me of your sincerity ; but my uneasiness springs from a source of a domestic nature, in which the interference of a stranger cannot be effectual. Thank you, sir, and beg you will retire.

Frank H. Instantly, madam, at your command. (*Going—returns.*) I am an odd volatile unthinking fellow ; always involved in some cursed scrape or other ; but I would not willingly bring a blush upon the cheek

of modesty : pray pardon me, madam ; but I fear that you have been betrayed—yourself and little one abandoned to the world, unfriended and unknown.

Mrs. M. (In great affliction.) O heavens ! (*Turns up the stage, and sits down.*)

Julia. (Going to her.) Mamma, dear mamma !

Frank H. (Observing her.) Yes,—my old luck !—I have done mischief : I have touched the string : her sensibility revolts at the awakened recollection of her situation, and she feels all the pangs of insulted innocence !

Mrs. M. (During Heartall's speech appears to ask questions of the child, then coming forward.) Sir, I now clearly perceive your mistake ; you had conceived my child was instructed to bring you hither.

Frank H. Really madam, I—

Mrs. M. 'Tis a venial error, sir ;—but you have equally mistaken my circumstances and situation. Nursed in the lap of affluence, I cannot descend to particularize to strangers why I am thus dejected and obscured ; I beseech you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to retire ; my husband's return is every moment expected—his appearance, therefore, might embarrass you, nor could it be fairly understood that you entered these apartments on the invitation of my child. (*Heartall bows to Mrs. Malfort, and is going off the stage when Malfort entering, L.II. meets him.*)

Malf. I beg your pardon, sir—I have mistaken the apartment.—(*Frank H. bows, and looks confused.*)

Julia. (Runs to Malf.) Oh no, father ! this is our drawing-room : yonder is mamma. 'Twas I asked the gentleman in to see us : I thought he wanted my mamma !

Malf. Indeed !

Julia. Yes, indeed.

Frank H. (Aside.) So, I am in for it again : my old luck !

Malf. Sir, I know not how to address you, nor can I guess your errand hither : if, from those who once called themselves my friends, you have been informed of my misfortunes ; the general wreck of my affairs—

the total annihilation of my property; and in the pride of fulness and prosperity, are come to banquet on my miseries, or insult the virtue of my afflicted wife!—behold it all; indulge your malice, and begone:—I have not now the spirit to resent;—poverty can make us cowards as well as wretches. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Frank II. (Aside.) Always running my head against stone-walls!—Why, look you, sir. You see me here, the slave of accident. Attracted by the charms of a lady I last night encountered at the opera, I traced her to this house; and guided by this little seraph, I entered this apartment. If beauty in distress, shining through virtuous tears, excited more than *my* common notice, it is the lot of man so far to err: but if I have offended her or you, devoutly I entreat your pardon; and I trust I may yet find an opportunity to convince you that while my eyes fill at the recital of your distresses, my heart pants with ardour to relieve them.

[*Exit, hastily, L. H.*]

Julia. (Coming forward) Dear—dear! is the gentleman gone?—I'm so sorry! I'll run and see him to the door.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

(*Malfort, with a deep sigh, throws himself into a chair. Mrs. Malfort comes from where she was seated, and leaning pensively on his shoulder, takes his hand, and looking tenderly on him, speaks—*)

Mrs. M. Henry!

Malf. My love?—(*After much emotion.*)—The trial is past. All is gone; the merciless creditors have shared among them the little remnant of our all; and we are left without a friend—a home—a shilling!

Mrs. M. And yet we may still be happy.

Malf. Never—never. I am marked by fate, a victim for despair. By heaven! were it not for you and my poor suffering innocent, I'd not endure this weight of sorrow and disgrace. To bear the taunting mocks of bloated affluence!—pointed at as the ruined wretch, whom treacherous fortune crushed in her angriest mood, and levelled with the dust!—O, torture! torture!

Mrs. M. Nay, for my sake, check these tumultuous

passions. Consider, Henry : in your prosperous days, when did the unrelieved beggar pass your gate ? was your hand ever shut against the orphan's cry ? or did the wretched widow's plaint pass unheeded through your ear ? The power that punishes, can reward :—if vice, though late, must meet the scourge of retribution—virtue has claims that providence will foster.

Malf. Sweet comforter ! If you can endure, 'twere impious in me to murmur :—yet fate will have it so.—Oh ! could the best of fathers and of men—if yet he lives—pierce the gloom of distance which now obscures us from each other's sight ; did he but know the virtuous partner of my sufferings, for whose sad sake, and my poor endearing little one, I thus am shook with agonizing torments ; his generous spirit would burst through all restraining bonds to banish misery, and all its haggard train of pale-faced sorrows !—Oh ! multiplying horrors crowd upon my bewildered imagination !—Houseless !—friendless !—my wife ! my child !—defenceless and forlorn ! without the means of satisfying one scanty meal—too proud to beg—willing to toil, but unequal to the task—no hand to succour—no friend to advise—no faithful bosom to repose my sorrows on !

Mrs. M. Yes—here is a hand to succour—a friend to advise—a bosom to repose your sorrows on !

Malf. What have I said ?—forgive me Harriet, I shall be calm.

Mrs. M. O Henry !—distress, affliction, want of food and raiment, I could endure with you—barefoot and wretched, I could take my infant in these arms, and bear her proudly, though disgrace and misery marked my steps, would you but smile at fortune's angry frown, and bear your lot with patient manly suffering.

Malf. Oh ! *(In extreme agony and grief.)*

Mrs. M. It is for me you feel these strong emotions, and for my child—I know it, Henry ! Yet hope !—for what is not hope ? It is the prisoner's freedom, the sick man's health, the Christian's consolation.

Malf. I cannot speak—I feel thee my superior, and am lost in wonder at thy virtues !—*(Throws himself*

into a chair, R.H. extremely moved—she turns, looks at him, clasps her hands in an agony of sorrow, and then seats herself, L.H.—A pause.)

Enter JULIA, L.H.

Julia. O dear—he's gone!—I never yet saw any stranger that I loved so well:—When he talked of you, mamma, he sighed, grew pale as ashes, and wiped his eyes so often:—he asked me if I was fond of dolls and toys?—I said “to be sure, sir—all little girls love their dolls.”—Then, said he, take this money, my little angel, and let your mamma buy some for you—and then he kissed me—wiped his eyes—and stepped into a carriage.—Only look here, father!—La! what nice thin paper he has wrapped it in!—*(Unfolding a dollar or crown-piece, she hands the coin to her mother, and shews the paper to her father.)*

Malf. *(Looking with astonishment on the paper.)* Oh, providence!—providence!—Why should the wretch despair!

Mrs. M. *(Observing Malfort—looks over his shoulder on the paper.)* Two hundred pounds!—Riches!—Happiness!—New life!—*(Sinks into his arms—the Child distressed and alarmed, catches her mother's garment, and looks in her face with an anxious and solicitous concern.—Scene closes them in.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Governor Heartall's House.*

Enter FERRET and TIMOTHY, L.H.

Fer. Well, master Timothy—and so the governor is quite hearty, you say?

Tim. Yes, sir—quite in good heart—I wish I could say as much for all his acquaintance.

(*Significantly.*)

Fer. You are right, Timothy—a good heart is now-a-days a scarce commodity to find.

Tim. Perhaps you find it so, sir ;—for my part I never go abroad to look for one.

Fer. Indeed !—it may be so :—You have a master that has heart enough for all his family.

Tim. Yes—but the goodness of his heart is not domesticated—his is a kind of vagabond heart—that is for ever strolling ; but it is in search of new objects to exercise its bounty on.

Fer. Well said, Tim :—you seem to know your master perfectly.

Tim. Yes, sir ; I have lived with him some time ;—and what perhaps you will think very extraordinary—I wish to die with him.

Fer. Very extraordinary, indeed.—But here is your master.

Enter GOVERNOR HEARTALL, R.H.

Good morrow, governor !—

Gov. Ah—old Ferret—how d'ye do ?

Fer. In my old way, governor—well and hearty ;—but you—you look charmingly.

Gov. Do I ?—You know that's not true !—I do not look charmingly—'Pshaw !—I hate your false compliments !—Well, old Ferret !—When have you seen my nephew ?—what do you know of young Scapegrace ?

Fer. Humph !—nothing—that is—nothing particular.

Gov. Then you do know nothing ;—for every thing he does is particular—the strongest reasons I have for admiring the rascal are his particularities.—Sometimes he is particularly civil—at others particularly insolent ;—now he is overcome by some poor wretch's particular distress—and particularly happy if he can relieve it ;—he is particularly volatile upon all occa-

sions that are not particular—and particularly miserable when I appear to be particular with him.

Fer. But when he squanders large sums upon his particular follies and charities—

Gov. I am sure he never keeps any particular account of them.

Fer. 'Twere better if he did.

Gov. I say no.—His open hand is his ledger, and his charities are registered on the hearts of the indigent.

Tim. That account is closed, Mr. Ferret—you had better turn over a new leaf. [Exit, L.H.]

Fer. (*Looking after him.*) Puppy!—(*Aside.*)—Well, governor, you certainly have a right to approve or disapprove of your nephew's conduct as you think proper—'tis no business of mine.

Gov. I know it.

Fer. But were he my nephew, and had I seen him watching and skulking after a poor innocent female from the country, unknown and unprotected in this great city—bribing landladies and servants to get to her apartments—

Gov. How! What do you say? (*Eagerly.*)

Fer. And on being disappointed there—shocking the modesty of a poor afflicted married woman in the same house, in which he was surprised by her husband, and called to such account, as made him cut a very silly figure—

Gov. What! Frank?

Fer. Nay, happy to part with a tolerable sum to quash the affair, and reconcile the parties.

Gov. My nephew?

Fer. I think, in such a case, his moral character is not so highly estimable as fawners or sycophants would describe it to you—nor does his conduct keep pace with the reputation necessary for an English merchant.

Gov. It's a lie, old Ferret;—I cannot believe it!

(*Coolly.*)

Fer. Yes, all are liars who do not paint this youth in all the glowing tints of fancied excellence!—I

Tim. Don't mention it :—I have taken the liberty of trotting hither on a message of self-gratification—when I am sent on one, I shall be proud to taste the sweets of your honour's bounty. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha ! Poor Timothy !

Wid. Upon my word, this Mr. Ferret, seems a dangerous man. But he is one of my husband's executors and under his protection I am here.

Frank H. I should like to take the trouble off his hands.—Cou'dn't you make a transfer ?

Wid. Do you hear him, Mrs. Malfort !—Transfer !—I shall never be able to keep this poor man out of the stocks.

Frank H. In plain English, madam—I love you—with all the sincerity and honour of an honest man.

Wid. Lord a'mercy ! what is the creature at ?

Frank H. That the best of men, my uncle is deluded by a fiend—whose schemes I could instantly counteract ; but must not, in pity to an old man's caprice ; for though I am independent of my uncle's wealth, I am not of his affection.

Wid. Give me leave to ask, who is your uncle, sir ?

Frank H. A gentle-hearted humourist, madam,—old Governor Heartall.

Wid. Late from India ?

Frank H. But a few years since, madam.

Wid. (*Aside*) Heavens !—the most intimate friend of my father.

Gov. (*Within, L.H.*) Here ?—What, here—in this apartment ?—a rascal ! a dog !

Wid. What bustle is this ?

Frank H. My dear madam—it is my uncle—(*Aside.*)—what the devil shall I do ?—For heaven's sake, madam, excuse the frailties of age ;—forgive the whimsicalities of a poor old man !

Wid. Don't fidget yourself,—'tis hard indeed if I can't manage an old man.

Enter GOVERNOR, L.H. followed by FERRET, they go over to R.H. Frank H. crosses behind to L.H.

Gov. A scoundrel!—a sneaking, lying villain!—all cant and hypocrisy!—to ruin families by wholesale. Where is this widow witch?

Wid. Mr. Ferret—you were my husband's executor—I didn't know you were my groom of the chambers also. *(With asperity.)*

Fer. Madam—I am naturally anxious; when I know the nephew of my friend is rendering himself odious or contemptible, I stand upon no ceremony to reclaim him.

Frank H. (Aside.) I shall never keep my temper—I must cut that fellow's throat!

Gov. Madam, I ask your pardon, I perceive I have pressed in rudely here.

Wid. Sir—you are most heartily welcome—I have often heard my late much-loved father mention Governor Heartall—with more than pleasure, with the affection of a sincere friend.

Gov. Ay—indeed! Who was he, pray?

Wid. Colonel Woodley.

Gov. What, Jack?—honest Jack—worthy Jack—Jack Woodley?—Old Ferret, is this the widow?

Fer. Yes. *(Dryly, on R.H.)*

Gov. Ay?—*(Looking steadfastly at her.)*—I can't perceive that malignant smile, that devil in her countenance, which you say is the sure index of a shrew, and must render a husband miserable.

Fer. (Harshly.) Put on your spectacles.

Gov. I will.—*(He takes out his spectacles—while he rubs the glasses with his handkerchief, the Widow, smothering a laugh, turns up the stage; Frank H. advances and takes her place—the Governor puts on his spectacles, and turning to look at the Widow, sees Frank H.)*—Why,—sirrah! are you not a villain? confess yourself a scoundrel. You would unite yourself to a professed termagant—whose tongue has already sent

to an early grave, a loving husband—and thus embitter all your future days : a Xantippe—(*Frank H. hurt at the Governor's reproaches, turns up the stage, and Mrs. Malfort comes into his place, as if she meant to mediate for him.*)—An angel!—madam, I beg a million of pardons.—(*Frank H. comes down on the other side, the Widow between him and the Governor, who turns that way, supposing Frank H. next to him.*)—A rascal ! to fix his affections upon a devil incarnate.—A cherub ! by all that's heavenly!—(*Perret retires, and sits on L.H. side of the table.*)

Wid. (*Aside to Frank H.*) Oh, I see—I see it all now!—I have caught his humour and shall have some sport with him.—(*Aloud.*)—Did I ever tell you that story, my dear madam, of my father Colonel Woodley?

Gov. What, a story about Jack?—Come, let us hear it!

Wid. It is a Bengal story, sir—a great way off.

Gov. So much the better;—now for it!

Wid. Well, sir, thus it was. One summer's evening, after a hard day's march over burning sands—and expansive wilds—fatigued and weary—the colonel and his hungry regiment, with all their little train of tired women and poor children—faint and exhausted, espied the mansion of a certain governor.

Gov. This is a good one.—Go on—ha, ha, ha!—Poor Jack!

Wid. The colonel dispatched one of his serjeants to say that Woodley and his hungry soldiers rested on their arms at the governor's gate.—“What Jack?” said the governor—

Gov. “Honest Jack?” said the governor—“worthy Jack?”

Wid. “Jack and his soldiers hungry?” said the governor.—“Yes, please your honour,” said the serjeant,—and their wives and children too.”—“I am glad of it—for here is plenty.—Let the rogues come in,” said the governor :—“my delight is to see the hungry feed—and shield from inclemency the limbs of the naked.”—

Gov. Said the governor, the little drummers mustered up all the strength they had left, and beat up such a tantarara!—while the poor soldiers and the women shouted till my plantation echoed again!

Wid. Your's, sir? (*Pretending surprise.*)

Frank H. Your's, uncle?

Gov. Yes, mine, you dog!—I marched down the avenue to meet them—the women fell upon their knees, and kissed my feet, and blessed me as they entered; and the little drummers could scarcely give vent to the shouts of joy, but their streaming eyes spoke of the same feelings.

Wid. (*Aloud.*) Now, observe.—(*Aloud.*)—Ay, my dear son, the soldier's wife!

Gov. That was the best of all.—Poor soul!—she was sinking beneath the weight of two fine children.—I gave them time enough to catch her falling burden; and were the little chubby rogues triumphantly in my arms! They looked delighted at each other—played with my hair—kissed my forehead—and with their little fat fingers wiped away the tears that fell from my old eyes as large as hail-stones. My myrmidons fed, and drank, and laughed and sang,—talked their little wars and battles over—then slept: and next day set freshly forward on their march, rattling their drums, blowing their cheerful pipes, with loud huzzas of gratitude to the donor of the feast.

(*They turn up the stage.*)

Fer. (*Coming forward.*) This Banga story has warmed the old soldier's heart, and they may now mould the driveller to what shape they please. I will leave him to his fate—and trust to occurrences for the completion of my purposes. [*Exit, L. H. unobserved.*]

(*Governor, &c. come down the stage.*)

Frank H. And now my dear uncle, what new offence have I committed? Any more murders come out?—Children strangled—or infants defrauded of their property?

Gov. Are you not going to marry a vixen?

Frank H. Guilty:—I would marry if I could.

Frank H. Guilty :—I would marry if I could.

Gov. What ! a vixen ?

Frank H. (*Looking at the Widow.*) I think not : but there I must run my chance, as my father did before me.

Gov. Your father ! he married a celestial being—a seraph :—Whom would you marry ? *Frank H.* takes the *Widow* by the hand, and points to her. A seraph too !—Will you have him, Madam ?—Will you take her on the scoundrel ?—Will you—will you ?—The rogue loves you—I'm sure he does—he has a good fortune—and shall have more when I die.

Frank H. Now, sir, you are generous—you are again my kind dear uncle ! (*Going to embrace him—the Governor avoids it.*)

Gov. It's a lie ! I had forgot—don't have him—he does not deserve you !—I am not your dear uncle.—I will be uncle to no villain—that takes the advantage of a poor gentleman's distress, to make dishonourable advances to his afflicted wife.

Wid. Heavens !—

Gov. But where is this offended female : I must heal this breach—and by my bounty prove, there is at least one good heart in my family.

Mrs. M. That is already proved—incontestibly proved by your injured nephew.

Wid. How !—

Mrs. M. In the very moment of direst calamity, this gentleman entered by chance our mansion of despair—he saw my grief, perceived my husband's agony—his heart melted, and his eyes overflowed—he bounteously relieved our wants, concealing even where our thanks should rest—and made my child the agent of his munificence.

Gov. I am his uncle !

Wid. This is a noble-hearted fellow ! (*Aside.*)—(*To F. Heartall.*) I beg your pardon, sir, I was taught to think differently of you. Come, Governor, let us all be friends—will you ?—will you ? (*Whedding and imitating.*) Ah ! I wish my father was alive to back my suit.

Gov. Your father? let me look at you; you are Jack Woodley's daughter—(*Smiling on her.*) I loved your father.—

Wid. Yes; and you will love my father's daughter, when you know me better.

Gov. Shall I?—Eh!

Wid. To be sure you will; nay, you must, in common gratitude, for I love an old bachelor in my heart.

Gov. That's more than I do.

Wid. Ah! I should like to spend a long winter's evening with you, and talk over your old conquests—the women that died on your account, and the unfortunate damsels that you have betrayed—O, you look like a seducer.

Gov. Humph!—you are a rogue—a pretty rogue—an arch little villain.

Mrs. M. If ever two hearts were designed by Providence to make each other supremely blest, surely, sir, it is your generous nephew and this benevolent lady.

Gov. What, you too? (*To Mrs. M.*) Give me your hands! Must I forgive the rascal?—must I, girls?—shall I, lasses?

Wid. Forgive, sir?—you have failed in proof—you have lost your cause—you are nonsuited!

Frank H. Yes, uncle, a flaw in the indictment!

Gov. Then you shall have a new trial, you rogue! But, zounds! if these are your advocates, I shall give up the contention: against such pleaders justice should be deaf, as well as blind. Mercy on me!—when I look on these creatures' faces, and hear the music of their tongues, I am astonished that there can remain on the earth's habitable surface so helpless a creature as an old bachelor.

MALFORD enters, L.H. greatly agitated—a letter in his hand.

Malf. Madam—I have to solicit your pardon for thus abruptly breaking in among your friends; but a circumstance has occurred that—

scorpion stings, under the impression of surprise and frenzy, and des-^{ed}ucting him.) Madam—my husband, Mrs. M. O

(*Fo*am happy to see you, pray walk in.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter wing.) Madam, I—(To F. Heartall, who
the contents of this letter—concern you :

Wid. The warmth and agitation of my mind should sudden s'on to acts of sudden desperation—I beseech you, read it—and declare how you think a man of honour ought to act under circumstances so repulsive to his feelings.—(*Gives F. Heartall the letter.*)

Frank H. (*Reads.*)—Sir,—Under the deep disguise of affected benevolence, young Heartall has designs of an infamous nature upon your wife.—If your distresses have so absorbed your feelings, that you can become a tame witness of your own dishonour, you will of course have no objection to his frequent visits to the house you lodge in—where he has now established a footing, under pretence of paying his addresses to a silly young widow, from the country—who wants knowledge of the world, to penetrate the depth of his designs. I know the man—therefore take this timely hint, from a sincere, though concealed, friend.

Mrs. M. Merciful heavens!—what can this mean?

Malf. (*During the reading of the letter fixes his eyes upon F. Heartall, who appears agitated, distressed, and indignant.*) Sir—(*As if he waited for F. Heartall's answer.*)

Frank H. Really, sir,—this extraordinary—business—is—~~a~~

Malf. Before I proceed, sir, to further question—this folded paper contains the bill which your pretended benevolence would have applied to the relief of my distresses—Take it, sir—it is yours.—(*Gives a paper.*)—You cannot, I perceive, sir, deny the foul charge alleged against you—~~that~~ you do not endeavour to extenuate it by false asseveration, I applaud you for—and although I cannot but doubt the courage of him,

who with cold deliberate villainy, cut you ; you are of charity to hide adulterous seduction *her*.) I loved assume the garb of munificence to covet testable and base—I shall expect such a daughter, tion as insulted pride and injured honour.

Frank H. Mr. Malfort, I am at length, in coming from my confusion and astonishment :—thine my heart. scandalous aspersion causes no other impulse mind, than that of sorrow and regret that any of heaven's creatures can be so lost to feeling and humanity as the author of this black scroll. Had I been wretch enough to perpetrate the wrong you charge me with, I hope I should be coward enough not to defend it—nor oppose a pistol against that man's head, whose heart I had already wounded. Before this company further explanation is unnecessary :—I am to be found, sir, whenever it shall suit you. [*Crosses and exit, L. H.*]
(*Malfort walks about in great agitation.*)

Mrs. M. Henry !—what shall I say ?—can you believe me base—

Malf. Oh ! that providence would snatch from the earth a wretch torn with conflicting passions, and suffering under all the pangs of penury and approaching misery !

Gov. (*On L.H.*) My heart tells me that my boy is innocent !—The rogue is wild—the dog is ungovernable—but he has a heart, I feel it in my own, warm as blood can make it. I could sometimes kill the villain myself—but that I know he has a heart !—and now I have looked upon his honest face, and will stake my life upon his honour.

Malf. 'Tis a world of error, sir—stake your life on no man's honour, nor rest your faith on woman's virtue !—All, all is false, deceiving, treacherous, and subtle. (*Crosses to L.H.*) O, agony of thought !—destruction pours her measureless weight of woes upon my mind. Where is now my solace ?—domestic life is fled, my home is hell—suspicion darts her

scorpion stings into my brain—and all is madness, frenzy, and despair. [*Exit Malfort, L.H.*]

Mrs. M. O Henry—O my husband!

(*Following him—she is nearly fainting.—*)

Enter WIDOW L.H. preventing her falling.

Wid. Nay, madam—stay, I beseech you stay—this sudden shock bears heavy on your spirits.—Whither would you go?

Mrs. M. Alas! I know not madam!—I would seek my husband—I would calm his mind—I would pour consolation on his sorrows—

Wid. With your leave, sir, we will retire—and devise such means as shall restore Mr. Malfort to peace and comfort.

Gov. Let Jack Woodley's daughter command old Heartall as she will:—(*To Mrs. Malfort.*) Come—cheer up, Madam! while the old governor can command a rupee, by heaven neither you nor your's shall ever want a part of it:—then set her spirits afloat—cheer her up, my lively widow.

Wid. You hear, madam, you hear the governor's commands—no disobedience of orders—I am a soldier's daughter, and used to discipline.

Mrs. M. I am already animated by your words:—but my gratitude masters my utterance; let my tears therefore, speak, what my tongue cannot.

Wid. Come, madam—we'll soon dry your tears, and set your tongue in motion:—I wish to exhilarate the spirits of my hearers, not depress them:—I can laugh at folly—pity depravity—scorn knavery—and detest villainy. The merry heart has not leisure to be vicious: and as the smile that marks a cheerful countenance is easily discerned from the fawning grin of hypocrisy, I am infallible in the choice of my friends, and all is laugh around me.

Gov. Brava! Bravissima! my charming widow!

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in London.*

*Enter CHARLES WOODLEY, and THOMAS, R.H.
(with a parcel.)*

Cha. Thomas!

Tho. Sir.

Cha. Step to the St. James's Hotel, and desire Osborne to get ready apartments for me directly;—I have a call or two to make, and shall be there presently.

Tho. Very well, your honour. But where shall I deliver this packet for your sister, sir? there is no direction on it further than her name.

Cha. Plague take it! I don't know what we are to do in that case—for I have positively lost her address. Hark'ee, Thomas, I have it.—You must call at the Stock Exchange, and inquire where Mr. Ferret lives—any body there will tell you;—he is one of my late brother-in-law's executors, and will inform you where my sister, Mrs. Cheerly, is to be found: be particular in taking her address, and bring it with you to the hotel.

Tho. I shall, sir.

[Exit, L.H.]

Cha. I long to see the giddy romp!—she has been both a wife and a widow since we parted; but, if I can trace her disposition from her letters, she is still lively and unchanged. Certainly she was formed in nature's merriest mood; for I never yet saw her uneasy or dejected.

Enter FRANK HEARTALL, L.H. Crossing the Stage hastily.

Ed. Whom have we here? What, Frank Heartall!—an old acquaintance, faith!—I suppose I am grown quite out of his knowledge. *(Goes up to F. Heartall.)* Pray, sir, what is't o'clock? in travelling I have neglected winding my watch. *(Taking out his watch.)*

Frank H. Sir, by me *(Looking at his watch—then at Charles.)* it is now exactly—it's monstrous like him, it was not so tall. *(Aside.)*

Cha. (*Looking in Heartall's face, and holding his key to his watch, as if to set it.*) What hour did you say, sir?

Frank H. (*To himself.*) Six:—yes—it must be—six—years since we met.

Cha. Six! My dear sir, it is impossible: it can scarcely be three, yet.

Frank H. O! I beg your pardon, sir.—I say, Charles—

Cha. But I beg your pardon—and I say, Frank—

Frank H. It is above six years, since we both left old Gradus at Westminster.

Cha. Is it?—Heartall?

Frank H. It is.—Woodley—damme, I'm right!

Cha. And so am I: ha, ha!—(*Shaking hands affectionately.*)—I knew you at the first glimpse; but my marchings and counter-marchings have worn me out of the knowledge of my nearest acquaintance.

Frank H. I have often thought of you, upon my soul, and reflected frequently with pleasure upon our little youthful sallies: the “hair-breadth ‘scapes” that we have had. I have paid for many of your pranks, my boy.

Cha. You certainly were a most unfortunate youth, always in some scrape;—ha, ha, ha!—

Frank H. It sticks to me still, Charles. My old luck! I never shall get rid of it.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Yes—you may laugh; but it is truth, upon my soul.

Cha. The little harmless frolics of our youth, Frank, should serve us for laughter in our maturer days. But what is the matter now? Have you lost your youthful spirits, or is there, really, any thing that can possibly give you serious concern?

Frank H. Yes, Charles; I am in for it again.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Don't laugh—don't, Charles;—upon my soul, I am a wretched fellow.—(*Charles laughs.*)—What! you will laugh?

Cha. Why, who the devil can help laughing—to hear a fellow like you, basking in the sunshine of a splendid fortune; that fortune every hour in a state of continued accumulation:—an old rich uncle that will leave you every shilling; living in luxury and ease in the very centre of your friends and connexions; the treasures of all parts of the habitable earth pouring in upon you—and hear you talk of wretchedness!—Zounds; it would make a stoic laugh—Ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Yes:—this is all very fine!

Cha. It is all very true, however.

Frank H. So it is, Charles: and yet I am wretched fellow!

Cha. Not in love, I hope.

Frank H. Over head and ears!—but that's not the worst of it.

Cha. No?—Ha, ha, ha!—then you are a miserable fellow, sure enough. Ha, ha, ha!—Who is the lady, Frank?

Frank H. An angel!

Cha. Oh, that of course!—Do I know her?

Frank H. No; this is her first visit to London.

Cha. Indeed?

Frank H. Yes: she is a widow.

Cha. The devil she is! and her name?

Frank H. Cheerly.

Cha. (*Aside.*) My mad-cap sister, by heaven!

Frank H. Such a woman, Charles! uniting truth, virtue, sense, with all the livelier graces of her sex.

Cha. Where does she live, Frank?—You must introduce me.

Frank H. No, Charles,—you must excuse me there:—ha, ha, ha!—the truth is, I can't introduce you, for I am in disgrace there myself.

Cha. Ay!—(*Forgetting himself.*)—You surely have not presumed to—(*Recollecting.*)—I mean—what have you done to incur her displeasure?

Frank H. Nothing.

Cha. If she be the creature you describe, she cannot be so ridiculously capricious as to take offence at nothing.

Frank H. I don't say that she is offended.—Nay, I live in hopes to the contrary. But somehow or other—I have been unfortunately betrayed, it seems, into the perpetration of a benevolent action; and because I will not allow that I have committed that wicked deed through the worst of motives,—namely, the seduction of a suffering, virtuous, wife—I, at this very period, am under momentary expectation of having my throat cut by an offended husband.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, Frank, this is one of your extraordinary scrapes, sure enough!—But come, you must introduce me to your widow.

Frank H. No, no, Charles;—I know better, believe me.

Cha. I must see her, Frank;—by all the powers of affection, I love her already!

Frank H. Pooh! pooh!—nonsense.—You don't—

Cha. I do, by Jupiter.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! what young fellow could avoid it, that had but heard your description of the charming creature?

Frank H. Did I describe her so warmly?

Cha. Did you! Zounds! you have set my imagination in a blaze! I long to see her, and must and will find her out!

Frank H. No—you won't.—Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Yes, I will.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter TIMOTHY, R.H. Crossing the stage.

Frank H. Tim! Timothy!—where are you hurrying, my old boy?

Tim. (Staring.) Hey! Sir! Did you speak to me? Lord! I ask pardon, sir—as the man in the play says, "My grief was blind, and did not see you."—Heigho!

Frank H. Nay, but communicate, Timothy;—what is the matter?—nothing serious, I hope.

Tim. Yes, sir—serious—very serious—it must be serious, for it makes me laugh; he, he, he!—Heigho!

Frank H. Tim; it must be serious, indeed, if you smile! but I am afraid it must be a general calamity, a universal extermination—for you absolutely laughed.

Tim. Did I? Lord, lord! how misfortunes unbend the mind! Laugh? I didn't mean it: I should not have smiled, but for the dreadful distress of two near relations that I have just now left behind me at the door of a prison.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil does he mean?

Frank H. Hush! let him alone. Relations of your's in a prison? How?—for what, Timothy?

Tim. Suspicion of debt. Poor things! but if they will go bail for distressed families, and bind themselves for such enormous sums, they must expect no better.

Frank H. A prison! and are they really related to you, Timothy?

Tim. Yes, sir, almost:—one is my brother, and the other is my old aunt.

Frank H. And engaged themselves for enormous sums—I am sorry for it.

Tim. I knew you would, sir.—Fifteen pounds seven is a serious concern.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Fifteen pounds! for shame, Timothy—pay it; pay it, Timothy; and give them their freedom.

Tim. Pay it? hadn't I better discharge the national debt at the same time; bid for the loan; or buy up the the next lottery?—I have had a cursed quarrel as I came along too; that was the reason that I didn't know you at first.

Cha. A quarrel, sir?—with whom?

Tim. With myself, to be sure:—"Tim," says I to myself, "Ask your master: he'll lend you the cash in a moment."—"I know that," says I to Tim, "and that is the reason I won't ask it!" Then Tim says with great feeling, "Will you let your relations rot in a prison?" Says I,—"Mister Tim; I have given all I could rap and run to those relations, and have not left a farthing to bless myself with: what can I do more?"—"But you shall do more!" Well, one word brought on another, between myself and me: and, in my passion, as I passed through St. Martin's Court, I ran my head full-butt into the stomach of an old clothesman; tum-

bled him and myself over a wheel-barrow ; and getting up, awoke, as I thought, out of the strangest dream I ever had in my life.

Frank H. Take this note ; change it ; release your relations ; and with the remainder of twenty pounds, make them as comfortable as you can.

Tim. Sir ! Mr. Frank ! don't joke ! I can't laugh—I would speak, sir, but—I burn all over—I shall blaze presently.—No—my eyes are sending a couple of engines to my relief :—pump away—pump away—you may prevent a conflagration. [Exit, R.H.]

Frank H. Poor Timothy ! his silence was more eloquent than words.

Cha. Well ; adieu, Frank, for the present :—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I have business—but shall easily find you, if I miss seeing you at the widow's.

Frank H. Seeing me at the widow's ? that's very well, Charles : but I'll take care to prevent that.

Cha. And I to further it. Rely upon it, I shall meet you there.

Frank H. And if you do, by heaven I'll cut your throat !

Cha. No, you won't.—Your description has set me on fire, you rogue ! it is merely in friendship to you that I visit your widow—to prevent you from getting into another scrape.

Frank H. A scrape ! what scrape ?

Cha. The worst of scrapes—matrimony.

[Exit ; Cha. L.H. Frank, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Malfort's Lodgings.*

Enter the WIDOW, and MR. & MRS. MALFORT, R.H.

Wid. I am happy, my dear Mr. Malfort, that reason once more resumes her seat ; and now let us drop this sombre subject, I beseech you. Pray, what would you advise me to do with this extraordinary lover of mine ? He really talks as if he was in earnest—as if he was desperate enough to marry !

Mrs. M. That he loves you, I believe admits not of a question.

Mal. And that he would instantly give the most unequivocal assurance of his passion, is as palpable.

Wid. Oh yes!—I believe the creature is serious enough; but he is charged on all sides with various crimes and enormities. You certainly would not advise me to take a culprit to my heart.

Enter Mrs. TOWNLY, L.H.

Mrs. T. (To the Widow.) There is a young gentleman below, madam, who earnestly desires to see you.

Wid. Mr. Heartall?

Mrs. T. No, madam, an officer; he would have followed me up stairs without ceremony, but I told him you were not in your own apartments.

Wid. Where is he?

Mrs. T. In the little parlour, madam.

Wid. I'll wait on him.—[*Exit Mrs. Townly, L.H.*]
—Will you excuse me for a moment?—(*Mrs. Malfort curtsies.*)—An officer, bless me, who can it be? No matter; I am a soldier's daughter, and these sons of scarlet have no terrors for me! from my earliest day I have been taught to love, honour, and respect them; and when I read or hear that an accomplished woman has bestowed her hand and fortune on a brave and honest soldier, I feel she has done her duty—and, like a true patriot, paid her portion of a nation's gratitude. [Exit, L.H.]

Mrs. M. Well, my Henry—are not now your suspicions of Heartall removed?

Mal. I fain would think so.—I wish to banish all ill thoughts of that man; and press him to my bosom, as my friend, my preserver.

Re-enter Mrs. TOWNLY, L.H.

Mrs. T. Mr. Ferret, sir, wishes to speak a word to you.

Mal. Ferret? I have some faint recollection of such a name, that was my father's friend. What can this mean?—I'll wait upon him. [*Exit Mrs Townly, L.H.*] Come, my Harriet! Cheerly, my love!—I trust, misfortune lags in pace, and smiling competence will shortly overtake her. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Widow's Apartment.*

Enter the WIDOW, laughing, and CHARLES WOODLEY, L.H.

Cha. I knew I should surprise you. I therefore avoided writing, or giving you the smallest information of my arrival in England. But I perceive marriage has not tamed you, nor widowhood dejected your spirits: you are still the same giddy, lovely, generous, madcap.

Wid. Exactly, Charles.

Cha. But no mischief in the wind, I hope? no new conquest meditated?

Wid. No:—nothing new; the mischief is already done!

Cha. Indeed?

Wid. Yes, indeed:—I am afraid I am gone again.

Cha. What—married again?

Wid. No—not yet:—Charles—will you give me leave to ask a question?

Cha. Certainly.

Wid. Have you ever been in action?

Cha. In action!—how do you mean?

Wid. Pooh! You have not been so long a soldier without some fighting, I suppose?

Cha. No, faith:—I have had my share of danger, and have fortunately escaped with unfractured bones.

Wid. Then you may form some idea of my situation:—before the action a general's anxiety must be dreadful—so is mine! Come—as a soldier's daughter, I'll state the case in your own way:—We will suppose my heart a citadel, a remarkably strong fortress—its outworks, in my mind, as impenetrable as the

rock of Gibraltar. Now, an excellent commander, and an able engineer, sits down before this well-defended garrison. He pours in shells of flattery, which waste themselves in the air, and do no further mischief. He then artfully dispatches two of his aid-de-camps, in the disguise of charity and benevolence, to sap the foundation, and lay a train for the demolition of the garrison; which train, to his own confusion, hypocrisy blows up, and leaves the fortress still besieged, but not surrendered.

Cha. But I suppose you mean to surrender—at discretion.

Wid. No—capitulate—upon honourable terms—

Cha. Bravo, sister! You are an excellent soldier! But who is this formidable foe? Can I find his name in the Army-list?

Wid. No: in the London Directory, more likely

Cha. What! a merchant?

Wid. I believe so:—the man deals in indigo, cotton, rice, coffee, and brown sugar.

Cha. Indeed! and his name—

Wid. (*With an arch laugh.*) Ay—there you are puzzled! Now, what's his name?

Cha. His name!—why—Francis Heartall, is a good name in the city.

Wid. Ah, lud a mercy! Why, Charles! have you been among the gypsies? How long since you commenced diviner? You are not the seventh son of a seventh son?

Cha. No—I am the son of your father; and, without the gift of divination, can foresee you wish to make Frank Heartall my brother.

Wid. No, no, Charles—there are enough of the family already.

Cha. Yes; and, if there are not a great many more, it will not be your fault, sister—Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. Monster!—but let this silence you at once. I have a—sort of—floating idea that I like this Heartall—but how it has come to your knowledge, brother-soldier, is beyond my shallow comprehension.

Cha. Know then, sister, that Heartall was the earliest friend of my youth ; I love the fellow—

Wid. So do I :—it is a family failing.

Cha. When boys, we were school-fellows—class-fellows—play-fellows ; I was partner in his pranks—fellow-sufferer in his disgrace—co-mate in mischief ; we triumphed in each other's pleasures, and mourned together our little imaginary distresses.

Wid. It is all over, then. I must make you brothers, you love one another so well. You will have it so—it's all your doing !

Cha. Ingenuous sister ! I could hug you to my heart. A noble-minded fellow loves you :—you feel he merits your affection, and scorn the little petty arts that female folly too often practises to lead in slow captivity a worthy heart, for the pleasure of sacrificing it at the shrine of vanity.

Wid. Very true. But I do not mean to give practical lessons to flirts or coquettes : who, by the bye, are a very useful race of people in their way ; so many fools and coxcombs could never be managed without them. No,—if I do marry the grocer, 'tis merely to oblige you.

Enter GEORGE, L.H.

Geo. Mr. Heartall, madam, if you are at leisure.

Wid. Show him up. [*Exit George, L.H.*]

Cha. Ha ! ha ! ha !—We shall have the devil to pay presently ;—Heartall does not know me as your brother.

Wid. How ?—is it possible ?

Cha. I met him just as I arrived ; wormed his secret from him, and swore I would find you out. My presence here will astonish him ! He will suppose me his rival, and—Hush !—he's here ! (*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter FRANK HEARTALL, L.H.

Frank H. Madam, I am come to apologize for my abrupt departure from your apartments this morning ;

and to offer such conviction of the falsehood of the charge against me, as—

Wid. I entreat you will not take the trouble to mention it: pray think no more of it. (*Charles coming forward on the opposite side.*) Give me leave to introduce a very particular friend of mine.

Cha. (*Going to him.*) Frank!—Frank Heartall!—I am overjoyed to meet you here.

Frank H. Excuse me, Charles—you have all the joy to yourself.

Wid. This gentleman tells me, sir, that you and he are very old acquaintance.

Frank H. Yes, ma'am, very old.

Cha. Ha! ha! ha!—yes, ma'am, very old indeed!—hey, Frank?

Frank H. Yes, Charles—so old—that one of us must soon die!

Cha. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. Heaven forbid!—I hope you will both live to be right-reverend grey-headed old gentlemen.

Frank H. No, ma'am, we can't both live to be grey-headed old gentlemen!—one of us may, perhaps.

Cha. Ha! ha! ha!—What the devil is the matter, Frank?—got into another scrape?

Frank H. A damned one!—Hark you, Charles—a word with you, How did you find that lady out?

Cha. By your description; every body knew it.

Frank H. Did they?—Do you mean to pay your addresses to her?

Cha. A blunt question!

Frank H. It is an honest one. Do you love her?

Cha. By heaven I do!—and would risk my life to secure her felicity.

Frank H. I loved her first.

Cha. That I deny.

Frank H. You dare not, Charles. I, too, have a life already risked; it is in her keeping;—if she is yours, your pistols will be unnecessary—you take my life when you take her. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Wid. Ha! ha! ha!

(*F. Heartall fidgeting, and going up to the Widow; Charles and the Widow stifle a laugh.*)

Frank H. Madam, I ask your pardon; I believe I was born to torment you—I wish I had never seen you!—But pray, madam, don't laugh, now—do—you—love—this gentleman?

Wid. From my heart and soul.

Frank H. Death!—tortures!—hell!—jealousy!—damnation!—One of us must die.—(*Going out, the Widow gets between him and the door, and prevents him.*)—Very well, ma'am; very well! (*Going up to Charles.*)—You are a traitor, Charles.

Cha. (*Coolly.*) Hard words, Frank!

Frank H. A false friend!

Cha. Worse and worse.

Frank H. I could almost call you—villain!

Cha. Now you make progress.

Frank H. I loved you like a brother!

Cha. You did—I own it.

Frank H. Are you not unworthy of that name?

Cha. Ask my sister.

Frank H. Who?—Are you sister to—

Wid. Ask my brother.

Frank H. Madam!—Charles!—Eh!—What!—I am bewildered!—Tell me—are you really brother to this lady?

Wid. To be sure he is—ha! ha! ha!—Don't you remember old Jack Woodley's daughter?—Ha! ha! ha!

Frank H. (*Striking his forehead.*) O fool! dolt! stupid idiot! By heaven, the circumstance never once entered my head!—Charles!—Madam!—Can you forgive me?—Ha! ha! ha!—Zounds! I shall go mad!—Ha! ha! ha! To! lol! lol!—I am sure I shall go mad! (*Sings and dances.*)

Wid. Did you ever see such a whirligig?—Ha! ha! ha!

Cha. A child's top rather, that requires lashing to keep it up—Ha! ha! ha!

Frank H. Lash away? I deserve it richly. But now

I have almost recovered my senses; will you both honour me with your company to my old uncle's? my carriage is at the door: for I am now determined to clear up all mysteries, either to my confusion, or the detection of a wanton and hypocritical fiend!

Wid. Dare I venture myself with this madman, Charles? Won't he bite, think you?

Cha. Not unless the paroxysm returns; in that case, I'll not answer for him.

Wid. Then I'll summon up all the resolution I can muster, and attend you to the governor's without delay.

Frank H. Will you? Then I shall go mad indeed! Zounds! I am half frantic already! I could run up a steeple; jump down a coal-pit; put St. Paul's in my pocket, and make a walking-stick of the monument!—Huzza, huzza!—She is single still; Charles is her brother, and Frank Heartall may yet be a happy fellow!

[*He hurries them off*, L. H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Malfort's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. MALFORT, MALFORT, and FERRET, L. H.

Malf. This way, sir, pray walk in: will you please to sit?

Fer. I thank you, sir. I trust you will pardon the intrusion of a plain blunt fellow; not drawn hither to satisfy an idle curiosity, to peep into the habitations of the poor, and pryingly observe how those that once were prosperous can endure adversity.

Malf. (*Proudly.*) Sir!

Fer. To deal plainly with you, sir, I know that you are ruined; a bankrupt; your property divided among your creditors; all done fairly and openly—like a man of integrity—an honest bankrupt.

Malf. Well, sir, I claim no merit from that conduct: the rules that were made to protect, the laws that have been wisely legislated to uphold, with honour, the honest dignity of trade, should never be violated in a commercial nation.

Fer. That's nobly spoken, sir;—your sentiments accord with my own, and I applaud you for them!—Your father, I suppose, is no more; we were friends, intimate friends—before his last voyage to the Indies; but, perhaps he lives—You, doubtless can inform me.

Malf. (*Much affected.*) Oh!

Mrs. M. (*Aside.*) O heavens!—He has touched upon a subject that is sure to harrow up his very soul, awaking every tender, every filial sensation!

Fer. (*Not seeming to perceive Malfort's distress.*) Your father was a worthy man—an honest man—a man that—(*Malfort greatly agitated.*) I entreat your pardon, sir!—perhaps I should not have named your father; it disturbs you.

Malf. (*With strong emotion.*) It does indeed!—Bankruptcy, penury, and approaching wretchedness, with all their dreadful train of consequences. I can arm myself with patience to endure: but, torn with suspense, tortured with perplexing doubts and fears;—now whispering that a prosperous father lives; and now presenting him, surrounded by strangers, on the bed of death, without an affectionate son to receive his blessing, close his eyes, or pay the last sad honours to his loved remains.

Fer. (*With affected concern.*) Aye, his wealth too, perhaps devolving to some interested man, who, to secure the immense property your father must have left, makes no strict inquiries after his lost heir: it is a damn'd bad world; there are few to be depended on.

Malf. Few indeed!—Yet, sir, amongst that few I have found some that came like ministering cherubims to my relief, to chase afflicting melancholy from my breast, and cheer my mourning wife, my suffering little ones.

Mrs. M. Among such motives, sir, do you not think humanity may sometimes hold a place?

Mal. Or benevolence urge the execution of a noble act?

Fer. Aye—humanity and benevolence sound loftily; but real benefits are quietly bestowed; without many words on either side; as thus—I give—and you take! (*Offering a paper.*)

Mal. (*Rejecting it.*) Excuse me, sir; I must know your motive first.

Fer. Hear me, sir;—I am not to learn that you have a secret enemy, who watches like a lynx each loop hole through which his damned hypocrisy can creep, to conceal you from your father, that he himself may inherit the wealth that should be yours.

Mal. Can there be such a wretch?

Fer. There is—

Mrs. M. Heaven forgive him!

Fer. Amen, with all my heart! Now, sir, what can my motive be? This paper that I offer you is an unlimited letter of credit on my house; draw for whatever sums your necessities may demand; fly from your enemies—in India you may once again be restored to your father, and to all those large possessions which properly belong to you. (*A pause.*) In this seeming act of kindness I shall be no loser; send me the value of my money in produce from the East, and my profit will overpay the obligation. (*With warmth, and great seeming good-nature*)

Mal. Sir—your bounty overpowers me—I cannot answer you:—Harriet!

Mrs. M. You look to me, Henry, as if you expected reluctant compliance to your pleasure; or that I should peevishly oppose the prospect of dawning happiness, which now auspiciously presents itself—But you must take me, Henry;—my child, my husband, are my country;—I see no distance, in universal space, if you are with me;—over icy mountains or burning sands; all hardships are equally indifferent, while I possess your confidence, your esteem, your love!

(*Malfort embraces her; tries to speak, but cannot.*)

Fer. It is wisely spoken, madam;—Here, sir, take

this paper; it is the tribute of honesty to suffering misfortune.—(*Offers the paper.*)

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. (*Ferret puts up the paper.*) An old gentleman wishes to speak to Mr. Ferret.

Fer. An old gentleman? (*Aside.*) who can it be? —I shall be at home presently—I cannot see anybody here—

Malf. This apartment is at your service, sir, where you may converse freely with your friend. [*Exit John; L.H.*] We will retire.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Malfort, L.H.*]

Fer. (*Looking out.*) Death, and ill-fortune! Simon! —the doating babbler!—All must out!—Old Malfort's arrival can no longer be a secret to hisson—and my deep laid scheme is baffled and abortive.

Enter SIMON hastily, L.H.

Well! what's the matter?

Sim. Matter!—Thank heaven you are found at last!

Fer. Well—why this haste—and what's your errand?

Sim. (*Ironically.*) Merely to comfort you—for you have consoled me often.—Disgrace holds her heavy weight of shame over your head—it is suspended by a hair; a breath will snap it, and its fall must crush you!

Fer. Your master is arrived:—what then?

Sim. Nay, I know not:—my conscience is clear, what sort of face does yours wear?

Malf. Sen. (*Without, L.H.*) This is no time for ceremony, madam; Mr. Ferret, I know, is here—and I must and will see him!

Enter MALFORT Senior, L.H. (and fixes his eyes severely on Ferret.)

Malf. Sen. Well, sir!—You are the friendly Mr.

Ferret, the faithful agent of my affairs—the consoler of my sorrows—the man to whose unerring honour I freely could entrust my fortune and my life.

Fer. I have been such a man :—my books will prove the integrity of my dealings ; the nature of my designs have had their motives, which may hereafter be defined.

Malf. Sen. Their nature is already known—and definition now unnecessary !—When first I knew you, you were my brother's clerk, most humbly situated without a parent, friend, or benefactor. I saw you were industrious ; I thought you honest ; I took you by the hand ; I lent you capital ; and recommended you as a junior partner in the house. You then seemed grateful ; wealth flowed in upon you ; and when my brother and his friends retired from the bustle of laborious business, the firm was yours, and you were crowned with riches as abundant as they were unexpected.

Fer. Granted.

Malf. Sen. How has your gratitude repaid me ?—Duplicity has marked your conduct ; dark hints and inuendoes swelled each page of your sophisticated letters : wherein you seemed as if your open friendly heart recoiled from the recital of my son's misfortunes.

Fer. Nay—be patient, Mr. Malfort.

Malf. Sen. Patient ! Can I be patient, sir, and even suppose all this ?—When I, a father, ignorant of his fate, loaded with riches, without a natural heir that should inherit them, felt the dreadful suspense of believing that I had still a living son, involved, perhaps, in every misery, and could not stretch a paternal hand to save him from despair !

Fer. Hear me, Mr. Malfort !

Malf. Sen. No, sir ; an attempt at palliation would but increase the enormity of your conduct !—After much toil and labour, I have at length discovered that my son yet lives—stripped of his all by unavoidable calamity :—all this you knew, it seems ; and yet, with

the treacherous affectation of friendship, cautiously concealed the place of his retreat from a fond father's inquiring eye; while with half smothered hints you blackened over his conduct, and made me almost curse the hour that once I thought most happy, when bounteous nature blest me with a son!

Fer. Well, sir—I must now endure your anger—your reproaches—milder moments will occur.

Malf. Sen. Here we shall close—and I have done with you for ever:—I am content;—I have seen you—told you my mind—and I now abandon you to your reflections. It was a barbarous friendship, sir, that probed the mind's worst wound, and yet withheld the healing balm that ministers relief. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Fer. The hour of peril is at hand!

Re-enter Mr. and Mrs. MALFORT, R.H.

Malf. (*Observing Simon.*) New wonders crowd upon my imagination! Harriet, come hither!—Look upon that old man:—If my memory does not fail me, he has often borne me in his arms.

Re-enter MALFORT, Sen. L.H.

Malf. Sen. With regret, sir, I demand one act of justice at your hands—

Malf. Heavenly powers!—(*Sinks into a chair—Mrs. Malfort takes his hand in hers; and throwing her arm round his neck, stands a fixed spectator of what is passing in the front of the stage.*)

Malf. Sen. I entreat—I supplicate you not to add to the suspense I have already endured;—but, as I am well informed you are acquainted with every circumstance of my son's distressful state, I beseech you give me the clue to his retreat—give me the means to find, to cherish and relieve him! (*A pause.*)—You will not then indulge me?

Fer. (Coolly.) I would conceal from you the cause of sorrow and regret, till opportunity was ripe, and discovery no longer dangerous—besides, I have other reasons for my silence, which you may know hereafter.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Malf. Sen. Which I must know hereafter! ungrateful viper! (*Walking about in great agitation.*) I know not how to proceed; I will not sleep till I have found my boy!—Simon, let the carriage be ready.

Sim. It shall, sir.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Malf. (Advancing.) Sir—

Malf. Sen. Your pleasure, sir?

Malf. Have you forgot me!—Has misery erased my name even from the book of nature?

Malf. Sen. Merciful heaven!—Providence at length has guided my wearied mind, my anxious heart to that blest spot where I embrace my son! (*They rush into each other's arms.*)

Mal. The storm is past!—My long lost father! my scattered senses denying the conviction of sight and feeling, can scarcely credit that I hold him in these trembling arms.

Malf. Sen. My son! my son! But where is the gentler partner of your cares?—She whose patient suffering—

Malf. (Taking Mrs. Malfort by the hand.) Here, my father.—To this blest saint I owe my life, and all the future comforts that await it. Despair had seized me, and the conflict must have ended—had not heaven inspired that virtuous tongue with arguments of celestial oratory, and snatched me from the crime of self-destruction.

Mrs. M. The joyful feelings of my heart—but I will used to such sensations—at present overpower and prevent the utterance of what my mind would dictate to the father of my husband.—Affection, duty, and respect, bind me his and yours for ever.

Malf. Sen. (Embracing her.) Then live with him. for ever in this heart!—The wife, whose virtuous at-

dour affliction could not damp, nor penury diminish, adds lustre to that sex from whose blest converse we derive our most substantial sum of earthly happiness!—But, come, my children, let us retire, and calmly canvass each strange event; each circumstance which now appears involved in mystery, that have so long obscured us from each other's knowledge. The frowns of angry fortune shall no more assail you; and oh! may all your future days, be days of harmony and love!

[*Exeunt, L. II*]

SCENE II.—*The Governor's House.*

Enter the GOVERNOR and TIMOTHY, R. II.

Gov. Pooh! pooh!—I can't believe it, I won't believe it, Timothy!—Ferret is an odd fellow—coarse, but honest;—old English oak—a rough bark, but a sound heart!

Tim. Yes, rough as a hedge-hog—but he can be as smooth as a lizard, when it answers his purpose.

Gov. Why, what the devil is the matter with the grumbling mongrel?—Get about your business, you night-mare!—You death-watch!—You wet-blanket!—You flap-winged raven!

Tim. I am gone!—I'll croak no more. (*Going, returns.*) Mr. Ferret is an honest man—and you'll find him out!

Gov. I have found him out!

Tim. For an honest man?

Gov. Puppy!

Tim. When he is found out for an honest man, I hope I shall be considered as the greatest rogue in the universe!

Gov. Thou art the most impudent rogue that ever wagged a saucy tongue!—a barking whelp, that lets nothing pass without a snarl!

Tim. Well, I must snarl!—I'm allowed to do nothing else. I wish I might bite.

Gov. His love for Frank makes him, perhaps, a little too anxious for the boy's prosperity. He would not wish to see him proved a villain or a seducer.

Tim. He would !

Gov. It's a lie, Timothy ! he would rather see him dead than dishonoured.

Tim. He does not care which.

Gov. Scoundrel ?—hey !—what !—

Tim. Order in your bowstring, Mr. Governor, and have me strangled at once—for it will out.

Gov. What !—speak, you dog, or my anxiety will choak me.

Tim. I will; heaven's agent on this side the moon is your nephew !

Gov. Well !

Tim. Belzebub's own factor upon earth is old Ferret !

Gov. Hey !—Well !

Tim. They can't agree, of course.

Gov. Well !

Tim. Is not every mouth opened with your nephew's praise ?

Gov. Umph !—Yes.

Tim. Don't the generous delight in him ?

Gov. Aye.

Tim. The rich admire him.

Gov. They do.

Tim. The benevolent respect—

Gov. And the poor adore him !—'Tis true :—my eyes are opening !

Tim. Whose tongue defamed his good actions, and slandered his very thoughts ?

Gov. Umph !—Old Ferret's !

Tim. Who accused him of seduction ?

Gov. Old Ferret ; and said he had an evil design upon an innocent young widow.

Tim. And then called her a vixen ?

Gov. Ferret !—Villainous, vindictive, hypocritical Ferret !

Tim. And all for what ?—Shall I tell you, sir ?

Gov. Out with it !

Tim. That you might disinherit your nephew, and him heir to your wealth ! Are you awake,

Gov. Yes, Timothy, wide awake!—I see his villainy, and will crash all his hopes, the dry skinned hypocrite!

Tim. He has been as busy in other families, sir: you will hear from Mr. Malfort some of Mr. Ferret's pleasant manœuvres!

Gov. Ay—Malfort's arrived, I hear; has he found his son?

Tim. Yes, sir; he's caught.

Gov. Ferret!—Treachery!—Malfort was his best friend, and made a man of him.

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Jam. Mr. Malfort and his son and daughter are in the anti-chamber.

Gov. I'll come to them directly. (*Exit James, L.H.*) I shall be happy to congratulate my worthy old friend on the recovery of his son; and he shall congratulate me too—for, though I always said Frank had a heart, it never appeared till now so pure and so unspotted. If Jack Woodley's daughter will bless him with her hand, I will pour abundance on them, and the sight of their first boy will make the governor the merriest, happiest old bachelor in the united kingdom. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Tim. Then I shall be merry too:—"like master, like man!" [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment at the Governor's.*

Enter FRANK HEARTALL, WIDOW, and CHARLES, L.H.

Frank H. This way, madam: my uncle and his friends will join us presently;—Old Ferret is sent for; and all parties will be assembled to witness either my triumph or disgrace.

Cha. Courage, Frank! am not I your ally?—and here is my sister as a corps de reserve!

Frank H. If she condescends to take the field, the day is our own, my boy! (*They retire up.*)

Enter the GOVERNOR, MALFORT, SEN. and MR. and MRS. MALFORT, & H.

Malf. sen. Every circumstance, my worthy friend, convinces me of his artful management;—I was at a loss to guess at the nature of his designs; but now 'tis plain and palpable; he wished to be my heir; he panted for my wealth, and cared not if my son, and all that was most dear to him, had perished in wretched obscurity.

Gov. The spider—he had entangled my poor nephew in his snare; but my Timothy came with a friendly brush, and swept the cob-web down.

Wid. (*Coming forward.*) Governor, we have entered your fort without demanding the keys of the garrison: this gentleman was our convoy.

(*Pointing to Heartall.*)

Gov. What, my lively widow! Have you caught the military phrase—and use it too, to gratify the feelings of the old governor?

Wid. It is the language of the day, sir:—the noble enthusiasm that pervades all ranks and sexes!—When the daughters of Britain feel the military ardour, and give the word “To arms!” let her enemies beware—for then, indeed, her sons are irresistible!—This is the universal phrase of English women, and should come with double force from the lips of a Soldier's daughter!

Gov. Bravo! my charming lively widow!—honest Jack Woodley's daughter!

Wid. And his son, too, at your service. (*Introducing Charles.*)

Gov. (*Taking his hand.*) Young gentleman, I rejoice to see you: receive a cordial welcome from your father's friend.

* *Cha.* I shall be happy, sir, to prove myself deserving of your kindness.

Wid. What! my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Malfort, too! I congratulate myself upon this happy assembly.

Mrs. M. Your happy, grateful friends.

Enter TIMOTHY, L.H.

Tim. (To the Governor.) He is come, shall I admit him? Satan's below.

Gov. The devil he is! Shew him in! Draw up his mittimus, and I'll send him in a pass-cart to his own dominions.

Tim. I am impatient till it is signed.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter FERRET, L.H.

Fer. Well, ladies and gentlemen; I am brought hither, as I understand, for the purposes of accusation and defence:—produce your charges:—of what am I accused?

Frank H. Ask your own conscience.

Fer. That cannot answer to your satisfaction. I have wound it to my purpose, and its dictates I have already obeyed.

Frank H. Have you not basely injured me? trauced my name, blackened my fairest intentions, perverted my very thoughts, and, by an anonymous and villainous assertion, put even my life in danger?

Fer. Go on—I am come to hear you.

Malf. Sen. And to redress, I hope, if yet 'tis in your power. The deepest, deadliest, sin, is black ingratitude. My son, you would for ever, have concealed from my knowledge: and, in the very moment when you had discovered I had found some clue to his retreat, like an arch fiend, you come with offers of pretended bounty! You would for ever have banished him to a distant clime, and robbed an anxious parent of his last fond hope, his remaining solace, the comfort of his declining age—his only son!

Gov. To me, there is no excuse in nature for his enormous overheaped measure of hypocrisy!

Fer. There is.

Gov. Name, it viper!

Fer. Avarice—the blackest fiend of hell!—I plead no other. Were there no such vice, I should have been an honest man. Could the covetous man but feel, as I now do, he would scatter his ill-gotten wealth among the friendless poor; and, shunning the society of those his avarice had wronged, fly to some distant spot, and end his solitary days in repentance and remorse. To such contrition have I doomed myself.—Heaven is my witness, I could not injure you, nor any of you, had not avarice hardened my heart, and rendered it callous to the workings of humanity. 'Tis a vice too common, and more destructive in society than swords or poison. What is the gambster's stimulus? What is the miser's god?—Avarice! What urges the guilty wretch to betray his friend? The mock patriot his country?—avarice! invincible, destructive avarice!

Malst. Sen. Banish the guilty passion—retire into the shade of solitude, where penitence may once more restore you to yourself.

Fer. I never felt, till now, the black perdition of the crime—but you are fellow creatures, and may pity what you can't forgive. I came prepared to meet this trial, this disgrace—and to make atonement by the only act of justice in my power.—Young man; (*To Charles, who crosses to L.H.*) You are a soldier, not overburdened with the gifts of fortune. Your father was my friend—your sister's husband was my patron, and assisted, with his purse, my most prosperous speculations—receive these papers—the memorandums, previously prepared for you, of what shall legally be ratified. And when you hereafter count your large possessions over, honour and plain honesty will instruct you how to act, if you can remember the last sharp regretful words of him that tells you, you are a bad man's heir!

[*Exit, L.H.*

(*Charles retires up and examines the papers.*)

Frank H. Charles, what are those papers? An inventory of his villainies, or a renunciation of his errors?

Cha. Neither, Frank;—an extract from his will, and a memorandum of a deed of gift—by which I am to possess an ample annuity during his life, and the residue of his property after his demise.

Wid. Astonishing!

Cha. 'Tis true, upon my honour!

(*Frank H. looks over the papers.*)

Wid. This generous act should cancel many of his ill deeds—let us all endeavour to pity and forgive him.—What say you, governor, should we bear malice?

Gov. No, my charming widow:—I am exactly of your opinion; I cannot catch the little twinkling corner of that arch eye, and differ from you, you little lively toad!—come, Frank, he must be forgiven.

Frank H. Before I finally close with your proposal, confirm my sentence—guilty, or not guilty!

Wid. Come, governor, sum up the evidence!

Gov. I will, my little Alfred—my little petticoat legislator—culprit, stand forth!

Frank H. Mercy, uncle! mercy!

Gov. You are Francis Heartall, I think—nephew, as I have heard, to a foolish old governor of that name; and I prophecy, heir to all his wealth—he has heard of your tricks, and witnessed your enormities; in which he now begins to perceive there was neither vice nor villainy,—you are, therefore, free upon that charge! But for an unthinking spendthrift, who could squander the overflowings of his purse in purposes of old fashioned benevolence—what punishment can be adequate to the enormity of such a crime?

Frank H. Mercy, again, uncle!—mercy!

Gov. I therefore doom you to imprisonment for life—in those dear arms!—(*Taking the Widow's hand.*)

Wid. No!—I can't surrender.

Chu. (*Retorting.*) But you'll capitulate upon honourable terms!—Hey, sister?

Wid. What, brother soldier, do you fall in to bring up the rear?—Well! If it must be so, it must:—Heartall, there's my hand! A mad and cheerful heart accompanies it—indulge it in its little whims—do not

censure too freely its little caprices ; though it may sometimes overflow at the distresses of the wretched or gently melt at sorrows not its own—yet there still room for friendship, confidence and love.

Gov. The powers of heaven shower their blessings on you !

Wid. Thanks, generous governor.—(*To the characters, and in a military accent.*) Attention !—*Id* back ! (*They retire one pace back, she comes forward*) in perilous times it may not be improper to require the countersign—Say, is it victory or death ?—your hands decide it.—(*In a military tone.*) “ rear ranks take close order !” (*The characters advance.*)—(*To them.*)—You have received a voluntary contribution from a British public—let us endeavour to deserve it and by our future efforts prove our gratitude to each loyal hand and heart that yields its generous protection to

“ A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.”

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

(WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly tied ;
Before I change the Widow for the Bride,
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a VOLUNTEER.
Such am I now—though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it—in an Author's cause ;
This, his first bantling, could your candour spare,
And take his offspring to your fostering care—
Nurtur'd by *you* the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branches shoot.

Like puppies born are all dramatic brats ;
For *nine long days* they are as blind as bats ;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of care and night :
Then let this live till it can see the light ;
And should you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then——Oh, no——
Dramatic bantlings *never go alone* ;
Unlike mankind, if once the *nurse* forsake 'em,
They die by *inches*—and the *dogs* won't take 'em.
Say is the day our own—how goes my cause ?
You need not speak—I'll judge by your applause.
'Tis well—this approbation's cheering ;—
I claim some merit from my *Volunteering* ;
Not like the hardy sons of Albion's soil,
Disdaining peril, and severest toil ;
A mass of subjects in one loyal band,
To drive the spoiler from their native land ;
And future tyrants teach that host to fear,
Which boasts the name of *British Volunteer*

Ladies—I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it for your country's sake,
While glory animates each *manly* nerve,

EPILOGUE.

Should British *Women* from the contest swerve ?
No '—

We'll form a female army—of RESERVE ;
And class them thus—*Old Maids* are *Pioneers*
Widows, *Sharp-shooters*,—*Wives* are *Fusileers* ,
Maids are *Battalion*—that's—all under twenty—
And as for *Light Troops*—we have those in plenty—
Vixens the Trumpet blow—*Scolds* beat the Drum—
When thus prepar'd—what enemy *dare come* ?
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave ;
So shall the Artillery of British charms
Repel invaders without force of arms !

If this succeeds—as I the scheme have plann'd,
I expect, at least, the honour of command ;—
I have—an *Aid-de Camp*—behind the scene,
Who all this winter in the *Camp* has been ;
Inur'd to service in the tented field,
She can, with ease, the pond'rous musket wield '
The martial skill she shall impart to *you*,
Which on this spot so oft has had review
Then, tremble France ! since *British Women* can
A firelock handle—as *they do a fan*.

Now, Brother Soldiers—dare I sisters join ?
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save *our corps* from anxious hope and fear,
And send out—*Mercy*, as a VOLUNTEER '
'To whose white banner, should the critics flock,
'Our rallying numbers might sustain the shock,
The sword shall drop—then cease impending slaughter,
If *mercy's* shield protects the—*Soldier's Daughter* !



Oxberry's Edition.

OTHELLO,

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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1822.

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Remarks.

O'THELLO.

This tragedy requires less peculiar comment than any of Shakspeare's plays ; it is indeed beautiful, but its beauties are of a kind the most obvious to the common reader : though highly poetical, its excellence does not consist in its poetry ; it is pure passion ; its beauty is almost lost in its reality and grandeur ; it resembles a thunderstorm, which awes by its magnificence of terror ; in fact, it is grand beyond felicity, the word beauty might as well be applied to the terrors of an earthquake, or the heights of the Andes.

There are some subjects and some feelings, which are wholly poetical, and offer no point for the contact and sympathy of the common mind ; such are the exquisite fairy scenes in " *Midsummer-Night's dream*," and the enchantment in the " *Tempest* ;" they are the visions of another world, not the reality of this ; *Othello*, on the contrary, is a faithful portrait of the life with which we are daily and hourly conversant ; love and jealousy are passions, which all men, with few exceptions, have at some time felt ; the imitation of them, therefore, finds immediate sympathy in every mind ; *Othello* has no feelings that should not ourselves have in his situation.

The dark and desperate villainy of *Iago*, however carried to excess, has yet no want of external motives, which, besides acquiring a double force from the character of the man, a reckless and sweeping selfishness is the principal feature in *Iago's* mind ; and this becomes increased action, from the utter brutality of his nature ; he loves evil as others love good ; he has a natural thirst for blood, an instinctive delight in the pain of others ; daring, restless, and subtle, he has every quality requisite to the accomplishment of his purpose ; his art, indeed, is unrelenting, and his evil propensities seem only greater than is usual

with the evil, from the superior powers of his mind to execute his will; he has five different characters to work upon, Othello, Desdemona, Roderigo, Cassio, Montano, all of whom he reads as clearly as if the several natures were written on their foreheads, and all of whom he deceives with unequalled dexterity; yet under his many assumed appearances, his genuine character is unaltered and visible; the grossness and malignity of his temper burst forth on all occasions; thus when Roderigo talks of the incorruptible chastity of Desdemona, he replies, "She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she must find the error of her choice." Again, in the dialogue with Cassio, "He hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove."

Cassio. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cassio. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cassio. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cassio. She is, indeed, perfection. *a. 2 s. 3.*

Even in the presence of Desdemona, he uses the same language.

Desdemona is a being so pure and tender, that her hypocrisy to her father, and subsequent flight, are scarcely consistent with her general character; but, perhaps, a sufficient reason for this may be found in her unbounded passion for the Moor, which almost approaches adoration. The scene immediately before her death, in which she expresses her feelings of disquiet to Emilia, is eminently beautiful throughout it is tender and touching in the highest degree; it is the song of death, but of such exquisite beauty as to make us in love with sorrow. The repose and pathos of this dialogue acquire a double charm from its situation, for it is the last time we see her before her dying scene, to which, by contrast, it lends a deeper and more fearful colouring; it has all the calm horror of the pause which precedes the tempest.

Emilia has the common vices and common virtues of the world; she may rather be said to have no principles than bad principles, and is a very tolerable specimen of mankind in general; she is guilty of great vices without remorse, because they are familiar, and shrinks from

(

crime, because it is unusual ; she is, in fact, one of those instruments which knavery employs to work its ends, and which would excite abhorrence, but that abhorrence is lost in our contempt ; the introduction of this character is a proof of the profound insight into human nature, which forms the great praise of our immortal poet.

If perfection exists in any human production, it is to be found in *King Lear*, and the third act of this tragedy, in either of which it would be difficult to find out a single point for censure ; they are both of that exceeding excellence, which renders hope hopeless, and competition useless.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is about three hours and a half. The first act occupies the space of forty minutes—the second, forty one—the third, fifty-two—the fourth, thirty—and the fifth, thirty-five minutes—The half-price commences, generally at a quarter after nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L.H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M.D..... Middle Door.
D.F..... Door in Flat.
R.H.D..... Right Hand Door
L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

OTHELLO.

A green velvet fly, scarlet vest, and white muslin trowsers, yellow morocco boots, copper-coloured corset and pantaloons, cestus, rich turban, and sarcenet cloth robe.

CASSIO AND IAGO.

Blue fly jacket with hanging sleeves, scarlet under jacket, white pantaloons, blue silk sash, and the whole richly embroidered with gold; russet boots, grey roquelaure, black velvet hat and feathers.

DUKE.

Crimson velvet robe trimmed with ermine, &c. gold crimson velvet jacket and trunks puffed with yellow satin, silk pantaloons, white russet shoes, &c. Corone.

BRABANTIO.

Brown velvet cloak, jacket and trunks, puffs, white satin richly embroidered with gold, silk pantaloons, white shoes, morning gown.

GRATIANO.

First dress.—Purple cap, jacket, cloak, trunks puffed with light blue satin, silk pantaloons, and white shoes. Second dress.—Purple hat and feathers, a suit of black velvet.

MONTANO.

Light blue cloth jacket and cloak, trunks, puffed with orange satin trimmed with silver, white silk pantaloons, white shoes, black velvet hat, white feathers.

RODERIGO.

White cap, cloak, jacket, and pantaloons, puffed with orange satin, russet boots, white hat and feathers.

ANTONIO.

Light blue jacket, white pantaloons and waistcoat, embroidered with silver, russet boots.

DESDEMONA.

First dress.—White satin, trimmed with silver, white and silver drapery. Second dress.—Muslin bed gown.

EMILIA.

Black velvet dress, trimmed with point lace.

Persons Represented.

	1818.	
	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Duke of Venice</i>	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Brabantio</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Gratiano</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Lodovico</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Montano</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Othello</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Young.
<i>Cassio</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Yates.
<i>Iago</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Roderigo</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Penn.
<i>Julio</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. T. Matthews
<i>Marco</i> ...	Mr. Matthews.	Mr. Collet.
<i>Paulo</i>	Mr. Goodman.	Mr. Menage.
<i>Giovanni</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Healy.
<i>Luca</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Leonardo</i>	Mr. Evans.	
<i>Messenger</i>	Mr. Minton.	
 <i>Desdemona</i>	 Mrs. W. West.	 Miss O'Neill.
<i>Emilia</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Yates.

Servants to Brabantio, &c.

OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice.*—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R.H.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly.
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

Iago. S'blood, but you will not hear me :—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him ;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :—
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators : *for, certes*, says he,
I have already chosen my officer.
And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow
That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster :—

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (heaven bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;
I follow him, to serve my turn upon him :
Heaven is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming(1) so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action does demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.(2)

(Crosses to R. H.)

Rod. Whata full fortune does the thick-lips owe,(3)
If he can carry it thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight :
Though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house ; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do ; with like timorous accent, and dire yell.
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho ! Brabantio ! signor Brabantio, ho !

(1) *Seeming*—Seemingly.

(2) *I am not what I am*—i. e.—I am not that which I appear to be
—this phrase is familiar to Shakspeare.

(3) *Owe*—i. e.—Own—possess—so Massinger—

“To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes
No worth but that name only.” *Virgin Martyr*, a. 1. s. 1.

OTHELLO.

Iago. Awake ! what ho ! Brabantio ! thieves !
thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags !
Thieves ! thieves !

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window, L.H.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Rod. Signor, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd :—for shame, arise,
arise !—

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you :—
Arise, I say !—

Bra. What, have you lost your wits ?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice ?

Bra. Not I. What are you ?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome :

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors :
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee ; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet :—

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve
Heaven, if the devil bid you.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator. (*Rod. checks him.*)

Bra. This thou shalt answer; (1) I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
you,

Straight satisfy yourself :

If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Give me a taper ;—call up all my people ;—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already :—

Light ! I say, light !

(*Brabantio retires from the window.*)

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,—

Cannot with safety cast him ; (2) for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,

(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have not,

To lead their business : in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must shew out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittar the raised search ;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit, R. H.*]

*Enter BRABANTIO and Servants, with torches, from
the house, L. H.*

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is :

(1) *i. e.*—*This insolence of thy unknown companion, thou, Roderigo whom I do know, shalt account for.* The speech is sometimes differently given, in defiance to Roderigo's reply.

(2) *i. e.*—*Cast him off.*—So in *a. 2, s. 1*—"Our general cast was thus early, for the love of his Desdemona."

And what's to come of my despised time,(1)
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason
of the blood!—

Father's, from hence, trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—[*Exit a servant, R.H.*
O, that you had had her!

Some one way, some another.—[*Exit a servant, L.H.*
Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. 'Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call:
I may command at most:—get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt with Roderigo and Servants, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*Venice.*—*Another street.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R.H.D.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,(2)
To do no contriv'd murder;
Nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

(1) *Despised time*—Time of no value.

(2) Substance or essence of the conscience.

Against your honour,
 That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
 Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
 That the magnifico is much belov'd;
 And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
 As double(1) as the duke's: he will divorce you:
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege;(2) and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth.—But look! what lights come
 yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
 You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
 Shall manifest me rightly.—Is it they?

Iago. By Janus—I think, no.

*Enter Servants, with torches, CASSIO, GIOVANNI,
 and LUCA, L.H.*

Oth. (*Centre.*) The servants of the duke, and my
 lieutenant.—

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
 What is the news?

Cas. (*L.H.*) The duke does greet you, general;

(1) *Double*—i. e.—strong.

(2) *Siege*—i. e.—royal seat, royal extraction.

And he requires your haste-post-haste (1) appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. (R.H.) 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a
land-carack; (2)

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Re-enter OTHELLO, R.H.D.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd:
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

*Enter two Servants, L.H. with torches, preceding
RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, and Officers.*

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

(*They draw on both sides.*)

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. (*Crosses to centre.*) Keep up your bright
swords, for the dew will rust them.—

(1) *Haste-post-haste*—This was the common indorsement of letters in Shakspeare's time, when speed was particularly requisite.

(2) A *carack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value: perhaps, what we now call a *galloon*.

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O, thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her :
For, I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy, (1)
So opposite (2) to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled (3) darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou ; to fear, not to delight.
I therefore apprehend, and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant :—
Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril. (*They advance on both sides.*)

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :—
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
And answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison : till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What, if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Cas. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in council !

(1) *Unhappy*, in Shakspeare's time, was used for *mischievous*,—a sense the epithet used here is opposed to.

(2) *So firmly opposed*. Thus in *King Richard III.* *a.* 5.
"Daring and opposite to ev'ry danger."

(3) Curled is elegantly and ostentatiously dressed.

In this time of the night!—Bring him away :
 Mine's not an idle cause : the Duke himself,
 Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong, as't were their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
 [Exeunt, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*Venice.*—*A Council-chamber.*

*The DUKE, GRATIANO, LODOVICO, seven other
 Senators, seated, and MARCO, in waiting, disco-
 vered.*

Duke. There is no composition (1) in these news,
 That gives them credit.

Gra. (L.H.) Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
 My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

Lod. (R.H.) And mine, two hundred :
 But though they jump not on a just account,
 Yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.

Enter PAULO, L.H.D.

Paul. A messenger from the gallics.

Duke. Now ? the business ?

Enter a MESSENGER, L.H.D.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
 Have there enjoined them with an after-fleet.

*(Gives letters to Marco, who delivers them to the
 Duke.)*

Lod. How many, as you guess ?

Mess. Of thirty sail : and now do they re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

(1) *Composition*—i. e.—agreement.

Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him. (1)

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Lod. Here comes Brabantio,—and the valiant Moor.
[*Exit Messenger, L.H.D.*]

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA, L.H.D.—
(*Othello and Cassio, cross to R.H.*)

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you
Against the general enemy, Ottoman. (*To Bra.*)
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace pardon me:
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
care

Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter! (*Weeps.*)

Duke. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and med'cines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Sans witchcraft, could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper (2) son
Stood in your action.

(1) He entreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.

(2) *Proper*—i. e.—Own.

Bra. Humby I thank your grace.—
Here is the man, this Moor ; whom now, it seems
Your special mantlate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. We are very sorry for't.—
What, in your own part, can you say to this ?
(*To Othello.*)

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
'That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ;—true, I have married her ;—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to seats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself : yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding am I charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself ; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !
It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature :—
I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or, with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof.
Othello, speak ;—

Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittar,—
 And let her speak of me before her father :
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them ; you best know the
 place :—

[*Exeunt Iago, Roderigo, Luca, and Giovanni, L.H.D.*
 And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'the imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history :
 Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my h^{int} (1) to speak,—such was my process,—
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,

(1) Surely this should be "*hint* to speak," as just after, " Upon this *hint* I spake." The first quarto is the only old copy in which the other reading is found.

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. (1) This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange :
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ;—yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd
 me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;—
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it:

Duke. Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction light on me, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—

(1) This sentence justifies Iago's subsequent sneers at the Moor, who here, in his courtship of Desdemona, was "bragging and telling her fantastical lies." The sentence is sometimes omitted, and, we think, discreetly so.

*Enter GIOVANNI, IAGO, DESDEMONA, RODERIGO,
and LUCA, L.H.D.*

Come hither, gentle mistress :—
Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you I am bound for life, and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter : but here's my husband :
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. Heaven be with you !—I have done :
Come hither, Moor ;
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—

(Othello conducts Desdemona to R.H.)

I have done :—Proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus :—Othello, the fortitude of the place
is best known to you : you must therefore be content
to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this
more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice driv'n bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reverence of place and exhibition ; (1)
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

(1) *Exhibition*, is used here, for *salary or appointment*.

Duke. Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind:
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate:
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites (1) for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—beseech you let her will
Have a free way.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for stay or going: the affair cries—haste!
And speed must answer:—you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At ten i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth concern you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,

(1) We should surely read—"the rights;" of which, if bereft, Desdemona had fair grounds for complaint.

With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And noble signior,
If virtue no delighted (1) beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[*Exeunt Duke, Lodovico, the other Senators,
Marco, Paulo, Giovanni, and Luca. R.H.
Iago crosses behind to R.H.*]

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

(*Desdemona follows her father and kneels to him,
he puts her from him.—The Moor raises her.
Brabantio and Gratiano go off, R.H.*)

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I have but an
hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt with Desdemona and Cassio, L.H.*]

Rod. Iago—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-
ment: and then have we a prescription to die, when
death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven years: (2) and since I could dis-
tinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found
man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say,

(1) *Delighted*—i. e.—Delighting.

(2) This passage refutes the common notion that Iago is a man of middle age.

I'd drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I'd change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ? drown cats, and blind puppies ! I profess me thy friend, and I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse !

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

Iago. Thou art sure of me :—go, make money :—I have told thee often, and I tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason : let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him : if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. Traverse ; go ;—(*Rod. crosses to L.H.*)—provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell.—Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning,—do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd :—I'll go sell all my land.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office : I know not, if't be true ;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man : let me see, now :

To get his place, and to plume up my will ;
 A double knavery.—How ? how ? Let me see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife :—
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false :—
 The Moor, a free and open nature too,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are :—
 I have't—it is engender'd :—hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus*.—*A Platform before the town.*

Enter MONTANO, CASSIO, and JULIO, R.H.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor : O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approv'd allowance.

(*Cannon fired, L.H.*)

(*Without.*) A sail ! a sail ! a sail !

Cas. What noise ? (*Julio crosses behind to L.H.*)

Enter ANTONIO, L.H.

Ant. The town is empty ; on the brow o'the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail !

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who't is that is arriv'd.

Jul. I shall. [*Exeunt with Antonio, L.H.*]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately ; he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame.—

Enter JULIO and ANTONIO, L.H.

Now, who has put in ?

Jul. 'Tis 'one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.—

O behold, (*Crosses to L.H. to meet Des.—Julio and
Anth. cross behind to R.H.*)

The riches of the ship is come on shore !—

*Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, RODERIGO,
MARCO, and PAULO, L.H.*

Hail to thee, lady ! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd :—nor know I aught,
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. (*Cannon fired, L.H.*)

(*Without.*) A sail ! a sail :—

Cas. See for the news. [*Exit Antonio, L.H.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome :—welcome, mistress.

(*To Emilia, kissing her.*)

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech. (*Crosses to Emilia.*)

Iago. I know too much ;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of
doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injures, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk :
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me ?

Iago. O, gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay.—There's one gone to the
harbour ?(1)

Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
(Come, what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving
woman, indeed ? one, that, in the authority of her me-
rit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frieze ;
It plucks out brain and all : but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.—

(1) This is a very delicate touch of tenderness.

She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
 Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
 Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I may !*
 She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
 Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
 She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
 See suitors following, and not look behind ;
 She was a wight—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion !—Do
 not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
 —How say you, Cassio ? is he not a most profane and
 liberal counsellor ?

Cas. He speaks home, madam ; you may relish him
 more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

*(Cassio takes Desdemona by the hand to intro-
 duce her to the gentlemen of Cyprus : he talks
 with her during Iago's speech.)*

Iago. *(Aside.—L.H.)* He takes her by the palm : Ay,
 well said, whisper :—with as little a web as this, will I
 ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.—Ay, smile upon her,
 do ;—I will gyve (1) thee in thine own courtship :—you
 say true ; 'tis so, indeed :—if such tricks as these strip
 you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you
 had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft.

(Cannon fired—trumpet sounds, L.H.)

The Moor :—I know his trumpet.

Des. *(Advancing.)* Let's meet him and receive him.

Enter OTHELLO, LUCA, GIOVANNI, and gentlemen,
L.H.

Oth. O, my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
 To see you here before me—O, my soul's joy !—
 If after every tempest come such calms,

(1) Catch, shackle.

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
 And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
 Olympus-high ; and duck again as low
 As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
 My soul hath her content so absolute,
 That not another comfort like to this
 Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
 But that our loves and comforts should increase,
 Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
 And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
(*Embracing him*)
 That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. (*Aside—L.H.*) O, you are well tun'd now !
 But I'll set(1) down the pegs that make this music,
 As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
 News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
 drown'd.—

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?—
 Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus ;
 I've found great love amongst them. O, my sweet—
 I prattle out of fashion, and I dete
 In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
 Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers ;
 Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
 He is a good one, and his worthiness
 Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
 Once more well met at Cyprus ! (*Trumpet sounds.*)

[*Exeunt all but Iago and Roderigo, R.H.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—
 Come hither :—list me.—The lieutenant to-night
 watches on the court of guard :—first, I must tell thee
 this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him !—why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus—and let thy soul be
 instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first

(1) "*Let down*" would here be more "german to the matter."

loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies : and will she love him still for prating ? Let not thy discreet heart think it : her eye must be fed : and what delight shall she have to look on the devil ?

Rod. I cannot believe that in her ; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end ! the wind she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor : blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

Rod. Yes ; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand ; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.—Sir, be you ruled by me : I have brought you from Venice : watch you to-night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you ; Cassio knows you not :—I'll not be far from you : do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline ; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well—

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler ; and, haply may strike at you :—provoke him that he may ; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel : I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit, R.H.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit : The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature ; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too ; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat : the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 Till I am even with him, wife for wife ;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do—
 If this poor brach(1) of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too ;—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness.—'Tis here, but yet confus'd ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [*Exit*, I..II.

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.*—*The Guard-house before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, and LUCA, R.H.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night :
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do ;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.—

(1) *Brach*.—There are in England and Scotland two kinds of hunting dogs, and no where else in the world ; the first kind is called a *rache*, and this is a foot-scenting creature both of beasts, birds, and fishes, also which lie hid among the rocks. The female of it, is called a *brach* : a *brach* is a *mannerly name* for all hounds.—*Gentleman's Recreation*—p. 28. The general application does not require to be explained ; here it seems to signify a hound ; unless indeed we ought to read, *rache*.

Michael, good night :—to-morrow with your earliest,
 Let me have speech with you :—
 Good night. [*Exeunt all but Cassio, L.H.U.E.*]

Enter IAGO, L.H.

Cas. Welcome, Iago : we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; it is not yet ten o'clock : our general cast (1) us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona : whom let us not therefore blame ; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady !

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, 'tis an alarm to love.

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection !

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets !—Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ;—but one cup ; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup, to-night, and that was craftily qualified too ; and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.—

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Iago. What, man ! it's a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here ;—I pray you call them in.

(1) *Cast us*—i. e.—Cast us off.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool.

Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—(*Laugh, L.H.*)—But
here they come:

If consequence (1) do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream

Enter CASSIO, MONTANO, JULIO, ANTONIO, LEONARDO, and a Servant, L.H. with wine.

Cas. 'Fore heaven (2) they have given me a rouse
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!
(*Sings.*) *And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where, indeed, they

(1) *If consequence*—i. e.—If the result, &c.

(2) *'Fore heaven*—i. e.—By heaven.

are most potent in potting ; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

(*Sings.*) *King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—down !*

Some wine, ho !

(*During this dialogue Iago is filling glasses of wine and giving them to Cassio.*)

Cas. 'Fore heaven, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Cas. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay ; but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this ;—[*Exit Servant with wine, L.H.*] let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand : I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well !

Cas. Very well, then : you must not think that I am drunk. [*Exeunt Cassio, Antonio, and Julio, L.H.*]

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction ; and do but see his vice.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it :
Perhaps, he sees it not ; or his good nature
Prizes the virtues that appear in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils :—Is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO, R.H.

Iago. How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant : go. (*Aside to Rod.*)
[*Roderigo crosses and Exit, L.H.*]

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second.
With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil.

Rod. (*Without, L.H.*) Help ! help !—

Iago. But, hark ! what noise ?

*Enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO, L.H.—ANTONIO
and JULIO following them.—Roderigo retreats to L.H.*

Cas. You rogue !—you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

(*Stops Cassio.*)

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

(*Struggling to reach Roderigo.*)

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant— (Staying him.)
Pray, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come—you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

(*Strikes Montano.—They draw, and fight.*)

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

(*Aside to Roderigo, who runs out R.H.*)

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,
Help, ho!—lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
(*Bell rings, R.H.*)

Who's that rings the bell?—

The town will rise :—lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

(*Montano is wounded, Antonio and Julio support him.*)

*Enter OTHELLO, MARCO, PAULO, GIOVANNI, LUCA,
and Servants, with torches, L.H.U.E.*

Oth. Hold, for your lives!—

Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

(*Bell rings, R.H.*)

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. (1) [*Exit Marco, R.H. and returns.*

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this?—on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know—friends all but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed: and then, but now

(As if some planet had unwitting men,)

(1) The late Mr. Barry always gave this direction with distinguished vehemence.

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds;
 And 'would in action glorious I had lost
 These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. (*Crosses to Cassio.*) How comes it, Michael,
 you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. (*L.H.*) Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
 While I spare speech, which something now offends
 me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
 By me that's said or done amiss this night;
 Unless self-charity be sometime a vice!
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
 And passion, having my best judgment cool'd,
 Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on;
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twin'd with me both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What! and in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel!—
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!—
 'Tis monstrous!—Iago, who began't?

Mon. If, partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier. (*To Iago.*)

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general :
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
 And Cassio following with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him : sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause :
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue, (1)
 Lest, by his clamour,—as it so fell out,—
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose ; and I return'd, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report :—
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :—
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio,—I believe,—receiv'd
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—(*Crosses to Cassio, R.H.*)
 Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.—(*Crosses to Mon. L.H.*)
 Sir, for your hurts myself will be your surgeon :—
 Lead him in.

(*Montano is led off by Julio and Antonio, L.H.*)
Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
 [*Exeunt all but Cassio and Iago, L.H.U.E.*]

(1) It may just be observed here, that Iago neither left, nor pretended to leave the stage. His whole relation is filled with extraordinary falsehood.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! *

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What man! there are ways to recover the general again: sue to him, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk!—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: as the time, the place, the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not so befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now

a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast !
O strange !—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and
the ingredient is a *dévil*.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against
it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at
some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our
general's wife is now the general ; importune her, she'll
help to put you in your place : she is of so free, so kind,
so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice
in her goodness, not to do more than is requested.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest
kindness.

Cas. I think it freely : and, betimes in the morning,
I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake
for me : I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check
me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieute-
nant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the
villain—

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again ?—
How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good ?—Divinity of hell !
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest(1) at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now : for, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear—
That she repeals him for her body's lust ;

(1) *Suggest*—i. e.—Tempt,

And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Enter RODERIGO, R. H.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, as that comes to, and no money at all! and, with that wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 But thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
 Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:—

Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Roderigo, R. H.*

Two things are to be done—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;

I'll set her on:—

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump(1) when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way;

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit, L. H.*]

END OF ACT II.

(1) *Jump*—i. e.—Just.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.*—*A Room in the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA, R.H.**Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.*Emil.* Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.*Cas.* Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.*Des.* O, sir, I thank you : you do love my lord ;
You've known him long : and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no further off,
Than in a politic distance.*Cas.* Ay—but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.*Des.* Do not doubt that ; before Emilia here,
(*Crosses to centre.*)I give thee warrant of thy place :
Assure thee, if I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest ;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : therefore, be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.*Cas.* I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am, very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Enter OTHELLO, (reading a paper) and IAGO, L.H.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio, R.H.*

Iago. Ha ! I like not that. (*Half aside.*)

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure ; I cannot think it.
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face :—
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me ;
I suffer with him :—good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday
morn ;

(Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn :—
 I pr'ythee, name the time : but let it not
 Exceed three days :—in faith, he's penitent :—
 When shall he come ?

Tell me, Othello.—I wonder, in my soul,
 What you could ask me, that I should deny,
 Or stand so mammering on.—What ! Michael Cassio,
 That came a wooing with you ; and many a time,
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
 Hath ta'en your part—to have so much to do
 To bring him in !—Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. 'Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he
 will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
 'Tis, as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, keep you warm ;
 Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
 To your own person : nay, when I have a suit,
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
 It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
 Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona : I'll come to thee
 straight.

Des. Emilia, come :—Be't as your fancies teach
 you ;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Excunt with Emilia, R.H.D.*]

Oth. Excellent wench ! Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my
 lady,
 Know of your love ?

Oth. He did, from first to last :—why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Oth. What of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed :—Indeed :—discern'st thou aught in that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Oth. Honest ?—ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Oth. Think, my lord !—

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought,

Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say but now—“ Thou lik'st not that,”—

When Cassio left my wife :—what didst not like ?—

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'st, *Indeed* !

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost ;

And—for I know, thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,

They're close denotements, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio
dare be sworn—I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be that they seem ;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.—
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and
false—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not)—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of this scattering and unsure observance :—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
lord,
Is the immediate jewel of our souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;
It was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, while 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches, endless, are as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?—

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
Is—once(1) to be resolv'd :
'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this.—
Away at once with love or jealousy. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Iago. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit : therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof :—
Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;

Wear your eye, thus—not jealous, nor secure :—
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to't ;
I know our country disposition well ;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands ; their best con-
science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, (1) marrying you ;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did. (Crosses to R.H.)

Iago. Why, go to, then ;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought 'twas witchcraft :—but I am much to
blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever. (Crosses to L.H.)

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot. (Crosses to R.H.)

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love :—but, I do see, you are mov'd :—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at : Cassio's my worthy
friend ;—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

(1) In the old copies, this remark is strengthened by an observation
Brabantio, in a. 1 s. 3.

Oth. And yet, how nature, erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point : as,—to be bold with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends ;—
Fie ! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :—

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :—
Set on thy wife to observe :—leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—this honest creature
doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds .

Re-enter Iago, L.H.

Iago. My lord,—I would I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time :
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear—I am.)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
Knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings.—If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.—happly, for I am black ;—
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ;—or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much :—
She's gone ; I am abused ; and my relief
Must be—to loath her.—O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses.—
Desdemona comes :—
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself !—
I'll not believe it.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, &c.

Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame,

Des. Why is your speech so faint ? are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching ; 'twill away again ;

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well. *(Takes out her handkerchief.)*

Oth. Your napkin is too little ;

(He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.)
Let it alone.—Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Othello, &c.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it ; but she so loves the token,

'For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it to Iago:
What he will do with't, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO, L.H.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; what will you give me now for that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her? (*Eagerly.*)

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
And to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you've been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? (*Snatching it.*)

Emil. It's not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. (*Exit Emilia, R.H.*)

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proof of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Singular conceits are in their natures poisons;
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;
Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora

Not all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever 'medicinate thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'd'st (1) yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO, R.H.S.E.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?—

(Comes down, R.H.)

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou'st set me on the rack:
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't and he's not robb'd at all.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue. O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner,—and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. *(Seizing him.)* Villain, be sure thou prove my
Jealous whore:

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof.

(Taking him by the throat.)

"(1) And so—L.L.—Faintest.

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog, Iago,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, (at the least) so prove,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
Heaven be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

(Going, L.H.)

Oth. Nay, stay! *(Crosses to centre.)*—thou should'st
be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;
I think thou art just, and think thou'rt not;
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd, and black
As mine own face.—

'Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.—

You would be satisfied!

Oth. 'Would I may, I will.

Iago. And may; but, how? how satisfied, my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?
Behold her—

Oth. Death and damnation !—O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect : damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own ! (1) what then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves,
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;
Cry—*O, sweet creature!*—
And then cry—*Cursed fate, that gave thee to the*
Moor!

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Iago. 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a
dream :—

And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

(1) *If ever they see, &c.*—If any eyes but their own see them, &c.

Oth. I gave her such a one ;—'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If't be that,——

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !——

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Now do I see, 'tis true.—Look here, Iago :

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :

"Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell :—

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate !—Swell, bosom, with thy fraught ;

For 'tis of aspic's tongues !

Iago. 'Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood ! (Crosses to R.H.)

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago :—

(*He kneels.*)

By yon marble heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow,

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.—

(*Crosses to R.H. and kneels by his side.*)

Witness, you ever burning lights above,—

You elements that clip his round about,

Witness,—that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hand, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service !—Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody work so'er, (1)

Oth. I greet thy love,

(1) i. e., Obedience to his dictate shall usurp the place that pity should hold in my bosom, however bloody the business may be. This is a strong indication of Iago's attachment to his leader, and conveys an artistic hint that the service he undertakes is belittled by its contrast with the natural humanity of his disposition.

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance hounteons
 And will upon the instant put thee to't :
 Within these three days let me hear thee say,
 That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ;
 'Tis done, at your request : but let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx !—O, damn her !—
 (Crosses to L.H.)

Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt, R.H.]

SCENE II.—Cyprus.—Another Apartment in the
 Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, L.H.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me,
 And, but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the sun, where he was
 born,
 Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be
 Called to him.

Enter OTHELLO, L.H.

How is it with you, my lord ?

Oth. Well, my good lady ;—(Aside.)—O, hard-
 ness to dissemble !

How do you, Desdemona ? (Crosses to R.H.)

Des. Well, my good lord,

Oth. Give me your hand :—this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.—
Hot, hot, and moist :—this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hands, of old, gave
hearts ;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come, now, your
promise. (Crosses to L.H.)

Oth. What promise, chuck ? (Turns back.)

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me :
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : that handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me ;
And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her :—I did so :—and take heed on't,
For 'twas her hearting like your precious eye ;
To lose, or give away, were each perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sybil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable: therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!—

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:—
This is a trick to put me from my suit:—
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief;—my mind mis-
gives. (*Aside.*)

Des. Come, come:

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shared dangers with you:—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit L. II.*]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it. (1)

(1) What are we to think of this business betrayed here by Emilia, who could witness this altercation, at which she alone had participated, in silent sympathy?

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
Look you! Cassio and my husband,

Enter IAGO and CASSIO, R.H.

Iago. There is no other way;—'tis she must do't :
And, lo, the happiness!—go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news
with you? *(Crosses to centre.)*

Cas. Madam, my former suit.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
You must awhile be patient;
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,—
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother,—and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;—
(Crosses to L.H.)

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry! *[Exit, L.H.]*

Des. I pr'hee, do so. Something, sure, of state
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.

Emil. 'Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so:
They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they're jealous; (1) 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him,—Cassio, walk here about:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia, L.H. Cassio, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.*—*An apartment in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R.H.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll
not expostulate with her; lest her body and beauty
unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very
good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker;
you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good.—

(*A trumpet without, L.H.*)

What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.
come from the Duke; and see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico and Desdemona, L.H.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

(1) *i. e.*—*Because they are jealous.*

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you.

(Gives him a letter.)

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

(Crosses to L.H. and reads the letter.)

Des. *(On L.H.)* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that? *(Partly aside.)*

Des. My lord?

Oth. *(Reads.)* *This fail you not to do, as you will—*

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.—

Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone (1) them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry? *(Crosses to centre.)*

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! *(Crosses to L.H. striking her.)*

Des. I have not deserv'd this. *(Weeps.)*

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much;
Make her amends; she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!—

the earth could teem with woman's tears,

(1) Atone—i. e.—Reconcile them.

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. (*Going, R.H.*)

Lod. Truly an obedient lady;—

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient,—as you say, obedient,—

Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears?—(*To Des.*)

Concerning this, sir,—(*To Lodovico.*)—O well-
painted passion! (*To Des.*)

I am commanded home—(*To Lodovico.*)—Get you
away;

I'll send for you anon.—(*To Des.*)—Sir, I obey the
mandate,

And will return to Venice.—(*To Lodovico.*)—Hence!
—avaunt! (*To Des.*)

Cassio shall have my place:—(*To Lodovico.*)—And,
sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may stip together.

You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona, R.H.*]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate

Call—all-in-all-sufficient? This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake?—whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; 'yet 'would I
knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas! alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech; do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Iod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Cyprus. Another Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter EMILIA and OTHELLO, L.H.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Not send you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloves, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest.
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other, (1)
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy: the purest of her sex
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither; (2) go.

[*Exit Emilia*, R.H.D.]

(1) *Emilia* appears for what purpose Othello procures this inter-

view with Desdemona.

Sir says enough—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel and pray—I've seen her do't.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.H.D.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. 'Pray, chuck, come hither ?

Des. What is your pleasure ? (*Crosses to centre.*)

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;—
Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ? (*To Emilia.*)

Oth. Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come ;
Your mystery, your mystery—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Emilia, R.H.D.*

Des. (*Kneels.*) Upon my knees, what doth your
speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it ; damn thyself ;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee ; therefore, be double-damn'd ;
Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. (*Rises.*) To whom, my lord ?—with whom ?
—How am I false ?

Oth. (*Weeps.*) O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Des. Alas, the heavy day ! Why do you weep ?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?
If haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. (1)
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart!
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there!
Patience,—thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken e'en with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou had'st
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?—What committed!—
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!—
Impudent strumpet! (Cries to A.H.)

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You, mistress,—
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter.

(1) The force of this high-souled lamentation, almost reconciles us to the somewhat irredictive nature of him who utters it. Let us consider, too, that Othello's jealousy has resulted from a diffidence of his own appearance, and how venial it will appear,

And keep the gate of hell,—

Enter EMILIA, R.H.D.

You, you,—ay, you——

We've done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Emil. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, my good lady?

Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Emil. With my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia:—

'Pr'ythee, call thy husband hither. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit, L.H.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

Enter IAGO, and EMILIA, R.H.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it
with you?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet!

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country, all her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
If any such there be—heaven pardon him!

(Retires up the stage.)

Emil. A halter pardon him!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

'The Moor's abus'd by some outrageous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—
Oh, heaven, that such companions thoud'at unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world!

Iago. (Advancing) Speak within door,—you are
a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago, (Gets into centre.)

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.—(Kneels.)—Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass against his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—(though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement)—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me!—(They raise her.)—Unkind-
ness may do much!

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does but chide with you.

Des. Were no other,—

Iago. O, but so, I warrant you.

Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia, R.H.*]

Enter RODERIGO, L.H.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me, thou keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me—she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well I go to! I cannot go to, man; nor is it very well: by this hand, I say, 'tis very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well!

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I'll seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay; and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I see there's mettle in thee; and, even, from this time, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; thou

just taken against me a most just exception ; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it : if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is a special command come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident ; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him !

Iago. Why by making him incapable of Othello's place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare to do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him ;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune :—if you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure : I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us.—Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me ; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this. (1)

Iago. And now shall be satisfied. [Exit, L.H.]

[Footnote:] The lack of moral rectitude, which, coupled with a "general lack" of understanding, must almost inevitably end.

SCENE III.—*Cyprus.—The Castle Gates.*

Enter LODOVICO, OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,
MARCO, and PAULO, R.H.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night;—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

[*Exeunt Lodovico, Paulo, and Marco, L.H.D.*

O,—*Desdemona*,—

Des. My lord?—

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will return forthwith!—Dismiss your attendant there; look it be done. [*Exit, L.H.*

Des. I will, my lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return immediately:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
(Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cyprus.—A Street.*

Enter IAGO and ROMANIO, R.H.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
It makes us, or it mars us ; think of that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.
(*Retires a little, R.H.*)

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons :—
'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.
(*Stands aside, by the wing, L.H.*)

Iago. (*Advancing.*) Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain :—live Roderigo ;—
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I fobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona ;
It must not be :—if Cassio do remain,—
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly :—and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in peril :—
No, he must die :—but so, I hear him coming
(*Stands aside, L.H.*)

Enter Cassio, R.H.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he :—villain, thou diest.
(*He runs and thrusts at Cassio, who draws.*)

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st :
I will make proof of thine.

(*Cassio wounds Roderigo, who falls.*)

Rod. O, I am slain !—(*Iago advances, runs Cassio behind in the leg, and Exit, R.H.*)

Cas. Oh, I am maim'd for ever.
Help, ho !—murder ! murder !—(*Falls.*)

Rod. O, villain that I am !

What, ho ! no watch ? no passage ! murder !

Who's there ?
Rod. Nobody come ? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, R.H. in his night-gown, with a naked sword and a light.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant!—what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Rod. O, help me here!(1)

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

(Iago stabs Roderigo.)

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O!

O—!

(Dies.)

Iago. Kill men i'the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, L.H.

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio? (*Gratiano, L.H. Lodovico, R.H. raise Cassio and support him.*)

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—

Know we this face, or no?—(*Turns and looks on Rod.*)

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo! no:—yes, sure;—O heaven!—Roderigo!

(1) The actors of this part are sometimes apt to say more here than is set down for them, by crying out to be helped *first*, &c. &c. a liberty which destroys the texture of the scene.

Enter EMILIA, with a light, R.H.D.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on i' the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—
(*Servants bear off Roderigo, R.H.*) [*Exit Emil. L.H.*
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night,
'That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. (*Aside.*)
[*Exeunt with Gra. Cas. and Lod. R.H.D.*

SCENE II.—*Cyprus.*—*A Bed-chamber in the Castle.*—*Desdemona in bed, R.H. asleep.*

Enter OTHELLO, with a light, (1) R.H.D.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.—
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—
Put out the light, and then—put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the
rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
" (*Kisses Desdemona.*)

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—

(*Kisses her*)

(1) And, according to modern practice, with a drawn sword, which must be incorrect and unnecessary, when Othello's determination to "strangle her in bed" (see act 4. scene 1.) is considered.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—Once more, and this the last,—
(*Kisses her.*) She wakes—

Des. Who's there ? Othello ?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.—

Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona ?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Sollicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by :

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;

No,—heaven forefend !—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do. (*Turns back.*)

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart ;

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum !—

Des. And yet I fear you ; for you're fatal then,
When your eyes roll so : why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guilt I know not ; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.—

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so :—what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul ;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury ; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal : thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too ?—I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warrantry of heaven
As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand. (1)—

O perjur'd woman ? thou dost stone thy heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,—
A murder,—which I thought a sacrifice :—
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him ?—send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He has confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—what, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone !

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Down strumpet ;

Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, an you strive,—

(1) This alludes to a scene omitted in the representation

Des. But half an hour,—

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer,—

Oth. It is too late.—(*He smothers her.*)

(*Emilia knocks at L.H.D.*)

Emil. (*Without.*) My lord ! my lord !—What ho !—
my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?—not dead, not yet quite
dead ;—

I that am cruel, am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain :—

So,—so,—(*Stabs her with his dagger.*)

(*Emilia knocks at L.H.D.*)

Emil. (*Without.*) What ho !—my lord ! my lord !—

Oth. Who's there ?

Emil. (*Without.*) O, good my lord, I'd speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes,—'tis Emilia.—By and bye.—She's dead.

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;

The noise was high.—Ha !—no more of moving,

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in ? were't good ?

I think she stirs again :—no.—What's the best ?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife :—

My wife ! my wife !—what wife ?—I have no wife —

O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !

Metinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon ; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.—(*Emilia knocks at L.H.D.*)

Emil. (*Without.*) I do beseech you I may speak
with you,

O, good my lord !—

Oth. I had forgot thee :—(*Grates to L.H.D.*) O,
come in, Emilia :—(*Unlocks the door.*)

Enter EMILIA, L.H.D.

What's the matter with thee now ?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What's now ?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon ;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd :—
And Cassio kill'd ?—

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, O, O,—

Emil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ! what ?

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd !—

Emil. Out, and alas ! it is my lady's voice ;
Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady speak again !

(*Rushes to the bed*)

Sweet Desdemona ; O, sweet mistress, speak !

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who has done
This deed ?

Des. Nobody ; I myself ; farewell :—
Commend me to my kind lord :—O, farewell ! (*Dies*)

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd ?

Emil. (*Advancing.*) Alas, who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so ; I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell ;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil !

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. 'Tis not her fault, nor yours, that thou art a devil.

Oth. She was as false as water.

Emil. Thou art as rank as fire, to say
That she was false ; O, she was heavenly true !

Oth. Cassio did woo her, took thy husband else,
O, I will damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But will not proceed upon just grounds
To extirpate thy husband's name from all.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.—

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband ?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman ?

I say, thy husband,—dost understand the word ?—
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha ?—

Emil. Do thy worst :—

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. (1) O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed,—

(He threatens.)

I care not for thy sword ; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives :—*(Crosses behind to L.H.)*
Help ! help, ho ! help !

The Moor has kill'd my mistress ;—murder ! murder !—
(Othello goes up the stage and leans upon the bed.)

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO, L.H.D.

Mon. What is the matter ?—

Emil. My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.—
O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man :
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false ;
I know, thou didst not ; thou'rt not such a villain ;—
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

(1) Meaning—I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to suffer.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio?—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress.—

What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak.
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! *(Falling on the bed.)*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!— *(Rising.)*

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore (1) his old thread in twain.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With the recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief,—an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
That handkerchief, thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not. I do not, gentlemen.—

(Points to there no stones in heaven.)

But what serve for the thunder?—Famous villain!

(Othello makes a pass at Iago, who starts off.)

(1) shore.—The irregular past tense of *share*, our *shander*.

him;—Iago, at the same time, stabs Emilia, and runs out, L.H.D. she falls on the couch, L.H.)

Mont. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :
Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,
But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain.

[Exit, with Gratiano, L.H.D.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour outlive honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. Moor, she was chaste : she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor :

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true :
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. *(Dies.)*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper ;—
(Crosses to R.H. and fetches the sword.)

O, here it is ;—Uncle, I must come forth.
(To Gratiano, without, L.H.D.)

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Enter GRATIANO, L.H.D.

Behold ! I have a weapon :
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop :—but, O vain boast !
Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.—
Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear.
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires :—where should Othello go ?—

(Goes to the bed.)

Now, how dost thou look now ?—O ill starr'd wench !
Pale as thy sheets !—when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it.—Cold, cold, my girl ;

Even like thy chastity.—O cursed slave!—
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire!—
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?—O, O, O,—
(Falls down by her.)

*Enter LODOVICO, CASSIO, brought in by ANTONIO,
 and JULIO, MONTANO, IAGO, prisoner, MARCO,
 and PAULO, L.H.D.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello:—here I am.

Lod. Where is this viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable;—

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

(Oth. wounds Iago, and Mon. disarms him.)

Iago. (L.H.) I bleed, sir; but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry, neither; I'd have thee live:

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;
 For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.—

(To Lod.) Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Oth. Well, thou do'st best,

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not:—here's a letter,
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

And here, another : the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo :—

Oth. O villain!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
I found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

(*Pointing to the handkerchief bound round Cassio's leg.*)

Cas. (L.H.) I found it in my chamber :
And he himself confessd' it even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast ! And e'en but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, —Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. (*To Othello.*) You must forsake this room,
and go with us ;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : away with him.

[*Exeunt Iago, Paulo, and Marco, L.H.D.*
You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state :—come, bring him away.

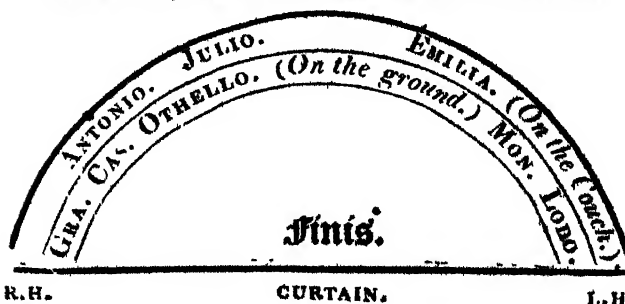
Oth. Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know't ;
No more of that :—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
 Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
 Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme :
 Of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum.—Set you down this :
 And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venitian, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him—thus ! (Stabs himself.)
 O, Desdemona !— (Dies.)

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon :
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor ;
 For they succeed to you !—To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of that hellish villain ;
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it !—
 Myself will straight aboard ; and to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls





MR MACREADY,
AS ORESTES.

Engraved by H. Purwood Jun. from an original painting by J. E. M. de Meunier.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE DISTREST MOTHER,

A TRAGEDY.

By Ambrose Philips.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Mr. AMBROSE PHILIPS, the translator of this tragedy, descended from an ancient family in Leicestershire, where he was born about the year 1681. He received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, and during his residence at that place, wrote the pastoral poems which procured him so high a reputation upon their appearance, as to provoke the animosity of POPE, with whose comparative efforts, by many partisans of Mr. PHILIPS, they were indiscreetly contrasted. On quitting the university, he repaired to London, and by a constant attendance at Button's Coffee-house, to which the wits of that period invariably resorted, he at once obtained their acquaintance, and was soon enrolled among their number. Sir RICHARD STEELE honoured him with the earliest attention, and in the first volume of his "Tatler" inserted a little essay, dated by Mr. PHILIPS from Copenhagen, which he called a "Winter-piece," and addressed to the EARL of DORSET. This production had, indeed, such singular merit as to fix the praise of Mr. POPE, who amidst the most contemptuous mention of every other effort, excepted this from the scope of his resentment, and the severity of his censure.

The struggle between POPE and PHILIPS for the palm of pastoral excellence was so closely contested, in the eye of public opinion, that STEELE determined to turn the scale in favour of his friend, by devoting a few pages of the "Guardian" to a critical estimate of his claims. This design was not effectually concealed from POPE

who, by a stratagem of the most artful kind, warded off the impending blow, and ruined his rival's pretensions. He took the task anonymously upon himself, supplied Sir RICHARD STIFLE with equivocal arguments for a fallacious preference, and succeeded in pointing out the absurdity of his projected judgment. This discordance was fomented by political enmity, and PHILIPS forgot himself so far as to menace Mr. PORE with manual chastisement, a threat, however, which circumstances saved him the disgrace of attempting to realize.

In one of his early works,* he had testified public principles of an acceptable nature, and beneath the patronage of a whig administration, found an easy road to servile affluence. He was a justice of the peace and commissioner for lotteries in this country, and on crossing the channel with Dr. HUGH BOULTER, appointed to the Primacy of Ireland, among more substantial preferment, he obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons, as representative for the county of Armagh. Having, by annuity, secured a handsome permanent income, he returned finally to England, where being soon afterwards struck with the palsy, he died at his lodgings in Vauxhall, June the 18th, 1749, on the verge of four-score.

Although the "*Briton*" and "*Humphry, Duke of Gloster*," are tragedies from which Mr. PHILIPS derived considerable reputation, his name as a dramatist is exclusively preserved by the "*Distrest Mother*," which demands the praise of criticism, as a translated effort, for the vigorous fidelity of its adaption to the English stage. Its original was produced, under the title of "*Andromaque*," with great success by RACINE, in 1667, and although fraught with the worst errors of French habit,—attenuated declamation and fabular heaviness,—acts with a powerful hand, in some parts, upon the springs of mental emotion. MONTFLEURY, a capital comedian of that age, made such prodigious efforts in the part of *Orestes*, that it brought upon him an immediate fit of illness, and ultimately occasioned his death. It may, perhaps, be

* The "*Life of John Williams*," Archbishop of York, and Lord-keeper of the Great Seal, in the successive reigns of James the First and his unfortunate son.

mentioned as a still more singular fact in connexion with the writings of RACINE,* that his wife, either by perusal or representation, was never made acquainted with a single line of those distinguished compositions which reflected such lustre upon her immortal husband.

When the reader has been told that history is completely falsified by the imputed death of *Hermione*, who not only survived *Pyrrhus*, but became the wife of *Orestes*, we have but few further observations to offer. The "Distrest Mother," as a dramatic narrative, is intitled to applause, and the frenzy of its principal character has some temptations for expressive powers which must secure to it an occasional performance. We do not think, however, it can be rendered a source of popular gratification by the grandest abilities, and even without that belief, we should feel no anxiety to hazard the experiment.

* This amiable man died a martyr to chagrin, in the year 1699, because LOUIS XIV, his unnecessary patron, expressed some displeasure at a memorial composed in eloquent terms, and presented with respectful firmness by the poet, in favour of his suffering countryman, whom the ROYAL DUNCE had done his utmost to load with poverty, oppression, and disgrace. Such, by the way, was this Prince's excessive ignorance, that VOLTAIRE, who has testified no inclination to exaggerate his defects, asserts that his preceptor, though an able and learned man, could not excite him to the slightest literary acquirement. His knowledge of the Scriptures, above all, seems to have been singularly limited, for when endeavouring to persuade the Marquis du QUESNE, a firm old protestant, to change his religion in the decline of life, that nobleman frankly answered, "*Sire, j'ai rendu assez long-temps à Cesar, ce qui est du à Cesar; il est temps que je rende aussi à Dieu, ce qui lui est du.*" So little did LOUIS understand this figurative language, that, turning to the bystanders, he observed, "*Est ce que la tête tourne à cet homme? Est il servir l'empereur?*"

PROLOGUE.

Since Fancy by itself is loose and vain,
The wise by rules that airy power restrain :
They think those writers mad, who, at their ease,
Convey this house and audience where they please ;
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round.
'Tis nothing, when a fancied scene's in view,
To skip from *Covent Garden* to *Peru*.

But *Shakspeare's* self transgress ; and shall each elf
Each pigmy genius, quote great *Shakspeare's* self !
What critic dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit !
Shakspeare could travel thro' earth, sea, and air,
And point out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his enchanted Isle.
Our author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress ;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
Your treat with studied decency he serves ;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his character entire,
With *French* correctness, and with *British* fire.

This piece, presented in a foreign tongue,
When *France* was glorious and her monarch young,
An hundred times a crowded audience drew,—
An hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.

Pyrrhus, provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,
Resents his generous love so ill repaid ;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid ;
His sentiments disclose a royal mind ;
Nor is he known a king from guards behind,

Injur'd *Hermione* demands relief,
But not from heavy narratives of grief ;
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn,—
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.

Andromache.—If in our author's lines,
As in the great original she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears,

Costume,

PYRRHIUS.

Buff and silver cuirass and lambrakeens, purple velvet robe richly embroidered, white shirt, spangled ; flesh arms and legs, and sandals.

ORESTES.

White kerseymere robe, shirt, and belt, embroidered, flesh arms and legs, sandals, and bandeau for the head.

PYLADES.

White shirt, spangled ; scarlet robe, and belt, embroidered ; flesh arms and legs, and sandals.

PHICENIX.

Scarlet and silver cuirass and lambrakeens, scarlet mantle, flesh arms and legs, and sandals.

ANDROMACHE.

Black muslin petticoat, tunic and robe, trimmed with black age. Second dress. White muslin petticoat, tunic, and robe, trimmed with silver. Tiara of jewels on the head.

HERMIONE.

White China crape dress and drapery, trimmed with gold. Tiara for the head.

CLEONE.

White mus.in dress,

CEPHISA.

White muslin dress.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	1812. <i>Drury-lane.</i>	1816 <i>Covent-garden.</i>
<i>Pyrrhus</i>	Mr. D. Fisher.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Orestes</i>	Mr. Kean	Mr. Macready.
<i>Pylades</i>	Mr. Barnard,	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Phonoe</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont.
 <i>Hermione</i>	 Mrs. W. West.	 Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Andromache</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Cleone</i>	Miss Cooke.	Miss Logan.
<i>Cephisa</i>	Miss Ivers.	Mrs. Sterling.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is nearly two hours. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes.—The second, twenty—the third, twenty-three—the fourth, twenty—and the fifth, twenty minutes.—The half-price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

R.H. is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.	Left Hand.
S.E.	Second Entrance.
U.E.	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	Middle Door.
D.F.	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Palace, with a view of the sea.*

Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, and Attendants, L.H.

Ores. O, Pylades ! what's life without a friend !
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up,
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort ! on this fatal shore ?
Even in the court of Pyrrhus ? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes ?
O, my brave friend ! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O, prince ! O, my Orestes ! O my friend !—
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart.

(Embracing.)

Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers that barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here ! ever since the unhappy day
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Ores. It was indeed, a morning full of horror !

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
For your behalf. Often, with tears I mourn'd

The fatal ills, in which your life's involv'd ;
 And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
 I fear'd to what extremities the black despair
 That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you,
 And lest the Gods, in pity to your woes,
 Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you loath'd.
 But now with joy I see you !—The retinue,
 And numerous followers that surround you here,
 Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
 To relish life.

Ores. Alas! my friend, who knows
 The destiny, to which I stand reserv'd !
 I come in search of an inhuman fair ;
 And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince ! I thought you
 cur'd

Of your un pity'd, unsuccessful passion.
 Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
 Hermione less cruel, than at Sparta ?
 I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
 In which she treated all your constant sufferings,
 Had broke your fetters, and assured your freedom :
 Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
 You hated her : you talk'd of her no more ;
 Prince, you deceiv'd me.

Ores. I deceiv'd myself.
 Do not upbraid the unhappy man that loves thee.
 Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee ;
 Thou saw'st it, in its birth, and in its progress :
 And when at last, the hoary king her father,
 Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
 His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
 Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
 My torture, my despair ;
 O, Pylades ! my heart has bled within me,
 To see thee prest with sorrows not thy own,
 Still wand'ring with me, like a banish'd man,
 Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
 To temper the wild transports of my mind,
 And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind ?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship ?

Ores. Thou miracle of truth !—But hear me on.

When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, and all her charms, to Pyrrhus ;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself, believe
My soul was freed. Alas ! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed, and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts ;
And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And every idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Ores. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun !
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus ;
That now, forgetful of the promise giv'n,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his court ;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy ; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings—great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece !
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder, why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear, the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose :
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Ores. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and hence

Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woes
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!

Ores. Resentments! O my friend too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred. I'm betray'd:
I practise on myself, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece;
And here I come, their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn,
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Ores. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall: Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness;
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye Gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!— (*Crosses to L.H.*)
But tell me, Pylades, how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me!

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king indeed, cold to the Spartan Princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,

Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
 With interwoven love and rage, he sues
 The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
 Oft he alarms her for her child, confin'd
 Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
 As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.

Hermione a thousand times has seen
 His ill-requited vows return to her;
 And takes his indignation all for love.
 What can he gather'd from a man so various?
 He may, in the disorder of his soul,
 Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.

Ores. But tell me, how the wrong'd Hermione
 Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
 Her wavering lover, and disdain his falshood;
 But spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
 She mourns in secret her neglected charms,
 And oft has made me privy to her tears;
 Still threatens to be gone, yet still she stays,
 And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.

Ores. Ah, were those wishes from her heart my
 friend,
 I'd fly in transport— (*Flourish within, R.H.*)

Pyl. Hear!—The king approaches
 To give you audience. Speak your embassy
 Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
 And in the name of all her kings, require
 That Hector's son be given into your hands.
 Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
 To speed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
 Will make it merit to preserve her son.
 But, see: he comes!

Ores. Meanwhile, my Pylades,
 Go, and dispose Hermione to see
 (*Pylades, Crosses to L.H.*)

Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
 Himself in all his sorrows at her feet.

[*A flourish. Exit Pylades, L.H.*

Enter PYRRHUS, PHŒNIX, and Attendants, R.H.

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador ; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son ;
Nor does the son rise short of such a father :
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy ;
And by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten year's war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector ?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their state with widows and with orphans ;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove ? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports, and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze ?
You may yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply then with the Grecians' just demands ;
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this ?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death ?—What right has Greece
To ask his life ? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please ? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son were mine ;
Were mine by lot. and who shall wrest them from me ?

- Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen ;
- Cassandra was your own great father's prize :
- Did I concern myself in what they won ?
- Did I send embassies to claim their captives ?

Ores. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise :
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Ores. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of
Troy,

Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass ;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
Confus'd in dust ; all mixt in one wide ruin ;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy ?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain ?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
My fury then was without bounds ; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still ?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood ?
An infant's blood ?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy,
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Ores. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy ; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son.
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence :
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue ;
The father draws their vengeance on the son—
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword—the father, whom the Greeks,

May seek e'en here—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them. Let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompenc'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Ores. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Ores. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself.
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may, in time, give proofs that I'm a lover,
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

[*Exeunt Orestes, and Attendant, L.R.*]

Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?

Pyr. I am told that he has lov'd her long.

Phæn. If so,
Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze a-new;
And she be wrought to listen to his passion?

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phoenix, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together:
Together let them sail for Sparta; all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I then be reliev'd!

Phæn. But, sir—

Pyr. I shall another time, good Phoenix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—For, see,
Andromache appears. [Exit Phoenix, R.H.]

Enter ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA, L.H.

May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here ?

Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a-day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet to-day embrac'd my child ;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam ! should the threats of Greece
prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed !

Andr. Alas ! what threats ? What can alarm the
Greeks ?

There are no Trojans left.

Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die : the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls, and makes them dread his son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child !
Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrihus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life,
And send no less than Agamemnon's son
To fetch him hence.

Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands !—This blow is aim'd at me.
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire ?
But, cruel men ! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promis'd to my-self in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow,
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears ; I must not see you weep ;
And know, I have rejected their demands.

The Greeks already threaten me with war;
 But, should they arm, as once they did, for Helen,
 And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
 Should they prepare a second ten-years siege,
 And lay my towers and palaces in dust;
 I am determin'd to defend your son,
 And rather die myself than give him up.
 But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
 Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
 Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
 Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
 Let me not combat with your cruelties,
 And count Andromache amongst my foes.

Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece!
 How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
 Let not men say, so generous a design
 Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burden to herself,
 Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
 Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
 To weep for ever?—Talk of it no more.—
 To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
 To succour the distrest; to give the son
 To an afflicted mother; to repel
 Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;
 Unbrib'd by love, untterrify'd by threats,
 To pity to protect him: these are cares,
 These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever?
 Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven?—'Tis true,
 My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
 And carried havoc thro' your royal kindred;
 But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd
 Old Priam's vanquished house; and all the woes
 I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
 We both have suffer'd in our turns, and now
 Our common foes shall teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred, and behold
 A friend in Pyrrhus. Give me but to hope,
 I'll free your son, I'll be a father to him;
 Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
 I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
 Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
 What would I not atchieve? Again shall Troy
 Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
 Her seat of empire, and your son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:

His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.
 No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
 Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
 Never, Oh, never, must we hope to see
 Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!—
 Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile,
 Where far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,
 I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
 Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
 Return to your betroth'd Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know, I cannot;

You know my heart is yours; my soul hangs on you;
 You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
 And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
 'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
 My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
 The vows which you neglect.

Andr. She has no Troy,

No Hector to lament: she has not lost
 A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
 (Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
 Your sire immortal. Pyrrhus and Achilles,
 Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! (*Crosses to L.H.*) 'Tis very well! I find,

Your will must be obey'd; imperious captive,
 It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
 You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:

For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
 Too well, to treat you with indifference.
 Think well upon it ; my disorder'd soul
 Wavers between th' extreme of love and rage ;
 I have been too tame ; I will awake to vengeance !
 The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
 The Greeks demand him, nor will I endanger
 My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Aubr. Then he must die ! alas, my son must die !
 He has no friend, no succour left, beside
 His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pur. Go, madam, visit this unhappy son ;
 The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
 And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
 I shall once more expect your answer. Go ;
 And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
 That his life depends on your resolves.

[*A Flourish. Exeunt, Purphus, and Attendants, L.H.*]

Aubr. I'll go : and in the anguish of my heart,
 Weep o'er my child—'till he must die, my life
 Is wro't in his ; I shall not long survive.
 'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
 Ground in captivity, and cut-liv'd Hector.
 Yes, my Astyanax we'll go toge her !
 Together to the realms of night we'll go !
 There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll show,
 And point him out among the shades below.

[*Exeunt. R.H.*]

END OF ACT. I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE, R.H.

Her. Well, I'll be rul'd, Cleone : I will see him :
 I have told Pylades that he may bring him ;
 But trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
 I should forbid him yet.

Cleo. And why forbid him ?
Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes ?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd ?
The man whose sufferings you so late lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love ?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself. I blush to think
How I have us'd him, and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion, when he sees me
Neglected and forsaken, like himself !
Will he not say, is this the scornful maid ?
The proud Hermione ? that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms ?
Her insolence at last is well repaid.
I cannot bear the thought. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cleo. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults, but repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will ?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta ?

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still delay
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece.

Cleo. What would you more ? Orestes comes in time
To save your honour. Pyrrhus cools apace :
Prevent his falshood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him ; you have told me so.

Her. Hate him ! My injur'd honour bids me hate him.
The ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart ; the man I lov'd so dearly ;
The man I doated on ! O, my Cleone !
How is it possible I should not hate him !

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cleo. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court,
And with Orestes——

Her. No ! I must have time
To work up all my rage ! To meditate

A parting full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts?
To draw you from your father! Then to leave you!
In his own court to leave you—for a captive!
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou sees't: Believe me cur'd:
Flatter my weakness; tell me I have conquer'd;
Think that my injur'd soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?

Her. Let us fly! (*Crosses to R.H.*)
Let us begone! I leave him to his captive:
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone!—But what if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What, if he renew
His former vows?—But, Oh, the faithless man!
He slights me! drives me to extremities!—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves:
I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son;
The second embassy shall claim the mother:
I will redouble all my griefs upon her. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cleo. Ah, madam! whither does your rage transport
you?
Andromache, alas! is innocent.

A woman plung'd in sorrow, dead to love,
And when she thinks of Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so, too!—He had not then
Betray'd my easy faith.—But I, alas!
Discover'd all the fondness of my soul;
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere.
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve, to one
Engag'd to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour, too, was an excuse to mine :
 With other eyes he saw me then !—Cleone,
 Thou may'st remember, every thing conspir'd
 To favour him : my father's wrongs aveng'd ;
 The Greeks triumphant ; fleets of Trojan spoils ;
 His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame ;
 His eager love—all, all conspir'd against me !
 —But I have done—I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
 Orestes wants not merit, and he loves me.
 My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him ;
 And if I've power o'er my heart, 'tis his. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cleo. Madam, he comes—

Her. Alas ! I did not think
 He was so near ! I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES, L.H.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit ?
 Is it a compliment of form, or love ?

Ores. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my fate
 To love unpity'd ; to desire to see you ;
 And still to swear each time shall be the last.
 My passion breaks thro' my repeated oaths,
 And every time I visit you, I'm perjur'd.
 Even now, I find my wounds all bleed afresh ;
 I blush to own it, but I know no cure.
 I call the gods to witness, I have try'd
 Whatever man could do, (but try'd in vain)
 To wear you from my mind. 'Thro' stormy seas,
 And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
 I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful
 tale ?

It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece,
 To talk of dying, and of love. Remember
 The kings you represent : shall their revenge
 Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion ?
 Discharge your embassy—'tis not Orestes
 The Greeks desire should die.

Ores. My embassy
 Is at an end ; for Pyrrhus has refus'd

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To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man ! *(Aside.)*

Ores. I now prepare for Greece ; but, e'er I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you—
What do I say ?—I do already hear it !

My doom is fixt : I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair ? be still suspicious ?
What have I done ? wherein have I been cruel ?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus ;
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell, but I have shar'd your griefs ?
Have I ne'er wept in secret ?—never wish'd
To see Orestes ?—

Ores. Wish'd to see Orestes !
O, joy ! O, ecstasy ! My soul's intranc'd !
O, charming princess ! O transcendant maid !
My utmost wish !—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks !—I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes ?—

Her. You are Orestes :
The same unalter'd, generous, faithful lover ;
The prince whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love.

Ores. Ay, there it is !—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart.

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you !

Ores. No !—
I should be blest ! I should be lov'd as he is !—
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected ?

Has Pyrrhus said—(Oh, I shall go distracted !)
Has Pyrrhus told you so ? or is it you
Who think thus meanly of me ?—Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you !— *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Ores. Madam, go on !

Insult me still ; I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates ?
—Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel ;
Let them lay waste his country, raze his towns,
Destroy his fleets, his palaces—himself !—
Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ores. To hasten his destruction, come yourself ;
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Meanwhile, he weds Andromache !

Ores. Ah, princess !
What is't I hear ?

Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive !

Ores. Is this your hatred, madam ?—"Tis in vain
To hide your passion ; every thing betrays it :
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay, your silence ;
Your love appears in all ; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet ;
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Ores. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father
First brought me hither : and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recal me.
Tell this proud king, that Menelaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece :
Bid him resign Astyanax, or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

[*Exeunt Hermione and Cleone, R.H.*]

Ores. Then is Orestes blest ! My griefs are fled !
Fled like a dream !—Methinks I tread in air !
Pyrrhus enamour'd of his captive queen,
Will thank me, if I take her rival hence—
He looks not on the princess with my eyes !
Surprising happiness !—unlook'd for joy !
Never let love despair !—The prize is mine !

Be smooth, ye seas, and ye propitious winds,
 Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts !
 I long to view the sails unfurl'd !—But, see !
 Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS, and PHŒNIX, R.H.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
 Ungovern'd temper, would not let me weigh
 The importance of your embassy, and hear
 You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
 I since have pois'd your reasons : and I thank
 My good allies : their care deserves my thanks.
 You have convinc'd me, that the weal of Greece,
 My father's honour, and my own repose,
 Demand that Hector's race should be destroy'd.
 I shall deliver up Astyanax,
 And you yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Ores. If you approve it, sir, and are content
 To spill the blood of a defenceless child,
 The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
 I have determin'd to espouse Hermione.
 You come in time to grace our nuptial rites :
 In you the kings of Greece will all be present,
 And you have right to personate her father,
 As his ambassador, and brother's son.
 Go, prince, renew your visit ; (*Crosses to R.H.*) tell
 Hermione,
 To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Ores. (*Aside.*) O, change of fortune ! Oh, undone
 Orestes ! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pyr. Well, Phœnix ! Am I still a slave to love ?
 What think'st thou now ? Am I myself again ?

Phæn. 'Tis as it should be ; this discovers Pyrrhus ;
 Shews all the hero : now you are yourself—
 The son, the rival of the great Achilles !
 Greece will applaud you, and the world confess
 Pyrrhus has conquered Troy a second time !

Pyr. Nay, Phœnix, now I but begin to triumph ;

I never was a conqueror till now !
 Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
 May sooner be subdu'd than love. Oh, Phoenix !
 What ruin have I shunn'd ? The Greeks enrag'd,
 Hung o'er me like a gathering storm, and soon
 Had burst in thunder on my head, while I
 Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
 To please a thankless woman !—One kind look
 Had quite undone me !

Phæn. O, my royal master !
 The Gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she treated
 me

When I permitted her to see her son,
 I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes.
 I went to see the mournful interview,
 And found her bath'd in tears, and lost in passion.
 Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
 On Hector's name : and when I spoke in comfort,
 And promis'd my protection to her son,
 She kiss'd the boy, and call'd again on Hector :
 Does she then think that I preserve the boy,
 To soothe and keep alive her flame for Hector ?

(Crosses to L.H.)

Phæn. No doubt, she does ; and thinks you favour'd
 in it ;

But let her go, for an ungrateful woman !

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud stubborn
 heart.

Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
 She mocks my rage ; and when it threatens loudest,
 Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.

But we shall change our parts, and she shall find
 I can be deaf like her, and steel my heart.

She is Hector's widow ; I, Achilles' son !

Pyrhus is born to hate Andromache. (Crosses to L.H.)

Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more ;
 I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
 Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see
 her ;

And not rely upon a rival's care :

It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix ;

Dost thou not think, the proud Andromache

Will be enrag'd, when I shall wed the princess ?

Phœn. Why does Andromache still haunt your thoughts ?

What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd ?

Let her name perish—think of her no more.

Pyr. No, Phœnix !—I have been too gentle with her,

I have check'd my wrath, and stifled my resentment :

She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.

Let us return—I'll brave her to her face :

I'll give my anger its free course against her.

Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Phœn. Oh, go not, sir !—There's ruin in her eyes !

You do not know your strength ; you'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were, indeed, a most unmanly weakness !
Thou dost not know me, Phœnix.

Phœn. Ah, my prince !

You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou then think, I love this woman still ?

One who repays my passion with disdain !

A stranger, captive, friendless, and forlorn ;

She and her darling son within my power ;

Her life a forfeit to the Greeks : yet I

Preserve her son ; would take her to my throne ;

Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs ;

And all this while she treats me as her foe !

Phœn. You have it in your power to be reveng'd.

Pyr. Yes—and I'll shew my power ! I'll give her
cause

To hate me ! her Astyanax shall die—

What tears will then be shed ! How will she then

In bitterness of heart reproach my name !

Then, to complete her woes, will I espouse

Hermione—'Twill stab her to the heart !

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Phæn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still !

Pyr. Phoenix, excuse this struggle of my soul ;
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phæn. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan princess,
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh ! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness.
But, come—A long farewell to Hector's widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant, thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves, the broken billows fly !
And while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Palace, with a view of the Sea.*

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES, L.H.

Pyl. For heaven's sake, sir, compose your ruffled
mind,
And moderate your rage !

Ores. No, Pylades !
This is no time for counsel.—I am deaf.
Talk not of reason ! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.
I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms—By Heaven, I will !

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend—We'll force her
hence,

But still consider, we are in Epirus.
 The court, the guards, Hermione herself,
 The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.
 Good Gods ! what tempted you to seek her here ?

Ores. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did !
 My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
 To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Ores. It must be more than man to bear these
 shocks,

These outrages of fate, with temper.
 He tells me, that he weds Hermione,
 And will to-morrow take her from my hand !—
 My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.—

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir ; he's not to
 blame.

Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
 Perhaps you'll find it tortur'd like your own.

Ores. No, Pylades !—'tis all design.—His pride,
 To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.
 The fair Hermione, before I came,
 In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
 Ah, cruel Gods ! I thought her all my own !
 She was consenting to return to Sparta :
 Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
 Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.
 She heard my sighs, she pitied my complaints,
 She prais'd my constancy—The least indifference
 From this proud king, had made Orestes happy !

Pyl. So your fond heart believes !—
 Take my advice—Think not to force her hence ;
 But fly yourself from her destructive charms.
 Her soul is link'd to Pyrrhus—

Ores. Talk no more !

I cannot bear the thought ! She must be mine !
 Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,
 I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
 Ere I'd resign Hermione—(*Crosses to R.H.*) By orce
 I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships ;
 Have we forgot her mother Helen's rape ?

Pyl. Will then, Orestes turn a ravisher,
And blot his embassy?

Ores. O, Pylades!

My grief weighs heavy on me—'twill distract me!
The Gods have set me as their mark, to empty
Their quivers on me.—Leave me to myself.
Mine be the danger, mine the enterprize.

All I request of thee, is to return,
And in my place convey Astyanax
(As Pyrrhus has consented) into Greece.
Go, Pylades—

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!
Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,
No danger can deter a friend—Lead on!
Draw up the Greeks, summon your num'rous train;
The ships are ready, and the winds is fair:
There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves
Break on those palace stairs. I know each pass,
Each avenue and outlet of the court;
This very night we'll carry her on board.

Ores. Thou art too good!—I trespass on thy friendship:

But, Oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,
Except thyself: one, just about to lose
The treasure of his soul:

When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind.—But now, remember
To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;
Let not Hermione suspect—No more—
I see her coming, sir—

Ores. Away, my friend;
I am advis'd; my all depends upon it.

[*Exit Pylades, L.H.*]

Enter HERMIONE, and CLEONE, R.H.

Ores. Madam, your orders are obey'd; I have seen
Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.
The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told;
And, farther, I am inform'd that you, Orestes,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Ores. And are you, madam, willing to comply?

Her. What can I do, alas! my faith is promis'd:
Can I refuse what is not mine to give?
A princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet you see how far I had comply'd,
And made my duty yield to your entreaties.

Ores. Ah, cruel maid! you knew—but I have done,
All have a right to please themselves in love.
I blame you not. 'Tis true, I hop'd—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I'm content.
'Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.
But, madam, I shall spare you farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Her. Cleone, couldst thou think he'd be so calm?

Cleo. Madam his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He is to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in
Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear?
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear? The Greeks?
Did he not lead their harrass'd troops to conquest,
When they despair'd, when they retir'd from Troy,
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets?
Did he not then supply his father's place?
No, my Cleone, he is above constraint;
He acts unforc'd; and where he weds, he loves.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remain'd in Greece!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes?
Pyrrhus is mine again!—Is mine for ever!
Oh, my Cleone, I am wild with joy!
Pyrrhus, the bold, the brave, the good like Pyrrhus!
—Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles.—Oh, Cleone—

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache—
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart .
Let us retire—Her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA, L.H.

Andr. Ah, madam ! whither, whither do you fly ?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow, suppliant and in tears ?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won—
The only man I sought to please, is gone ;
Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love ; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.
But, Oh, I have a son !—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness :
But heaven forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son.
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort !
When every hour she trembles for his life !
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire ?
Let me go hide him in some desert isle :
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition :
All he can learn of me will be to weep !

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief ;
But, it would ill become me to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will :
'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself.
If you gain him, I shall comply, of course.

[Exeunt, Hermione, and Cleone, R.H.]

Andr. Didst thou not mind with what disdain she
spoke ?

Youth and prosperity have made her vain ;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel ;

I'd speak my own distress: one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS, and PHOENIX, L.H.

Pyr. Where is the princess?—Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? (*To Phoenix.*)

Phœn. I thought so, sir.

Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have
on him! (*To Cephissus.*)

Pyr. What says she, Phoenix?

Andr. I have no hope left!

Phœn. Let us be gone—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For heaven's sake, madam, break this sullen
silence.

Andr. My child's already promis'd!—

Ceph. But not given.

Andr. No! no!—my tears are vain!—His doom is
fixed!

Pyr. See if she deigns to cast one look upon us!
Proud woman!

Andr. I provoke him by my presence.

Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy
The Greeks, and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andr. Ah, sir, recal those words—What have you
said?

If you give up my son, Oh, give up me!—

You, who so many times have sworn me friendship:

Oh, Heavens!—will you not look with pity on me?

Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phoenix will answer you.—My word is past.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for
me.

Pyr. I was your lover then—I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spar'd his life;

you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me,

'tis too late.

Andr. Oh, sir, excuse

The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul,
And knows not how to be importunate.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No! in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be oblig'd!
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phoenix, and appease the Greeks.

Andr. Then let me die! and let me go to Hector!

Ceph. But, madam——

Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction, and insults my tears. (*To Ceph.*)
—Behold, how low you have reduc'd a queen! (*Kneels.*)
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes,
My kindred fall in war, my father slain,
My husband dragg'd in his own blood, my son
Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hop'd I should not find his son less noble:
I thought the brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!—
If he must die——

Pyr. Phoenix, withdraw a while. [*Exit Phoenix, L.H.*]
Rise, madam—You may yet preserve your son.
I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself.
I thought my hatred fixt before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me while I speak!
And see if you discover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
Why will you force me to desert your cause?
In your son's name, I beg we may be friends;
Think, Oh, think,——
'Tis the last time, you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break, the foes I arm:

I wrong Hermione ; I send her hence ;
 And with her diadem I bind your brows.
 Consider well ; for 'tis of moment to you !
 Choose to be wretched, madam, or a queen.
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the temple—There you'll find your son ;
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

[Exit, L.H.]

Ceph. I told you, madam, that in spite of Greece,
 You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.

Andr. Alas, Cephisa, what have I obtain'd ?
 Only a poor short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to
 Hector.

To be reluctant still would be a crime.
 He would himself persuade you to comply.

Andr. How !—wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for a
 husband ?

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of your dead
 husband,

That you should sacrifice his son ? Consider,
 Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne ;
 Turns all his power against the foes of Troy,
 Remembers not Achilles was his father ;
 Retracts his conquest, and forgets his hatred.

Andr. But how can I forget it ?—how can I
 Forget my Hector, treated with dishonour ;
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, and vilely dragg'd,
 A bloody corpse, about the walls of Troy ?
 Can I forget the good old king his father,
 Slain in my presence—at the altar slain ?
 Which vainly, for protection, he embrac'd.
 Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa
 When a whole people fell ? Methinks I see
 Pyrrhus enrag'd, and, breathing vengeance, enter
 Amidst the glare of burning palaces :
 I see him hew his passage thro' my brothers,
 And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
 Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd !
 This is the courtship I receiv'd from Pyrrhus ;
 And this the husband thou wouldst give me ! No,

We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.
(Crosses to R.H.)

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.

Why do you tremble, madam?

Andr. O, Cephisa!

Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.

How can I bid farewell to the dear child,

The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord!

But, Oh, while I deliberate, he dies.

No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee:

(Crosses to L.H.)

Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!

Do you go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

Andr. Tell him I love my son to such excess—

But dost thou think he means the child shall die?

Can love rejected turn to so much rage?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here: resolve on something.

Andr. Well then, assure him—

Ceph. Madam, of your love?

Andr. Alas, thou know'st that is not in my power.

O, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!

Oh, my Astyanax! at what a price

Thy mother buys thee!—Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve?

Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together,

(Crosses to R.H.)

To the sad monument which I have rais'd

To Hector's shade; where, in their sacred urn,

The ashes of my hero lie inclos'd,

The dear remains which I have sav'd from Troy;

There let me weep, there summon to my aid,

With pious rite, my Hector's awful shade;

Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears!

My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:

Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,

And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, and CLEONE. R.H.

Cleo This unexpected silence, this reserve,
This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
After such wrongs and insults, much surprize me !
You, who before could not command your rage,
When Pyrrhus look'd but kindly on his captive ;
How can you bear unmov'd, that he should wed her,
And seat her on a throne which you should fill ?
I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul—
'Twere better, madam—

Her. Have you call'd Orestes ?

Cleo. Madam, I have; his love is too impatient
Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
His love-sick heart o'erlooks his unkind usage :
His ardour's still the same—Madam, he's here.

Enter ORESTES, L.H.

Ores. Ah, madam is it true ? does then Orestes
At length attend you by your own commands ?
What can I do—

Her. Orestes, do you love me ?

Ores. What means that question, princess ? Do I
love you ?

My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell, my return—all speak my love.

Her. Avenge my wrongs, and I'll believe them all.

Ores. It shall be done—My soul has catch'd th'
alarm,

We'll spirit up the Greeks—I'll lead them on :
Your cause shall animate our fleets and armies.
Let us return ; let us not lose a moment,

But urge the fate of this devoted land :
Let us depart.

Her. No, prince, let us stay here !
I will have vengeance here—I will not carry
This load of infamy to Greece, nor trust
The chance of war to vindicate my wrongs.
Ere I depart, I'll make Epirus mourn.
If you avenge me, let it be this instant ;
My rage brooks no delay ; haste to the temple,
Haste, prince, and sacrifice him.

Ores. Whom ?

Her. Why, Pyrrhus.

Ores. Pyrrhus ? Did you say Pyrrhus ?

Her. You demur.—

Oh, fly ! be gone ! give me not time to think—
Talk not of laws—he tramples on all laws—
Let me not hear him justify'd—away !

Ores. You cannot think I'll justify my rival.
Madam, your love has made him criminal.
You shall have vengeance ; I'll have vengeance too ;
But let our hatred be profest and open ;
Let us alarm all Greece, denounce a war ;
Let us attack him in his strength, and hunt him down
By conquest : should I turn base assassin,
'T would sully all the kings I represent.

Her. Have not I been dishonour'd ? set at nought ?
Expos'd to public scorn ?—And will you suffer
The tyrant, who dares use me thus, to live ?
Know, prince, I hate him more than once I lov'd him.
The Gods alone can tell how once I lov'd him ;
Yes, the false, perjur'd man. I once did love him ;
And, spite of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live, I may relapse—who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs ?

Ores. First let me tear him piece-meal—he shall die.
But madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death ;
Yet, I'm a stranger in the court of Pyrrhus ;
Scarce have I set my foot within Epirus,
When you enjoin me to destroy the prince.

It shall be done this very night.

Her. But now,
This very hour, he weds, Andromache ;
The temple shines with pomp ; the golden throne
Is now prepar'd ; the joyful rites begin ;
My shame is public—Oh, be speedy, prince !
My wrath's impatient—Pyrrhus lives too long !
Intent on love, and heedless of his person,
He covers with his guards the Trojan boy.
Now is the time ; assemble all your Greeks ;
Minc shall assist them ; let their fury loose ;
Already they regard him as a foe.
Begone, Orëstes—kill the faithless tyrant ;
My love shall recompence the glorious deed.

Ores. Consider, madam—

Her. You but mock my rage !
Think you to merit by your idle sighs,
And not attest your love by one brave action ?
Go (*Crosses to L.H.*) with your boasted constancy ; and
leave
Hermione to execute her own revenge.
I blush to think how my too easy faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Ores. Hear me but speak !—you know I'll die to
serve you !

Her. I'll go myself : I'll stab him at the altar ;
Then drive the poniard, reeking with his blood,
Thro' my own heart. In death we shall unite.
Better to die with him, than live with you !

Ores. That were to make him blest, and me more
wretched. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Madam he dies by me—Have you a foe,
And shall I let him live ? My rival, too ?
Ere yon meridian sun declines, he dies ;
And you shall say that I deserve your love.

Her. Go, prince ; strike home ! and leave the rest
to me ;

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

[*Exit Orestes, L.H.*]

Cleo. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt.

Her. Give me my vengeance, I'm content to perish.
I was to blame to trust it with another:
In my own hands it had been more secure.
Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,
Tell him he dies my victim ! Haste Cleone :
Charge him to say, Hermione's resentment,
Not those of Greece, have sentenc'd him to death.
Haste, my Cleone ! My revenge is lost,
If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me !

Cleo. I shall obey your orders—But I see
The king approach—Who could expect him here ?

Her. O fly ! Cleone, fly ! and bid Orestes
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit Cleone, L.H.*]

Enter PYRRHUS, R.H.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd princess :
Your distant looks reproach me : and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.
Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice,
Nor form excuses while his heart condemns him.
Discharge your anger on this perjur'd man !
For I abhor my crime ! and should be pleas'd
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud. No terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere ; you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero should be bold ; above all laws ;
Be bravely false, and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shows a daring mind !
And you have nobly triumph'd o'er a maid !
To court me—to reject me—to return—
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave—
To lay proud Troy in ashes—then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,

Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus !

(Crosses to R.H.)

Pyr. Madam, go on : Give your resentment birth,
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. 'Twould please your queen, should I upbraid
your falshood ;

Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injur'd virgins lavish on your sex ;
I should o'erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to soothe her pride ;
But, sir, I would not over-charge her joys.
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
Your great achievements in her father's palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
And in her sight slew half her royal kindred !

(Crosses to L.H.)

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds !
I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far ; I shed
Too much of blood. But, madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caus'd.
However, I am pleas'd to find you hate me—
I was too forward to accuse myself—
The man who ne'er was lov'd, can ne'er be false,
Obedience to a father brought you hither ;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you :
But our desires were different ways inclin'd ;
And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you, then ! perfidious man !
For you I slighted all the Grecian princes ;
Forsook my father's house ; conceal'd my wrongs,
When most provok'd ; would not return to Sparta,
In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart.
I lov'd you when inconstant ; and even now,
Inhuman king ! that you pronounce my death,
My heart still doubts, if I should love, or hate you—
But, Oh, since you resolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow,
That I may not be here to grace her triumph !
This is the last request I e'er shall make you—
See, if the barbarous prince vouchsafes an answer !

Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian ; hence ! begone !
 And bear to her those vows that once were mine :
 Go, in defiance to the avenging Gods !

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Begone ! the priest expects you at the altar—
 But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter PHOENIX, R.H.

Phoen. Sir, did you mind her threats ? your life's in danger :

There is no trifling with a woman's rage.
 The Greeks that swarm about the court, all hate you ;
 Will treat you as their country's enemy,
 And join in her revenge : besides, Orestes
 Still loves her to distraction. Sir, I beg—

Pyr. How, Phoenix, should I fear a woman's threats ?
 A nobler passion takes up all my thoughts ;
 I must prepare to meet Andromache.
 Do thou place all my guards about her son :
 If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Phoen. Oh, Pyrrhus ! Oh, what pity 'tis, the Gods,
 Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
 Form'd thee for empire and consummate greatness,
 Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
 That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason !
 But see the queen, (*Flourish.*)
 Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
 I must obey, and guard her son from danger. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA, R.H.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen.

Your sorrows are dispers'd, your charms revive,
 And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son ;
 Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.

Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly minded ; and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astynax :
'Tis a vain thought.—However, since my child
Has such a friend ; I ought not to repine.

Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, let me know
your griefs.

If you distrust my faith—

Andr. That were to wrong thee.

Oh, my Cephisa ! This gay, borrow'd air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings, to conceal my woe :
My heart still mourns ; I still am Hector's widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise giv'n to
Pyrrhus,
Blow up his rage again, and blast your hopes ?

Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy
mistress,
Could'st thou believe I would be false to Hector ?
Fall off from such a husband ! Break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms !

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue :
But, Oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it ! —
Must then Astynax be doom'd to die,
And you to linger out a life in bondage ?

Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul :
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the king ; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows.
This will secure a father to my child :
That done, I have no farther use for life :
This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.
Cephisa, thou wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress'
eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you !
Andr. No, my Cephisa ; I must have thee live.

I must commit to thy faithful hands
 All that is dear and precious to my soul ;
 Live and supply my absence to my child.
 All that remains of Troy ; a future progeny
 Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
 In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

Ceph. Oh for a spirit to support my grief !
 Is there ought more, before you go for ever ?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa ! my sworn heart is full !
 I have a thousand farewells to my son—
 But tears break in !—Grief interrupts my speech !—
 My soul o'erflows in fondness !—Let him know
 I died to save him—and would die again.
 Season his mind with early hints of glory ;
 Make him acquainted with his ancestors ;
 Trace out their shining story in his thoughts :
 Dwell on the exploits of his immortal father ;
 And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
 He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
 And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
 Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,
 He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
 Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear I never shall outlive you !

Andr. No more—thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me ;
 Assume a cheerful look—But still remember—

(*Flourish within*)

Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
 Proclaims th' appointed hour, and calls us hence :
 Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee !
 Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
 Pleas'd with the sacred fire's enlivening sound,
 Thro' gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds ;
 And, drest in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

[*Exeunt, LH.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Palace.**Enter HERMIONE, R.H.*

What have I done ? Where am I ? Where is Pyrrhus ?
 Ye Gods ! what mean these horrors ?—I'm undone !
 My soul is on the rack !—I cannot bear it !—
 Why do I wander, like some guilty ghost ?
 What brought me to this place ? What keeps me here ?
 The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me !
 Do I still doubt, if I should love or hate him ?
 Hard-hearted man ! how unconcern'd he left me !
 Did he once sigh ? bestow one pitying look ?
 Once shed a tear ? or speak one soft, kind word ?
 Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow.
 To calm my grief, and mitigate his falshood ?—
 Why am I still thus anxious for his life ?
 Why do I start at his impending fate ?
 Shall he then live ? Shall the base traitor live
 To laugh at my distress ? No, let him perish !
 Be quick, Orestes !—Execute my orders !
 Alas ! my orders ! Oh, preposterous guilt !
 Can I decree the death of him I love ?
 Was it for this my soul delighted in him ?
 Was it for this I left my father's court ?
 Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas
 To murder Pyrrhus ?

Enter CLEONE, L.H.

Cleo. Cleone, help me !

What have I done ? Is Pyrrhus yet alive ?

What say'st thou ?—Answer me—Where is the king ?

Cleo. Madam, I saw the cruel prince set forward,
 Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.

As he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fix'd

On the fair captive ; while thro' shouting crowds

She pass'd along with a dejected air,
And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.

Her. Insulting tyrant ! I shall burst with rage !—
But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well ?
Was his brow smooth ? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief ? Some little cloud of sorrow ?
Did he not stop ? Did he not once look back ?
Didst thou approach him ? Was he not confounded ?
Did he not—Oh, be quick, and tell me all !

Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought but love. Unguarded he march'd on,
'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes,
His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
Defended by the strength of all his guards.

Her. Enough !—He dies !—The traitor !—(*Crosses
to R.H.*) Where's Orestes ?

Cleo. He's in the temple, with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute ? Is he still determin'd ?

Cleo. Madam, I fear—

Her. How !—is Orestes false ?
Does he betray me, too ?

Cleo. A thousand doubts
Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse ;
His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly—
Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
He dreads the censure of the Grecian states ;
Of all mankind, and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch ! 'tis false ! he basely
fears

To cope with dangers, and encounter death :
'Tis that he fears.—Am I bright Helen's daughter ?
To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspir'd ;
For her confederate nations fought, and kings were
slain ;

Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
My eyes want force to rise a lover's arm
Against a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me !

Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

Her. No ; I'll avenge myself, I'll to the temple ;
I'll hurl destruction, like a whirl'wind, round me !
They must not wed ! they must not live ! they shall
not !

Let me be gone—

Stand off ! hold me not ! I am all distraction !

O Pyrrhus ! tyrant ! traitor ! thou shalt bleed.

Enter ORESTES, L.H.

Ores. Madam, 'tis done : your orders are obey'd :
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain ?—

Ores. Even now he gasps in death.
Our Greeks, all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the temple, and dispers'd themselves
On every side the altar ; I was there :
Pyrrhus observ'd me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his captive.
Receive, said he, my crown ! receive my faith,
Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever,
From this blest hour, a father to your son ;
I'll scourge his foes : henceforward he be styl'd
The Trojan king :
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome ! our Greeks, enrag'd, cry'd out
Revenge ; revenge ! broke thro' the thronging press,
And rush'd tumultuous on the unguarded king.
Pyrrhus awhile oppos'd their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side,
With manly fierceness ; till oppress'd by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds,
He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.—
~~Haste~~ *Haste*, madam ; let us fly ! haste to our ships !
lie unmoor'd—Our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done !

Ores. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete,
Had Pyrrhus fall'n by me ; and had he known,
Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace !—Go tell thy horrid
tale

To savages, and howl it out in deserts.

Wouldst thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt ?

Me wouldst thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes ?

Hence to thy Greeks ! and boast thy foul exploits !

My soul abhors them ! I disclaim the deed !

Begone ! I know thee not, thou fell barbarian !

What had he done ? What could provoke thy madness

To assassinate so great, so brave a man ?

Who set thee on ?

Ores. Oh, grant me patience, heaven !

With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant,

Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him ?

Her. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another,

Were you t' obey a jealous woman's phrenzy ?

You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts :

My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice ;

And all my anger was excess of love.

Why did you take me at my word ? You saw

The struggles of my soul ; you heard me rave ;

You should have question'd me a thousand times,

Yet still have doubted, and have question'd on,

Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Ores. Hear me but speak—Heaven knows, against
my will—

Her. Why did you not return ? Why not consult
me

A second time ? and, undetermin'd still,

Again return, and still find new delays ?

What had your rash officious Greeks, dire blood-
hounds !

To do with my revenge ? What drew you hither ?

To 'bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
 Are these the fruits of your detested love?
 Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence
 Drove Pyrrhus to my rival, and destroys
 Both him and me.—He might have lov'd me still,
 Had you ne'er interpos'd.—Avaunt! begone!
 And leave me in Epirus.—I renounce
 My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
 But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee!

[*Exit. R.H.*]

Ores. Am I awake? where am I? Soft my soul;
 Be not too rash.—Was that Hermione?
 Why should her anger thunder against me?
 Was not this blood shed all by her command?—
 I am indeed a most outrageous monster!
 A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
 And all to please a false ungrateful woman.
 Henceforward, let the laws of nature cease;
 And let the pale that severs right and wrong,
 Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
 Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
 Are not in safety while Orestes lives.
 Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,
 Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
 A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
 And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter PYLADES, L.H. attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone: 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen: she gives the alarm,
 And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
 The people arm and muster in the streets:
 Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
 The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, sir.

Ores. You may depart,
 My friends—Hermione and I remain.—
 Her cruelty has quite undone me!—

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess!—She's no more ;

Ores. Hermione no more?—O, all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;
In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;
She startled at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire amaze,
She rais'd her eyes to heaven with such a look
As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods;
Then plung'd a poniard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Ores. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched!—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish;
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.

Ores. True, my friend:
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods,
My fate's accomplish'd.—I shall die content.
Oh, bear me hence—Blow, winds!

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Ores. The murder'd lovers wait me—Hark, they
call!

Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine:
One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
His raving will return with his misfortunes.

Ores. I am dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter
darkness!

Guide me, some friendly pilot, thro' the storm.
I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So—Light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn—See, Pylades! behold!—
I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!—

The crimson billows!—Oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me.

Ores. Pyrrhus, stand off!—What wouldst thou?—
How he glares!

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds?—Have at thee.

It is Hermoine that strikes—Confusion!

She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—O, save me!

How terrible she looks!—She knits her brow!

She frowns me dead; she frights me into madness!

Where am I?—Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!

Ores. This is most kind, my Pylades—Oh; why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well—He settles into reason.

Ores. Who talks of reason? Better to have none,
Than not enough.—Run, some one, tell my Greeks
I will not have them touch the king—Now—now!
I blaze again!—See there—Look where they come;
A shoal of furies—How they swarm about me!
My terror!—Hide me!—Oh, their snaky locks!
Hark, how they hiss;—See, see their flaming brands!
Now they let drive at me!—How they grin,
And shake their iron whips!—My ears! what yelling!
And see, Hermione!—she sets them on—
Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!—
Oh!—I am stung to death!—Dispatch me soon!
There—take my heart, Hermione!—Tear it out!
Disjoint me!—kill me!—Oh, my tortur'd soul!
(*He is borne off, R.H.*)

Enter PHOENIX, L. H. attended by Guards.

Phæn. All, all are fled!—Orestes is not here!—
Triumphant villains!—The base, giddy rabble,
Whose hands should all have been employ'd with fire,
To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying princess:
And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain!—This sacrileg'ous murder
Was authoriz'd.—Th' ambassador's escape
Declares his guilt. Most bloody embassy!
Most unexampled deeds!—Where, where, ye gods,

Is majesty secure, if in your temples
You give it no protection?—See, the queen.

(A flourish of trumpets.)

Enter ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA, L.H. with Attendants.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you.
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all our league;
The man, whose single valour made you triumph.
(A dead march behind.)

Is my child there?—

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus;
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life!
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,
E'en in the prime of life; thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never, never!—While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.—
Give present orders for the fun'ral pomp: *(To Phæn.)*
Let him be rob'd in all his regal state;
Place round him every shining mark of honour;
And let the pile that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

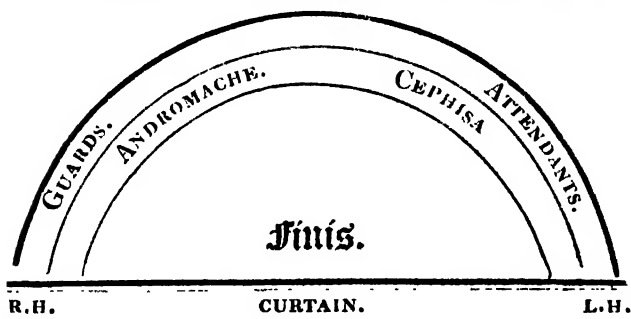
[Exit PHÆNIX, R.H. A flourish of trumpets.]

Ceph. The sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince,
The guards conduct him from the citadel.

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—O, Cephisa!
A springing joy, mix'd with a soft concern,
A pleasure, which no language can express,
An ecstasy, that mothers only feel,
Plays around my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.

'Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
 Yet never let the noble mind despair.
 When prest by dangers, and beset with foes ;
 The gods their timely succour interpose ;
 And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 By unforeseen expedients brings relief.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ANDROMACHE.

I HOPE you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part,
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But dy'd commodiously on wedding-day,
While I, his reliet, made, at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young *Sty* a king.

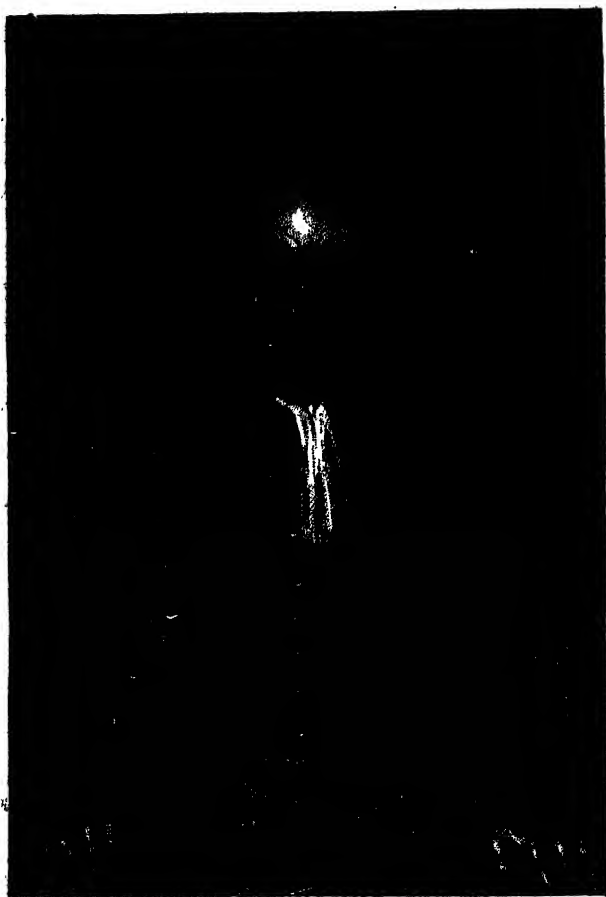
You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?

'Twas a strange 'scape! had *Pyrrhus* liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life, in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere an hard fate—ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night—to think upon it.

But why, you'll say, was all this grief exprest
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man *Hector*—
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinform'd)
That when enrag'd, the *Grecian* camp he storm'd;
To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight,
As no two men could lift, not even of those
Who in that age of thundering mortals rose;
—It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaux.

EPILOGUE.

At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dress'd bride.
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day;
Take then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care.



MR. EMERY,
AS JOHN MOODY.

Engraved by R. Woodman from an Original Painting by De la

Oxberry's Edition.

THE
PROVOKED HUSBAND,

OR A
JOURNEY TO LONDON;

A Comedy.

By Vanbrugh and Cibber.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comédian.

LONDON.

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Remarks.

THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

The *Provoked Husband*, or *A Journey to London*, was a play begun, but left unfinished by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, and after his death, completed and brought on the stage by COLLEY CIBBER. The fragment left by VANBRUGH extended no farther than to the three first acts, as he had arranged them; but the order of the scenes is transposed by his successor to suit his purpose, rather (as it should seem) for the sake of alteration than improvement. The original sketch sets out with uncle Richard and the family of the Wroughheads: the finished copy first ushers in Lord and Lady Townly. The *genteel* was CIBBER's darling pride: the *ludicrous* was VANBRUGH's. It has been incorrectly stated however that Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace were additions engrafted by CIBBER on the original stock. This is not the truth. Both titles of the play, *The Provoked Husband* and *the Journey to London*, are equally appropriate to this last legacy of VANBRUGH's comic Muse. Not only all the characters of the play (whether rustic or refined) were completely drawn, in their general outline, to CIBBER's hands, but the most striking and admired scenes, particularly that in which Lady Townly and Lady Grace discuss with so much spirit and *naïveté* the merits of a town and country life, or rather of a domestic and fashionable life, whether in town or country, were taken entire by the judicious editor, and stand as he found them, with the mere variation of a few sentences. One excellent explanatory scene, that of the gaming-table at a friend of Lady Townly's at which Lady Wronghead and Miss Jenny are so opportunely introduced on their first arrival in London, is for some reason omitted. CIBBER has in short no other merit in this play than that of spinning it out into five acts by ringing the changes on the domestic *tracasserie* of Lord and Lady Townly, and by bringing the affairs of the Wronghead family to a theatrical crisis by the intended double marriages of both its younger branches, and an assignation between the Lady herself and Count Basset, all of which are prevented from taking effect by the friendly interference of Manly, who concentrates in his own person

the twofold character of uncle Richard, the blunt adviser of the Wrongheads, and of Manly, the *sober* admirer of Lady Grace.—
 VANBRUGH is said to have projected this play as an *amende honorable* for some of the more irregular productions of his youth. It is less spirited, less bold and extravagant than some of these ; but still it is elegant and humorous, moral and decent, without being tiresome or affected. Lady Townly is a character of frivolous dissipation, not of serious vice ; her errors proceed from the tyranny of her senses and her imagination, not from the impulse of her passions. Her natural levity and thoughtlessness of disposition hurries her into a continual round of giddy pleasures, equally unsatisfactory and inviting, from the splendour of novelty and the example of fashion. To get rid of her money and her time in dress, in visits, in equipage and cards, is the sole employment of her head, her heart, and hands. She has all the elegance that belongs to external manners and accomplishment, and all the depravity that is consistent with constitutional indifference. Her character is well contrasted both with that of Lord Townly and his sister, Lady Grace. Her husband is humane, but firm in his resentment of her follies : and Lady Grace remonstrates with her, in a tone of amiable prudery, that has a great deal of good-nature as well as good sense in it. Her interviews with Manly, which are intended as a model of rational courtship, are (as might be expected) somewhat insipid. The transition in this play from the high to the low comedy, from the characters just enumerated, to John Moody, Sir Francis and Lady Wronghead, (for she must be classed, notwithstanding the implied indignity with the vulgar personages of the scene,) and to the hopeful Squire Richard, the inheritor of his father's sense, and the pert Miss Jenny, the forward epitome of her mother's virtues, is a delightful treat to the lover of the genuine drama. Count Basset who hovers between the two species, mean in his origin, but fashionable in his attainments, correct in his deportment, but unfortunately not of doubtful character, is another edifying person. An excellent and very ingenious use is also made of his equivocal pretensions in the developement of the plot. But after all, perhaps, the most memorable character of the piece is the redoubted John Moody, as his heroic account of the old coach and the journey to London is the most interesting part of the fable. It gives us a most authentic idea both of the town and country, as it then was.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire, which came originally from France. He was born about the middle of the reign of Charles the 2nd. and became eminent for poetry, and skill in architecture; to both of which he discovered an early propension. He had a most ready wit, and was particularly turned for dramatic productions. His first comedy, called *The Relapse, or, Virtue in Danger*, was acted with great applause, in the year 1697, which encouraged him to proceed in the same track. The reputation which he gained by his comedies was rewarded with greater advantages than usually arise from the profits of writing for the stage. He was appointed Clarencieux king at arms; a place, which he some time held, and at last disposed of. In August 1716, he was appointed surveyor of the works at Greenwich Hospital: he was likewise made comptroller-general of his Majesty's works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. Several noble structures were raised under his direction, at Blenheim, in Oxfordshire, Claremont, in Surrey, and the Opera House, in the Haymarket. He died of a quinsy, at his house in Whitehall, in 1726. His dramatic pieces are—*The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*. Com. 4to. 1697.—*The Provok'd Wife*, Com. 4to. 1697.—*Æsop*. Com. in two parts. 4to. 1697.—*The Pilgrim*. Com. 4to. 1700.—*The False Friend*. Com. 4to. 1702.—*The Confederacy*. Com. 4to. 1705.—*The Mistake*. Com. 4to. 1706.—*The Cuckold in Conceit*. Com. 1706; N. P.—*The Country House*. Farce. 12mo. (1715.)—*A Journey to London*. Com. Left unfinished. 8vo. 1728. Whincop ascribes to him,—*'Squire Trelooby*. Com. 8vo. 1734.—*Cornelius Vanderstop*, Published—*The Gentle Shepherd*. Com. altered. 8vo. 1777

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER was born on November 6th, O.S. 1671, in Southampton Street, Covent Garden. His father, CAIUS GABRIEL CIBBER, was a native of Holstein, and came into England to follow his profession of statuary. His mother was the daughter of WILLIAM COLLEY, Esq. of Glaiston, in Rutlandshire. In 1682, he was sent to the free school of Grantham, in Lincolnshire; and, in 1689, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Winchester college: about this time he first got admittance behind the scenes of a London theatre, and seeing the play was a sufficient remuneration for the best of his ser-

vicef: however, before the end of the season, he received a salary of ten shillings per week. His performance of Lord Touchwood in the "Double Dealer," enlarged his salary to one pound a week. In 1711, he became joint-patentee with Collier, Wilkes, and Dogget, in the management of Drury Lane Theatre; and afterwards in like partnership with Booth, Wilkes, and Sir Richard Steele. In 1730, he was appointed poet laureat; and on December 12th, 1757, he departed this life, at Islington: his man-servant, (whom he had conversed with at six o'clock in the morning, in seeming good health,) finding him dead at nine, lying on his pillow, just as he left him. He had recently completed his eighty-sixth year.

His dramatic works are *Love's Last Shift*. C. 4to. 1696.—*Woman's Wit*. C. 4to. 1697.—*Xerxes*. T. 4to. 1699.—*King Richard the Third*. T. Altered. 4to. 1700.—*Love makes a Man*. C. 4to. 1701.—*She wou'd and She wou'd not*. C. 4to. 1703.—*Careless Husband*. C. 4to. 1705.—*Perolla and Izadora*. Trag. 4to. 1706.—*School Boy*. Com. 4to. 1707.—*Comical Lovers*. C. 4to. 1707.—*Double Gallant*. C. 4to. 1707.—*Lady's last Stake*. C. 4to 1708.—*Rival Fools*. C. 4to. 1709.—*Myrtillo*. Pastoral Interlude. 8vo. 1715.—*Hob; or, The Country Wake*. F. 12mo. 1715.—*Venus and Adonis*. Masque. 8vo, 1716.—*Nonjuror*. C. 8vo. 1718.—*Ximena*. T. 8vo. 1719.—*Refusal*. C. 8vo. 1721.—*Cæsar in Egypt*. T. 8vo. 1725.—*Provok'd Husband*. Com. (Part by Sir John Vanbrugh.) 8vo. 1728.—*Rival Queens*. Comical Tragedy. 8vo. 1729.—*Love in a Riddle*. Pastoral. 8vo. 1729. (Misprinted 1719.)—*Damon and Phillida*. Ballad. Op. 8vo, 1729.—*Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John*. T. 8vo. 1745.—*The Lady's Lecture*. Theat. Dial. 8vo. 1748.—His name is put to an Opera, called, *Chuck*. 1736.—Daniel Defoe ascribes to him the anonymous Tragedy, called *Cinna's Conspiracy*. 4to. 1713.—We have also heard attributed to Cibber, *The Temple of Dulness*. C. O. 4to. 1745.—And Oulton's List names a piece, probably an abridgement of this last, called, *Capochio and Dorinna*. M. E. 4to. N.D.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and twenty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty-two minutes.—The second, twenty-two—the third, thirty-one—the fourth, seventeen—and the fifth, forty-five minutes. The half-price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance,
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door
L.H.D. ...		Left Hand Door.

PROLOGUE. *

This play took birth from principles of truth,
To make amends for errors past of youth.
A bard, that's now no more, in riper days,
Conscious review'd the licence of his plays :
And though applause his wanton muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual minds admir'd.
At length, he own'd, that plays should let you see,
Not only what you are, but ought to be ;
Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The stage should show it, but for punishment !
Warm with that thought, his muse once more took flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame.
Such was the piece his latest pen design'd,
But left no traces of his plan behind.
Luxuriant scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd,
Yet, through the mass, his native fire surviv'd :
Rough, as rich ore in mines, the treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and forms at length a play.
In which the bold compiler boasts no merit,
But that his pains have sav'd you scenes of spirit.
Not scenes that would a noisy joy impart,
But such as hush the mind, and warm the heart.
From praise of hands no sure account he draws,
But fix'd attention is sincere applause.

If then (for hard you'll own the task) his art
Can to those embryo-scenes new life impart,
The living proudly would exclude his lays,
And to the buried bard resign the praise.

EPILOGUE.

Methinks I hear some powder'd critics say,
" Damn it ! this wife reform'd has spoil'd the play !
The coxcomb should have drawn her more in fashion,
Have gratify'd her softer inclination,
Have tipp'd her a gallant, and clinch'd the provocation."
But there our bard stopp'd short ; for 'twere uncivil,
T' have made a modern belle all o'er a devil !
He hop'd in honour of the sex, the age
Would bear one mended woman—on the stage.

From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not husbands fools.
Whate'er by nature dames are prone to do,
They seldom stray but when they govern you.
When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,
No wonder then she plays him all the game.
But men of sense meet rarely that disaster ;
Women take pride where merit is their master :
Nay, she that with a weak man wisely lives,
Will seem t' obey the due commands he gives !
Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern consorts are such high-bred creatures,
They think a husband's pow'r degrades their features ;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,
Than that she never was reproach'd with duty :
And that the greatest blessing heav'n e'er sent,
Is in a spouse incurious and content.

To give such dames a diff'rent cast of thought,
By calling home the mind, these scenes were wrought,
If with a hand too rude, the task is done,
We hope the scheme by lady Grace laid down,
With all such freedom with the sex atone,

That virtue there unsoil'd by modish art,
Throws out attraction for a Manly's heart.
You, you, then, ladies, whose unquestion'd lives
Give you the foremost fame of happy wives,
Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play,
Nor leave it to the vulgar taste a prey ;
Appear the frequent champions of its cause,
Direct the crowd, and give yourselves applause.

Costume.

LORD TOWNLY.

Blue dress coat, lined with silk, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, and star on his breast.

MANLY.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and black breeches.

SIR FRANCIS.

An old fashioned camlet suit, boot-stockings, camlet fly and cocked hat. Second Dress.—Spotted velvet coat and breeches, yellow silk waistcoat, cocked hat and gold loop.

SQUIRE RICHARD.

Scarlet jacket, striped waistcoat nankeen trowsers and white hat. Second Dress.—Orange coat trimmed with frogs, white blue waistcoat, with a blue silk under, buff pantaloons, trimmed with blue, arm hat trimmed with white feathers. Third Dress.—Green jacket and waistcoat, white breeches and black velvet cap.

JOHN MOODY.

Drab great coat, brown coat and waistcoat, cord breeches, country hat, and large boots.

COUNT BASSET.

In the extreme of fashion.

LADY TOWNLY.

Muslin dress spangled with gold.—Gold drapery.—Second Dress.—White leno flowered with the same.

LADY GRACE.

White satin open dress trimmed with lace.

LADY WRONGHEAD.

First Dress—muslin gown and scarlet cloak.—Second Dress. crimson satin trimmed with silver.—Silk domino.

MISS JENNY.

First Dress—Muslin frock trimmed with pink satin ribbon and roses—Second—a Nuns Dress.

MYRTILLA.

White gown and domino.

MRS. MOTHERLY.

Brown sarsnet gown.

MRS. TRUSTY.

Grey calico gown and white muslin apron.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

As originally acted, 1728.

<i>Lord Townly</i>	Mr. Wilkes.
<i>Sir F. Wronghead</i>	Mr. Cibber, Sen.
<i>Manly</i>	Mr. Mals, Sen.
<i>Squire Richard</i>	Mr. Wetherelt, Jun.
<i>Count Basset</i>	Mr. Bridgewater.
<i>John Moody</i>	Mr. Miller.
<i>Lady Townly</i>	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Lady Grace</i>	Mrs. Porter.
<i>Lady Wronghead</i>	Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Miss Jenny</i>	Mrs. Cibber.
<i>Mrs. Motherly</i>	Mrs. Moore.
<i>Myrtilla</i>	Mrs. Grace.
<i>Trusty</i>	Mrs. Mills.

1817.

Drury Lane. Covent Garden

<i>Lord Townly</i>	Mr. D. Fisher.	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Manly</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Sir F. Wronghead</i>	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Squire Richard</i>	Mr. Cowell.	Mr. Liston.
<i>John Moody</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Count Basset</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Poundage</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Adcock.
<i>Constable</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Williams</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Menagé.
<i>Lady Townly</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Lady Grace</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Lady Wronghead</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport
<i>Miss Jenny</i>	Mrs. Alsop.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Mrs. Motherly</i>	Mrs. Coveney.	Mrs. Emery.
<i>Myrtilla</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Miss Green.
<i>Trusty</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Logan.

Servants, &c.

THE
PROVOKED HUSBAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

LORD TOWNLY, *Discovered.*

Lord T. Why did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe, is in question—But then, how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking consideration! and her presumption, while she keeps it, insupportable! for, on the pride of that single virtue, she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birthright prerogative of a woman of quality.—Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness.—Thus, while she admits of no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and, while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me

not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient ; and some tempers, when reproached grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm awhile.

Enter LADY TOWNLY, R.H.

Going out so soon after dinner, madam ?

Lady T. Lard, my lord ! what can I possibly do at home ?

Lord T. What does my sister, lady Grace, do at home ?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing ! Have you ever any pleasure at home ?

Lord T. It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable ! And so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband !—Lord, what notions of life some men have !

Lord T. Don't you think, madam, some lady's notions are full as extravagant ?

Lady T. Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live cooped within the pen of your precepts, I do think them prodigious indeed !

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of them then ?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill bred, as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it ; in short, the life you lead, madam—

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please ?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation ?

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why then we are agreed, my lord—For, if I never go abroad till I am weary of being at home—(which you know is the case)—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming then, for I am in haste.

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Pshaw!—Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me.

Lady T. You insist upon truth you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my lord, my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

Lady T. Fifty, if you please—To begin, then—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet—invite them to dinner—appoint them a party in the stage box at the play—engross the conversation there—call them by their christian names—talk louder than the players: from thence, clatter again to this end of the town—break, with the morning, into an assembly—crowd to the hazard-table—throw a familiar levant upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh,

and cry you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious! (Aside.)

Lady T. These now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Death, madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife than in an unmarried woman?

Lady T. Why, the strongest law in the world, custom—custom, time out of mind, my lord.

Lord T. Custom, madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady T. Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord T. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady T. You shall have one this moment, my lord; for I think when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why she'll go abroad till he comes to himself again. (Going.)

Lord T. Hold, madam; I am amazed you are not more uneasy at the life we lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady T. Oh, don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord T. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

Lady T. Oh, nothing, in the least! 'Tis true you have heard me say I have owed my lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks; but what then? a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know; and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord T. By heaven, if my whole fortune, thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady T. That is my lord, I might receive your whole

estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord T. No, madam ! were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine ; but different as they are, I'll feed even your follies to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least it shall not be my fault if I have not more of your company—There, there's a bill of five hundred—and now, madam—

Lady T. And now; my lord, down to the ground, I thank you (*Courtseying.*)

Lord T. If it be no offence, madam—

Lady T. Say what you please, my lord ; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

Lord T. How long, in reason then, do you think that sum ought to last you ?

Lady T. Oh, my dear, dear lord, now you have spoiled all again ! how is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune ? But to show you that I am more inclined to get money than to throw it away, I have a strong possession that with this five hundred I shall win five thousand.

Lord T. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady T. Oh, the churl ! ten thousand : what ! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand !—Ten thousand ! Oh, the charming sum ! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas ! O my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lord T. And I had rather it should be so, madam, provided I could be sure that were the last you would lose.

Lady T. Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good housewife I can, I am now going to

a party at quadrille, only to trifle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the duchess of Quiteright.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Lord T. Insensible creature! neither reproaches nor indulgence, kindness nor severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual license has lull'd her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—But how to cure it—take my friends opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—I'll talk with them.

Enter WILLIAMS, L.H.

Wil. Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know if your lordship was at home.

Lord T. They did not deny me?

Wil. No, my lord.

Lord T. Very well; step up to my sister, and say I desire to speak with her.

Wil. Lady Grace is here, my lord.

[*Exit Williams, L.H.*]

Enter LADY GRACE, R.H.

Lord T. So, lady fair, what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady G. A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have half read my eyes out.

Lord T. Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady G. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord T. Who's there?

Re-enter WILLIAMS, L.H.

Leave word at the door I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly.

[*Exit Williams, L.H.*]

Lady G. And why is he excepted, pray, my lord ?

Lord T. I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company,

Lady G. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look indeed as if you thought I had not.

Lord T. And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of these orders, shows, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

Lady G. Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother !

Lord T. Look you, my grave lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady G. I can't help that.

Lord T. Ha ! you can't, help it, ha, ha ! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable.

Lady G. Pooh, you tease one, brother !

Lord T. Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon ; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady G. If you desire it brother ; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord T. Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But, in short, I find by his conversation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife ; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

Lady G. Then whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord T. Oh, that's the last thing he'll do ! he'll never make you any offer till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

Lady G. Now you make me curious. Pray did he ever make any offer of that kind to you ?

Lord T. Not directly—but that imports nothing ; he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit ; yet I have reason to believe that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so

favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me ; which, as yet notwithstanding our friendship, I have neither declined nor encouraged him to do.

Lady G. I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking ; for to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me : you know he has a satirical turn ; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue ; and, upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord T. You are right, child ; when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer without scorn or coquetry.

Lady G. Hush ! he's here—

Enter MANLY, L.H.

Man. My lord, your most obedient.

Lord T. Dear Manly, yours—I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then I am glad I am here, my lord—Lady Grace, I kiss your hands—What, only you two ?—How many visits may a man make before he falls into such unfashionable company ! A brother and sister, soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding ; I question if there is so particular a tete-a-tete again in the whole parish of St. James's.

Lady G. Fie, fie, Mr. Manly, how censorious you are ?

Man. I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it—Where's my lady ?

Lord T. That, I believe, is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my lord.

Lord T. But 'tis probable I may hear of her by that time I have been four or five hours in bed:

Man. Now if that were my case—I believe I—But I beg pardon, my lord:

Lord T. Indeed, sir, you shall not ; you will oblige

me if you speak out ; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you :

Man. Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed—I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

Lady G. Bless me !

Lord T. My treatment ?

Man. Ay, my lord ; you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it : in short, you continued the lover when you should have taken up the husband ; and so, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it ; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself.—And mercy on us ! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion !

Lord T. Oh, Manly, 'tis too true ! there's the source of my disquiet ; she knows, and has abused her power.

Man. However, since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more ; and, upon her ladyship's next sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations : if that don't work—drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her—to breakfast upon them.

Lord T. You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend in our anxiety !

Man. Therefore, to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady G. Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this.

Lord T. With all my heart.

Lady G. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly ?

Man. Apropos—I have some, madam ; and I believe my lord as extraordinary in its kind—

Lord T. Pray let us have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family ?

Lord T. The fool ! what can be his business here ?

Man. Oh ! of the last importance, I'll assure you—No less than the business of the nation.

Lord T. Explain.

Man. He has carried his election—against sir John Worthland.

Lord T. The deuce ! 'What for—for—

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown.

Lord T. A proper representative indeed !

Lady G. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him ?

Man. You have dined with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord at Bellmont.

Lady G. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table in making his compliments to my lady ?

Man: The same.

Lady G. Pray what are his circumstances ? I know but very little of him.

Man: 'Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year ; though, as it was left him saddled with two jointures and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy for love, without a penny of money. Thus having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family, he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that at last he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

Lord T. A most-admirable scheme indeed !

Man. And with this politic prospect he is now upon his journey to London—

Lord T. What can it end in ?

Man. Pooh ! a journey into the country again.

Lord T. Do you think he'll stir till his money is gone, or at least till the session is over ?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord T. How so?

Man. Oh, a bitter business ; he had scarce a vote in the whole town besides the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord T. Then he has made a fine business of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

Lady G. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, madam, I would only spoil his project to save his fortune.

Lady G. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why—I have some obligations to the family, madam : I enjoy at this time a pretty estate which sir Francis was heir at law to ; but—by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Re-enter WILLIAMS, L.H.

Wil. (To Manly.) Sir, here is one of your servants, from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in my lord?

Lord T. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making.
[*Exit Williams, L.H.*]

Enter JAMES, L.H.

Man. Well, James, what's the matter?

James. Sir, here is John Moody just come to town : he says sir Francis and all the family will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our house, sir : he has been gaping and stumping about the streets, in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moddy.

Lord T. Pr'ythee let us have him here; he will divert us.

Man. Oh, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady G. I beg of all things we may have him; I am in love with nature, let her dress be ever so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither, James.

[*Exit James, L.H.*]

Lady G. Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his maitre d'hotel, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes—his companion.

Lord T. It runs in my head that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public in his own county.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find that his utmost importance stands valued at—sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady G. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere too?

Man. That you may depend upon; for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses, and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille in the parish of St. James's.

Lord T. So that by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money, and his worship will be ready for a goal.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of his hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the fore horse of the team!

Enter JOHN MOODY, L.H.

Oh, honest John ;

Moody. Ad's waunds and heart, master Manly ! I'm glad I ha'fun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me your hand ! Why that's friendly naw. Flesh ! I thought we would never ha'got hither. Well, and how do you do, meas-ter?—Good lack ! I beg pardon for my bawldness—I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord T. Mr. Moody, your servant : I am glad to see you in London : I hope all the good family are well ?

Moody. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart, tho'f we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady G. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody ?

Moody. Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour : there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John ?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight ás it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all.

Lord T. Come, let us sit down. (*They take chairs.*)

Man. Pray how do they travel ? (*Moody takes a chair.*)

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, meyster ; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapped to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six ; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

Man. Very well ! The journey sets out as it should do. (*Aside.*) What, do they bring all the children with them too ?

Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk squire and miss Jenny. The other faive are all out at board, at half-a crown a head a week, with John Growse, at Smoke-dunghill farm.

Man. Good again ! a right English academy for younger children !

Moody. Anon, sir. *(Not understanding him.)*

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they're i' very good hands; Joan loves them as tho'f they were all her own; for she was wet nurse to every mother's babe o'um—ay, ay, they'll ne'er want a bellyfull there. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an it no' been that th'awld weazlebelly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden that the two fore wheels came crash down at once in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all the baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why my lady's gcer alone were as much as filled four port-mantel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T.

Lady G. } Ha, ha, ha!

Man.

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady, and his worship, and the younk squire, and miss Jenny, and the fat lapdog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach box, and then her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha, ha! *(Laughing.)*

Moody. Then you mun think measter, there was some stowage for the belly as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upon the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef—And then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th'awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Odds bud, measter! you're a wise man; and for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin we turned our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw the day long. Crack goes one thing! bawnce goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries miss! Scream go the maids! and bawl just as tho'f they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, tho'f I told her it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John—

Moody. Ay, measter! I ha' seen a little of them: and I find that the best—when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord T. Well said, John—ha, ha!

Man. I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

Moody. Ay ay, much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me, though as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London too—But hauld a bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

Moody. Ah, weast heart, were measter but hawf the mon that I am—Odds wookers! tho'f he'll speak stautly too sometimes—But then he canno' hawld it—no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord T.

Lady G.

Man.

} ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Odds flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw—but measter charged me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you, and will certainly wait upon you by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. Oh, John, I'll wait upon him.

Moody. Why you wonno' be so koind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

Moody. Just i'the street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the golden-ball—its gold all over, where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man. A milliner's?

Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds, she has a couple of clever girls there stitching i'th'fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't—Who recommended that house to you, John?

Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side at York races—Count—Basset; ay, that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember; I know him by sight.

Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to—

Man. As any sharper in town. (*Aside.*)

Moody. Well, measter—

Lord T. My service to sir Francis and my lady, John.

Lady G. And mine pray, Mr. Moody.

Moody. Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John—

Moody. Dear measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lord T. What a natural creature 'tis.

Lady G. Well, I can't but think John, in a wet afternoon, in the country, must be very good company.

Lord T. Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the quadrille tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady G. And the minute they took them up again they would do the same at the losers—But to let you see that I think good company may sometimes want

cards to keep them together, what think you, if we three sat soberly down to kill an hour at ombre?

Man. I shall be too hard for you madam.

Lady G. No matter, I shall have as much advantage of my lord as you have of me.

Lord T. Say you so, madam? have at you then. Here! get the ombre table and cards. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Lady G. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now.

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably.

Lady G. I'm sorry my lord is not here to take his share of the compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Man. It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation! How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years' past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointment that folly and falsehood ever gave me.

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives;
Vain rovers then might envy what they hate,
And only fools would mock the marriage state.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter COUNT BASSET, R.H. and MYRTILLA, L.H.

Count B. Myrtilla, how dost thou do child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

Count B. Pshaw! hang these melancholy thoughts! Suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count B. What do you think of the young country squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count B. Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while at least to look about you.

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, in haste, L.H.

Mrs. M. Sir! sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

Count B. What, already?

Mrs. M. They are just getting out!—Won't you step and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Count B. And think of what I told you. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Myr. A faithless fellow! I am sure I have been true to him; and for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues.

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, showing in LADY WRONG-HEAD, led by COUNT BASSET, L.H.

Mrs. M. If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the present, till your servants have got all your things in.

Lady W. Well, dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging—I protest it gives me pain, though, to turn you out of your lodging thus.

Count B. No trouble in the least, madam: we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Mrs. M. The count is so well-bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyship.

Lady W. Oh, dear madam!—A good, well-bred sort of a woman. (*Apart to the Count.*)

Count B. Oh, madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady W. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

Mrs. M. Now your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady W. I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count B. 'Twas what one would choose, indeed, madam.

Lady W. Bless me! but where are the children, all this while?

Sir F. (*Without L.H.*) John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out—Come, children.

Enter SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, SQUIRE RICHARD, and MISS JENNY, L.H.

Sir F. Well, count, I mun say it, this was koynd indeed.

Count B. Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London,

Sir F. Pshaw! how dost do, mon?—Waunds I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

Count B. Is not that master Richard?

Sir F. Ey, ey, that's young hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

Squire R. So I do feyther. (*Bows.*)

Count B. Sir, I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir F. Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count B. If I have permission to approach her, sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord, sir, I am in such a frightful pickle!—
(*Salute.*)

Count B. Every dress that's proper must become you^t madam—you have had a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better to-morrow, sir. (*Lady W. whispers Mrs. M. pointing to Myr.*)

Mrs. M. Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady W. A pretty sort of a young woman—Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. (*Salutes Myrtilla.*)

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, madam—Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my ladyship.

Squire R. Pray, mother, may'nt I be acquainted with her too?

Lady W. You, you clown! stay till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir F. Odds heart, my lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

Squire R. Why, ay, scyther, does mother think that I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon any body. (*He kisses Myrtilla.*)

Squire R. Lo' you there, mother! and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady W. Why, how now, sirrah! boys must not be so familiar.

Squire R. Why, an I know nobody, how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, sir: d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

Squire R. Why, and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours without you.

Sir F. Noa, noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you must learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If master pleases, I'll show it him.

Squire R. What the Humber! Hoy-day! why, does our river run to this tawn, feyther.

Sir F. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

Squire R. Nay, the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grained—

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one has really been stuffed up in a coach so long that—Pray, madam—could not I look at a glass for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, madam.

[*Exeunt Myrtilla and Jenny, R.H.*]

Squire R. What, has sister taken her away, naw! mess, I'll go and have a little game with them.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Lady W. Well, count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come and be at home here sometimes,

Sir F. Ay, ay, pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us naw and tan, when thou'st nought to do.

Count B. Well, sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir F. Why, ay now, that's hearty.

Mrs. M. Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea after your fatigue?

Lady W. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs, (*Exit Mrs. Motherly, L.H.*) Won't you walk up, sir?

Sir F. Moody!

Count B. Shan't we stay for sir Francis, madam?

Lady W. Lord, don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir F. Ay, ay, ne'er heed me—I have things to look after.

[*Exeunt Lady Wronghead and Count Basset, R.H.*]

Enter JOHN MOODY, R.H.

Moody. Did your worship want muh?

Sir F. Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes and the nook that's left o'the goose poy—But, a plague on him, the monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph has skawered after him.

Sir F. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.—But I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the Inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

Moody. Alas a day, sir, I believe our auld cattle won't yeasly be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'st ta' the best care we can of um, poor sawls.

Sir F. Well, well, make haste then—

[*Moody goes out and returns, L.H.*]

Moody. Odds flesh! here's master Monly come to wait upo' your worship!

Sir F. Where is he?

Moody. Just coming in at threshold.

Sir F. Then goa about your business.

[*Exit Moody, L.H.*]

Enter MANLY, L.H.

Cousin Manly! sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, sir Francis—and—

Sir F. Odds heart! this was so koindly done of you, naw!

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir F. How soa, sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned,

Sir F. Look you, cousin; tho'f I know you wish me well, yet I dont question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what i have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one—your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir F. Why, ay! its true! That—that did lick a little; but if a man's wise (and I han't found yet that I'm a fool,) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret—

Sir F. Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir F. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what at Westminster—that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir F. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir F. Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country—what then?—I'm o'the quorum—I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too—and, mayhap, they may find here—that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to show whether you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir F. How d'ye mean?

Man. That sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

Sir F. Petition! why, ay! there let it lie—we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!—Why you forget, cousin, sir John's o'the wrong side, mon!

Man. I doubt, sir Francis, that will do you but little

service; for, in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

Sir F. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down to repair your fortune.

Sir F. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty. The Wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England: and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they shan't say its my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project, as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir F. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither—

Man. You astonish me! what, and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

Sir F. Ay, tho'f I say it—every whit, cousin. You'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir F. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up—

Man. And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy? (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i'this tawn, she may be looking out for herself—

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir F. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. Oh, he has taken my breath away! but I must bear him out. (*Aside.*) Pray, sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court.

Sir F. Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be

dash'd! Then she shall learn to dance forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well, but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir F. Why I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin; for if I take it right, that's a post that folks are not more willing to get into than they are to get out of—It's like an orange-tree upon that accawnt—it will bear blossoms and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions. But pray where is my lady and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir F. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the count and my landlady—I'll call her down.

Man. No, no; if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir F. Odds heart! but you mun see her naw, cousin: what! the best friend I have in the world!—Here, sweetheart! (*To a Servant without, R.H.*) pr'ythee desiré the lady and the gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir F. You mun know him, to be sure; why, it's count Basset.

Man. Oh, is it he?—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir F. Troth, I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life—Why; here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't than kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—The family is in admirable hands already. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir F. Why, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another.

Man. Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir F. Only naw and tan, he—he stands a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has! (*Aside.*)

Sir F. So, here they come.

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD and COUNT BASSET, R.H.

Lady W. Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well after your journey.

Lady W. Why really coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the complexion—and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady W. Lord, cousin, how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moped up in the country?

Count B. Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant—a hem.

Man. Familiar puppy! (*Aside.*) Sir, your most obedient—I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. (*Aside.*)

Count B. Was you at White's this morning, sir?

Man. Yes, sir, I just called in.

Count B. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, sir; the same daily carcasses, and the same crows about them.

Count B. The Demoivre baronet had a tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, sir, you had your share of him.

Count B. No, faith: I came in when it was all over—I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's arms.

Lady W. What a genteel easy manner he has!

(*Aside.*)

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. (*Aside.*)

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a wet brown Paper on his Face, R.H.

Sir F. How naw, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead lad?

Squire R. I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

Lady W. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

Squire R. Why, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just naw; and so with that they slapped the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I got a dab of wet brown paper here to swage it awhile.

Lady W. They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse play?

Sir F. Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by o-morrow—the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes, truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness! (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir, this is your godson.

Squire R. Honoured godfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child—and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Enter Miss JENNY and MRS. MOTHERLY, R.H.

Lady W. Oh, here's my daughter too! miss Jenny, don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear—(*Salutes her.*)—may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother!

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, sir.

Man. Hah, miss Pert ! now that's a thought that seems to have been hatched in the girl on this side Highgate ! *(Aside.)*

Sir F. Her tongue is a little nimble, sir.

Lady W. That's only from her country education, sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there ; so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. Oh, the best place in the world for it !—every woman she meets will teach her something of it. There's the good gentlewoman in the house looks like a knowing person ; even she, perhaps, will be so good as to show her a little London behaviour.

Mrs. M. Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instruction !

Man. That, I dare say—What thou canst teach her she will soon be mistress of. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. M. If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady W. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir F. Very kind and civil, truly !—I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

Man. Oh, yes ! and very friendly company.

Count B. Humph ! I gad, I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions. *(Aside.)*

Man. Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family.

Count B. It's very true, sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see ; but it's no matter, we have time enough—*(Aside.)* And so, ladies without ceremony, your humble servant.

[Exit, L.H. and drops a Letter]

Lady W. Ha ! what paper's this ? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life ; but this is no place to examine it.

(Puts it into her Pocket.)—(Manly offers to go.)

Sir F. Why in such haste, cousin ?

Man. Oh, my lady must have a great many affairs

upon her hands after such a journey !

Lady W. I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why, truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

Jenny. And mamma did not come to it to be idle, sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare swear, my young mistress ?

Jenny. I hope not sir.

Man. Ha, miss Mettle !—Where are you going, sir ?

Sir F. Only to see you to the door, sir.

Man. Oh, sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony !

Sir F. Nay, sir, I must do as you will have me—your humble servant. [Exit Manly, L.H.]

Jenny. This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the count.

Sir F. Pooh ! that's another thing, child—Cousin is a little proud, indeed ! but, however, you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money ; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

Lady W. Pshaw ! a fig for his money ! you have so many projects of late, about money, since you are a parliament man ! What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years, perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs ! and when he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

Mrs. M. Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir F. Who ! cousin Manly ?

Lady W. To whom, pray ?

Mrs. M. Why, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it ?—to my lord Townly's sister, lady Grace.

Lady W. Lady Grace !

Mrs. M. Dear madam, it has been in the newspapers.

Lady W. I don't like that neither.

Sir F. Naw I do ; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady W. If it is not too far gone: at least, it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way. (*Aside.*)

Squire R. Pray, feyther, haw long will it be to supper?

Sir F. Odso, that's true! step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

Mrs. M. If you please, sir, I'll order one of my maids to show her where she may have any thing you have a mind to. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir F. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

Squire R. Ofsds flesh! what, is not it i'the hawse yet?—I shall be famished—but hawld! I'll go and ask Doll an' there's none o'the goose poy left.

Sir F. Do so—and dost hear, Dick?—see if there's e'er a bottle o'the strong beer, that came i'th' coach with us—if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

Squire R. With a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn'a I, feyther?

Sir F. Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for breakfast—Go thy ways. [*Exit Squire Richard, L.H.*]

Lady W. This boy is always thinking of his belly.

Sir F. Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry, after his journey.

Lady W. Nay, e'en breed him your own way—He has been cramming, in or out of the coach, all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny. Oh, as for that, I could eat a great deal more, mamma! but then, mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a full Tankard, L.H.

Squire R. Here, feyther, I ha' brought it—it's well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

Sir F. Why, then, here's to thee, Dick! (*Drinks.*)

Squire R. Thank you feyther.

Lady W. Lord, sir Francis, I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor! it is enough to make him quite stupid!

Squire R. Why, it never hurts me, mother ; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. *(Drinks.)*

Sir F. I am surẽ I ha' drunk it these thirty years ; and, by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit, ha, ha !

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

Sir F. Daughter, he that is governed by his wife has no wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir ; for I love to govern, dearly.

Sir F. You are too pert, child ; it don't do well in a young woman.

Lady W. Pray sir Francis, don't snub her ; she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

Squire R. *(After a long draught.)* Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

Jenny. You ! you think I'm too forward ! sure, brother, mud ! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

Lady W. Well said, miss ! he's none of your master, though he is your elder brother.

Squire R. No, nor she shawn't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

Sir F. Well said, Dick ! show them that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad !

Squire R. So I will ! and I'll drink agen, for all her. *(Drinks.)*

Enter JOHN MOODY, L.H.

Sir F. So, John, how are the horses ?

Moody. Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o'this tawn ; it's made up o'mischief, I think.

Sir F. What's the matter naw ?

Moody. Why, I'll tell your worship—before we were gotten to the street end, with the coach, here, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits—crack went

the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to shivers! Marcy upon us!—and this be London, 'would we were aw well in the country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again, Mr. Lubber; I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

Sir F. Hold your tongue, Jenny!—Was Roger in no fault in all this?

Moody. Noa, sir, nor I noither. “Are not yow ashamed,” says Roger to the carter, “to do such an unkind thing by strangers?”—“Noa,” says he, “you bumkin.”—Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by.—“Very well,” says Roger, “you shall see what our meyster will say to ye!”—“Your meyster,” says he; “your meyster may kiss my—”; and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

Sir F. I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud, if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him!

Squire R. Ay do, seyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir F. Odsbud, and so I will!—I will make him know who I am—Where does he live?

Moody. I believe, in London, sir.

Sir F. What's the rascal's name?

Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

Squire R. What! my name?

Sir F. Where did he go?

Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir F. Where's that?

Moody. By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pooll us over and over again.

Sir F. Will he so? Odzooks, get me a constable!

Lady W. Pooh, get you a good supper!—Come, sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat, for what can't be helped. Accidents will happen to people that travel about to see the world—For my part, I think it's a

mercy. it was not overturned before we were all out on't.

Sir F. Why, ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady W. Therefore, see to-morrow if we can buy one at second hand, for present use ; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

Moody. Why, troth, sir, I don't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir F. D'ye think so, John ?

Moody. Why, you ha' had it, ever since your worship were high sheriff.

Sir F. Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper—and come, and get off my boots.

[*Exeunt Sir F. and Moody, L.H. Lady W. Jenny, and Squire R, R.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lord Townly's House.*

Enter LORD TOWNLY and WILLIAMS, L.H.

Lord T. Who's there ?

Wil. My lord !

Lord T. Bid them get dinner— [*Exit Williams, L.H.*]

Enter LADY GRACE, R.H.

Lady Grace, your servant !

Lady G. What, is the house up already ?—My lady is not dressed yet.

Lord T. No matter—it's five o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady G. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord T. That I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady G. No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.*

Lord T. But, pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day ?

Lady G. Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you !—she won a good deal last night.

Lord T. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

Lady G. However she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord T. Much alike : when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it—when in a very ill humour, then indeed I seldom fail to have a share of her.

Lady G. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here ?

Lord T. Manly promised me—By the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation ?

Lady G. I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord T. How so ?

Lady G. Why—I have received a letter this morning, that shows him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord T. A letter ! from whom ?

Lady G. That I don't know ; but here it is.

Lord T. Pray let's see—(*Reads.*)

The enclosed, madam, fell accidentally into my hands : if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant unknown, &c.

Lady G. And this was the enclosed.

(*Gives another.*)

Lord T. (*Reads.*)

To Charles Manly, Esq.

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself ; but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did before I left an honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours,

MYRTILLA DUPE.

P.S. 'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you.

Lady G. What think you now ?

Lord T. I am considering—

Lady G. You see it's directed to him ?

Lord T. That's true ; but the postscript seems to be a reproach that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady G. But who could have concern enough to send it to me ?

Lord T. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

Lady G. What would you have me do in it ?

Lord T. What I think you ought to do—fairly show it him, and say I advised you to it.

Lady G. Will not that have a very odd look from me ?

Lord T. Not at all, if you use my name in it ; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so will discover his regard to you ! if he is guilty, it will be the best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady G. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance ?

Lord T. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady G. Pray what is it you do think then ?

Lord T. Why certainly that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it.

Enter WILLIAMS, L.H.

Wil. Mr. Manly, my lord.

[*Exit. L.H.*

Lord T. Do you receive him, while I step a minute to my lady.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter MANLY, L.H.

Man. Madam, your most obedient—they told me my lord was here.

Lady G. He will be here presently ; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So then my lady dines with us ?

Lady G. No, she is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, madam ?

Lady G. Not till after dinner.

Man. And pray how may she have disposed of the rest of the day ?

Lady G. Much as usual ; she has visits till about eight ; after that, till court time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's ; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my lady Moonlight ; and from thence they go together to my lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, madam ?

Lady G. Only a few of the visits.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it ?

Lady G. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady G. How do you mean ?

Man. Why I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

Lady G. What induced you then to be with them ?

Man. Idleness and the fashion.

Lady G. No mistresses in the case ?

Man. To speak honestly—yes—being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

Lady G. And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Madam !

Lady G. I'll be free with, you Mr. Manly—I don't know a man in the world, that in appearance might better pretend to a woman of the first merit than yourself ; and yet I have a reason in my hand here to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, madam ; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you is not among the number.—Pray what is in your hand, madam ?

Lady G. Nay, sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. *(Gives him a Letter.)*

Man. To me ! I don't remember the hand. *(Reads to himself.)*

Lady G. Give me leave to tell you one thing, by the way, Mr. Manly, that I should never have shown you this but that my brother enjoined me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

Lady G. I hope at least it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing madam that wanted an excuse ; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady G. I don't believe I shall refuse any that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, madam, to indulge me as far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady G. Enclosed to me in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, madam—

Lady G. Why—there is an impertinent insinuation in it ; but, as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, madam.

(Takes the other Letter and reads.)

Lady G. Now am I in the oddest situation ! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical—This must produce something—O lud, would it were over !

(Aside.)

Man. Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady G. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

Man. A little patience, madam—First as to the insinuation you mention—

Lady G. Oh ; what is he going to say now ? *(Aside.)*

Man. Though my intimacy with my lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of

late, yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account ; and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady G. My lady Wronghead !

Man. Ay, inadam, for I am positive this is her hand.

Lady G. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in, because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least uneasiness—I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady G. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

Man. Yes, madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

Lady G. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, madam ; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady G. Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—But pray do you suppose then this Myrtilia is a real or a fictitious name ?

Man. Now I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house where my lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilia—this letter may have been written by her—But how it came directed to me I confess is a mystery, that before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged in honour to find out. (Going.)

Lady G. Mr. Manly—you are not going ?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, madam ; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady G. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor rest till I see an end of this affair.

Lady G. But this is so odd ! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away ?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam—then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity.

[*Exit L.H.*]

Lady G. Well—and now what am I to think of all this ? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't ? Would it have been very absurd to conclude he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me ?—I hope not—for I am sure the case is terribly clear on my side.

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY, R.H.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet ?

Mrs. T. Yes madam, but my lord has been courting her so, I think till they are both out of humour.

Lady G. How so ?

Mrs. T. Why it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day—upon which my lady said she could not be ready ; upon that my lord ordered them to stay the dinner—and then my lady ordered the coach—then my lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachman to set up—then my lady made him a great courtesy, and said she would wait till his lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant ; but for fear of the worst, madam, she whispered me—to get her chair ready.

[*Exit L.H.*]

Lady G. Oh, here they come ! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company.

[*Exit L.H.*]

Enter LADY TOWNLY, R.H. LORD TOWNLY, following.

Lady T. Well, look you, my lord, I can bear it no longer ; nothing still, but about my faults—my faults ! an agreeable subject, truly !

Lord T. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them ?

Lady T. Why I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it.

Lord T. And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse ! astonishing ! when the universe knows I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But to see this world ! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction !—Why, but last Thursday now !—there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray what was the consequence ? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after ? Was not I forced to get company at home ? And was it not almost three o'clock this morning before I was able to come to myself again ? And then the fault is not mended neither—for next time I shall only have twice the inclination to go : so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning old lace, to make it worse than it was before. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lord T. Well, the manner of women's living, of late, is insupportable ! and one way or other—

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose—why so it may ; but then, my dear lord, you must give one time—and when things are at the worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha, ha !

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now to trifle.

Lady T. Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far we are even, you'll allow—but pray which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world—my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night ? Now I think one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop—Faugh ! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lord T. Fie, fie, madam ! is this your way of reasoning ? 'tis time to wake you then—'Tis not your ill hours

alone that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure I dont understand you now, my lord ; what ill company do I keep ?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it ; or perhaps men that are voluntary bubbles at one game in hopes that a lady will give him fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—~~or~~, what to me is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their follies dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security ; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages that might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean ?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay ; and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lady T. My lord you grow scurrilous ; you'll make me hate you ! I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches—now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while ;—you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, madam ; don't let me think you value your chastity only, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation too to guard, that's dear

to me as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault if ever they render him contemptible.

Lady T. My lord, my lord—you would make a woman mad!

Lord T. Madam, madam, you would make a man a fool! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lady T. If heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent you making me a beggar at least.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lady T. A beggar! Cræsus! I am out of patience—I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord T. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow night. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lord T. Then, madam, you shall never come home again. [*Exit R.H.*]

Lady T. What does he mean? I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners, in his worst humours.—There's something that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him.

Enter MANLY, L.H.

Mr. Manly, your servant;

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, madam?

Lady T. Sir, you have my leave though you were a lady.

Man. What a well-bred age do we live in! (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter LADY GRACE, L.H.

T. Oh, my dear lady Grace! how could you

leave me so unmercifully alone all this while ? •

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why yes ; and therefore I wanted your relief ; for he has been in such a fluster here—

Lady G. Bless me ! for what ?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast ! we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—We have been charming company !

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it ! sure it must be a vast happiness when a man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation !

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world !

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world ! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I, now ; we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter ; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly, that must be vastly pretty !

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it ! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty, cheerful, tete-a-tete meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room—At last, stretching himself and yawning—"My dear"—says he—"aw—you came home very late last night"—"Twas but just turned of two," says I—"I was in bed—aw—by eleven," says he—"So you are every night," says I—"Well," says he, "I am amazed you can sit up so late"—"How can you be amazed," says I, "at a thing that happens so often ?"—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point has

entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many, pretty, new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time), don't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes ! which does not do amiss at all—A smart-repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet ; ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout ; for it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady G. O, have a care of that ?

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it.—But to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case ?

Lady G. Why—if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing ; how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that, except giving me money, there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly perhaps by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I dote upon assemblies—my heart bounds at a ball—and at an opera—I expire.—Then I love play to distraction !—cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard !—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one !—Do you never play at hazard, child ?

Lady G. Oh, never ! I don't think it sits well upon women—there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it ! You see how it makes the men swear and curse ! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady T. That's very true ; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well, and upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of ?

Lady T. Why upon a very hard case indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady G. Well, and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live ?

Lady T. Oh, yes—I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously ?

Lady T. Solemnly !—a thousand times ; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that ?

Lady T. My dear, what we say when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child, I should not lead you so far into the world ; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable ! for you will marry, I suppose ?

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town ?

Lady G. Half the year I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars ! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it ?

Lady G. Why not ?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country ?

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray what comfortable scheme of life

would you form, now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that, I think, might very well content us.

Lord T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer I could pass my leisure hours in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive, antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!—But I beg we may have the sober town scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one!

Lady G. You shall; and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it, however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it!

Lady G. I would every day be as neat as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say that's a great step to be made one—Well, now you are dressed, pray let's see to what purpose.

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.—I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at quadrille—

soberly : I would see all the good plays, and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera—but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again ; and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade ; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for this last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the further aid of breakfasting, dining, and taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner ?

Lady T. Tolerable ! deplorable ! Why, child, all you propose is but to indure life ; now I want to enjoy it.

Enter Mrs. TRUSTY, L.H.

Mrs. T. Ma'am, your ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady T. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet ? for last night I was poisoned.

Mrs. T. Yes, ma'am, there were some came in this morning. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty, L.H.*]

Lady T. My dear you will excuse me ; but, you know, my time is so precious—

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at lady Revel's ?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear !

Lady G. When it does, I will—soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness.

[*Exeunt Lady Townly, L.H. and Lady Grace, R.H.*]

Enter LORD TOWNLY and MANLY, R.H.

Lord T. I did not think my lady Wronghead had

such a notable brain ; though I can't say she was so very wise in trusting this silly girl, you call Myrtilla, with the secret.

Man. No, my lord, you mistake me ; had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord T. Why, I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my lady Wronghead sent it enclosed to my sister.

Man. If you please to give me leave, my lord—the fact is thus—This enclosed letter to lady Grace was a real, original one, written by this girl to the count we have been talking of ; the count drops it and my lady Wronghead finds it—then, only changing the cover, she seals it up, as a letter of business, just written by herself to me ; and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

Lord T. Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own, to you ?

Man. No, my lord ; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately ; but when I showed her that her letter to the count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herself betrayed, both by the count and my lady—in short upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions in my lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord T. You are very generous, to be so solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her ; for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

Lord T. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of, to make even thy malice a virtue !

Man. Yet, my lord, I assure you there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord T. Dear Charles ! my heart's impatient till thou

art nearer to me; and, as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve, than to ask my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit; and since, on this occasion, you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you we have both succeeded—she is as firmly yours—

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord T. I'm glad you think it flattery, but she herself shall prove it none; she dines with us alone:—when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation that shall excuse my leaving you together—Oh, Charles! had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my lord.

Lord T. But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance, how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in natural kindness move,
You'll reach by virtue, what I lost by love.

[*Exeunt Lord Townly and Manly, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. Motherly's House.*

[*Enter MANLY, L.H. meeting SIR FRANCIS WRONG-
HEAD, R.H.*

Man. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir F. Cousin Manly!

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir F. Troth, all as busy as bees! I have been upon
'twing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir F. Why, faith you have hit it, sir!—I was advised to lose no time; so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business, but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir F. Why, nobody—I remember I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—so, troth, I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir F. Why, thus—Lookye—"Please your lordship," says I, "I am sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper-hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown."—"Sir, your humble servant," says my lord, "tho' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so," says he, "sir Francis, have you any service to command me?" Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And tho' I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I missed it naw.

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir F. So when I found him so courteous—"My lord," says I, "I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but, since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony,—why truly," says I, "I think naw is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir F. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir F. "So, in short, my lord," says I, "I have a good estate—but—a—lt's a little awt at elbows: and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making short work on't.

Sir F. Icod, I shot him flying, cousin! some of your

haw'f-witted ones, naw, would ha'hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and mayhap not ha'got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't—

Sir F. You shall hear, cousin—"Sir Francis," says my lord, "pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon?"—"My lord," says I, "beggars must not be choosers; but only a place," says I, "about a thousand a year, will, be well enough to be doing with, till something better falls in"—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir F. Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—Well, but what said my lord to all this?

Sir F. "Sir Francis," says he, "I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power;" so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so upon these hopes you are to make your fortune?

Sir F. Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it—for, just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir F. Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you perhaps may have better fortune; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume?

Sir F. Oh, yes; I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

Man. Well ; and pray what have they done there ?

Sir F. Why, troth, I can't well tell you what they have done ; but I can tell you what I did : and, I think pretty well in the main ; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that ?

Sir F. Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long winded o'both sides, that, waunds ! I did not well understand 'um : 'hawsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience—so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know how it 'twas—but I doubt I cried, ay ! when I should ha' cried, no !

Man. How came that about ?

Sir F. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried, ay ! gives me a hearty shake by the hand,—“ Sir,” says he, “ you are a man of honour and a true Englishman ! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you ”—and so with that takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby—so I knew nought—but, odds flesh ! I was got o' the wrong side the post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now !—Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads !

(*Aside.*)

Lady W. (Without.) Very well, very well.

Sir F. Odso ! here's my lady come home at last !

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD, COUNT BASSET, and MISS JENNY, L.H.

Lady W. Cousin, your servant : I hope you will pardon my rudeness ; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure at to return your last visit.

2. Oh, madam, I am a man of no ceremony ; you at has not hindered my coming again.

Lady W. You are infinitely obliging ; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, madam.

Count B. I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam—if making people easy is the rule of good breeding, he is certainly the best bred man in the world.

Man. Soh ! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find. (*Aside.*)—I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

Count B. I don't know that, sir ; but I am sure what you are pleased to say makes me so. (*Lady Wrong-head, Miss Jenny and Count Basset talk apart.*)

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I met with ! (*Aside.*)

Lady W. Lard, how ready his wit is ! (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Don't you think, sir, the count's a very fine gentleman ! (*Apart to Manly.*)

Man. Oh, among the ladies, certainly. (*To Sir F.*)

Sir F. And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waunds, he'll storm any thing ! (*Apart to Manly.*)

Man. Will he so ? Why then, sir, take care of your citadel. (*Apart to Sir F.*)

Sir F. Ah, you are a wag, cousin ! (*Apart to Man.*)

Man. I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you ?

Jenny. (*Advancing.*) Oh, perfectly well, sir ! We have been abroad in our new coach, all day long—and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade ; and on Friday to the play ; and on Saturday to the opera ; and on Sunday we are to be at the what d'ye call it—assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and piquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset ; and on Monday we are to see the king ; and so on Tuesday—

Lady W. Hold, hold, miss ! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget ; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes, and she is improved with a vengeance ! (*Aside.*)

Jenny. Lawd, mamma ! I am sure I did not say any harm : and, if one must not speak in one's turn, one

may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see.

Lady W. O'my conscience, this girl grows so head-strong—

Sir F. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you ! Now tack it dawn, an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, madam.

Lady W. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. (*Turning away, and pouting.*) I declare I won't bear it : she is always snubbing me before you, sir !—I know why she does it, well enough—

(*Aside to the Count.*)

Count B. Hush, hush, my dear ! don't be uneasy at that ; she'll suspect us.

(*Aside.*)

Jenny. Let her suspect ! what do I care ?—I don't know but I have as much reason to suspect as she—though perhaps I am not so afraid of her.

Count B. 'Egad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project, before I can bring it to bear.

(*Aside.*)

Lady W. The young harlot is certainly in love with him ; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it.—(*Aside.*)—Upon my life, count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count B. Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her.—In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it : 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me.

(*Apart to Lady W.*)

Lady W. You are right ; I will be more cautious.

(*Apart to Count B.*)

Count B. To-morrow at the masquerade we may lose her.

(*Apart to Lady W.*)

Lady W. We shall be observed ; I'll send you a note, and settle that affair—go on with the girl, and don't mind me.

(*Apart to Count B.*)

Count B. I have been taking your part, my little angel. (*To Miss Jenny.*)

Lady W. Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so hasty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family! (*Aside.*)

Enter MYRTILLA, L.H. MANLY talks apart with her R.H.

Lady W. Well, sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day?

Sir F. News, madam! 'Ecod, I have some—and such as does not come every day I can tell you. A word in your ear—I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pound a year already.

Lady W. Have you so, sir? And, pray, who may you thank for't? Now, who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away after a stinking pack of fox-hounds in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir F. Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

Lady W. Mighty well! Come—let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir F. Another, child! Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning; pray, what's become of that, my dear?

Lady W. What's become of it! Why, I'll show you my love. Jenny, have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, mamma.

Lady W. What's become of it? Why, laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the count, here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's the account.

Sir F. (Turning over the Bills.) Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sounded your aunt, you say, and she readily comes in to all I proposed to you?

(Apart to Myrtille.)

Myr. Sir, I'll answer with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, sir. *(Apart.)*

Man. I am going home directly; bring her to my house in half an hour; and, if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

(Apart to Myrtille.)

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you. *(Apart to Man.)*

[Exit, L.H.]

Sir F. Odds life, madam! here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans and clock stockings, by wholesale.

Lady W. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that, in necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir F. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o'one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

Lady W. My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion? why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady, in this town, is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady W. Now that is so like him!

Man. So, the family comes on finely! *(Aside.)*

Sir F. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold it at this rate.

Man. Oh, do you feel it, sir? *(Aside.)*

Lady W. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir F. Compose the devil, madam! why, do you consider what a hundred pound a day comes to in a year?

Lady W. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time—But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a year this morning—That now, methinks, you might consider, sir.

Sir F. A thousand pound! Yes; but mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, R.H.

Squire R. Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coaled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady W. Bless me, sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself?

Sir F. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

Lady W. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? We shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir F. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir F. Well, sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, madam—(*Bows.*)

Lady W. Since you have business, sir—(*Curtseys.*)

[*Exit, Manly, L.H.*]

Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, R.H.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning, you had some very fine lace to show me—can't I see it now? (*Sir Francis stares.*)

Mrs. M. Why really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth day; but your ladyship—

Lady W. Oh, I die if I don't see it before ha'.

Squire R. Woant you goa, feyther?

Sir F. Waunds, lad, I shall ha' no stomach at this rate!

Mrs. M. Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over—and, for fineness—no cobweb comes up to it.

Sir F. Odds guts and gizzard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost, now?

Mrs. M. Nay, if sir Francis does not like of it, madam—

Lady W. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir F. Flesh, madam! but I suppose I am to pay for it!

Lady W. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a year, and who got it you; go, eat your dinner, and be thankful, go! (*Driving him to R.H.D.*) Come, Mrs. Motherly. [*Exit, Lady Wronghead and Mrs.*

Motherly, R.H.

Sir F. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished, for the good of my country, while madam is laying me out an hundred pound a day, in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Odds flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squire R. Nay, nay—come, feyther.

[*Exeunt Sir Francis and Squire Richard, R.H.*]

Re-enter MYRTILLA, L.H.

Myr. Madam, (*To Miss Jenny.*) my lady desires you and the count will please to come, and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count B. We'll wait upon her—

Jenny. So, I told you how it was; you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count B. No matter, my dear; you know she has asked me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house a-

gain ; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a little talk together.

Myr. Ay, ay, madam, you may command me in any thing.

Jenny. Well, that will be pure !

Count B. But you had best go to her alone, my life ; it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will : and to-morrow you know at the masquerade : O dear, dear ! I wish the time were come. [Exit, R.H.]

Myr. So, sir, am not I very commode to you ?

Count B. Well, child, and don't you find your account in it ? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another ?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with miss, in the main ?

Count B. Oh, she's mad for the masquerade ! It drives like a nail ; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning ?

Myr. Yes, yes ; my lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know ; he'll do your business and mine at the same time.

Count B. Oh, it's true ! but where shall we appoint him ?

Myr. Why you know my lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball night, before they go to the Haymarket.

Count B. Good.

Myr. Now the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to bed together.

Count B. Admirable ! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may he tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you as long as I live—But I must run to my squire.

Count B. And I to the ladies—so, your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead! (*Bows.*)

Myr. Yours as in duty bound, most noble count Basset! (*Curtseys.*) [*Exit, R.H.*]

Count B. Why, ay, ! Count ! That title has been of some use to me, indeed; not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue riband. Yet I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it, I have lolled in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one & quadrille with the first women of quality—but—tempora mutantur—since that damned squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and if I can snap up miss Jenny and her eight thousand pounds, I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them : for, since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Lord Townly's House.*

Enter WILLIAMS L.H. and MANLY, R.H.

Wil. Sir Francis Wronghead, sir, desires to see you.

Man. Desire sir Francis to walk in. [*Exit Williams, L.H.*—] I suppose by this time his wise worship begins to find that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.

Enter SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, L.H.

Sir Francis, your servant. How came I by the favour.

of this extraordinary visit ?

Sir F. Ah, cousin !

Man. Why that sorrowful face, man ?

Sir F. I have no friend alive but you—

Man. I am sorry for that—But what's the matter ?

Sir F. I have played the fool by this journey, I see now—for my bitter wife—

Man. What of her ?

Sir F. Is playing the devil.

Man. Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir F. If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning. But there's one hundred on't goes more to my heart than all the rest.

Man. And how might that be disposed of ?

Sir F. Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir F. Why, she has been at an assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you ? I thought you had all supped at home last night.

Sir F. Why, so we did—and all as merry as grigs. I'cod my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with—But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my lady Townly here, with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my lady Noble's assembly, forsooth—A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain—so, bawnce ! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box—so, about four or five in the morning—home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice !

Sir F. Every shilling—among a parcel of pigtail'd puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. If you remember I gave you a hint of this.

Sir F. Why, ay, it's true, you did so: but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

Sir F. Ah, this London is a base place indeed!—Waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a goal?

Man. Why, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir F. Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

Man. The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

Sir F. Odds flesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a year behind me?

Man. Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a saver by it.

Sir F. Ay but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure I shall make in the country, if I come down withawt it.

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

Sir F. Mayhap. 'at you have no great opinion of my journey to London then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

Sir F. Good lack! how may you mean, cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus—In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster; in a fortnight my lady will run you into gaol, by keeping the best company; in four-and-twenty hours your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been used to better company; and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir F. I'the name o'goodness, why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know too much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir F. Waunds ! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. I hear company entering—You know they see masks here to-day—conceal yourself in this room, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses : but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir F. Sir, I'll warrant you—Ah, my lady ! my lady Wronghead ! what a bitter business have you drawn me into !

Man. Hush ! to your post ; here comes one couple already. (*Sir F. and Man. retire through the centre Door.*)

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD and MYRTILLA, in Masquerade Dresses, L.H.

Squire R. What is this the doctor's chamber ?

Myr. Yes, yes : speak softly.

Squire R. Well, but where is he ?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses : so, when the count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

Squire R. Well, well, tit for tat ! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see, here they come !

Enter COUNT BASSET and MISS JENNY, in Masquerade Dresses, L.H.

Count B. So, so, here's your brother and his bride before us my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still ! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma ; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip ! Lawd, do but feel how it beats here !

Count B. Oh, the pretty flutterer ! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation !

Jenny. Ay, you say so—but let's see now—(*Puts her Hand to his Heart.*) Oh,—lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do; and so where's the parson?

Count B. Mrs. Myrtille, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only staid for you, sir; I'll fetch him immediately. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Jenny. Pray, sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess?

Count B. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assëmbly; or you and I in our coach and six at Hyde park together!

Count B. Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera, call out—"The countess of Basset's servants!"

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then mayhap to have a fine gentleman, with a star and a what-d'ye-call-um riband, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! "Hold up, says the chairman; "and so," says I, "my lord, your humble servant."—"I suppose madam," says he, "we shall see you at my lady Quadrille's?"—"Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord," says I.—So in swops me, and away they trot swing! swang! with my tassels dangling and my flambeaux blazing! and—Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

Count B. Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of them all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

Squire R. Troth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! Tho' in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing now, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the parson stay so?

Count B. Oh, here he comes, I believe.

Enter MYRTILLA, with a Constable, L.H.

Const. Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman. (*Pointing to the Count.*)

Count B. Hey-day! what, in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count B. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my lord chief justice's warrant against you, for forgery, sir.

Count B. Blood and thunder!

Const. And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately. (*Sir Francis and Manly advance.*)

Jenny. Oh, dear me, what's the matter? (*Trembling.*)

Count B. Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic my dear.

Squire R. Oh, ho, is that all.

Sir F. No, sirrah! that is not all.

(*Sir Francis Wronghead coming softly behind the Squire knocks him down with his Cane.*)

Squire R. Oh, lawd! Oh, lawd! he has beaten my brains out.

Man. Hold, hold, sir Francis; have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray, sir.

Sir F. Wounds, cousin, I ha'nt patience.

Count B. Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil!
(*Aside.*)

Squire R. Oh, my head! my head!

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD, L.H. dressed as a Shepherdess.

Lady W. What's the matter here, gentlemen? For heaven's sake! What, are you murdering my children?

Const. No, no, madam; no murder; only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir F. (*To Jenny.*) And for you, Mrs. Hotupon't I

could find in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pick-pocket?

Count B. So, so, all's out I find! (*Aside.*)

Jenny. Oh, the mercy! why pray, papa, is not the count a man of quality then?

Sir F. Oh, yes, one of the unchanged ones, it seems.

Lady W. Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was the urgent business then—slighted for her! I han't patience!—and, for aught I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman. (*Aside.*)

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir F. Ay, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night; for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

Lady W. Indeed you are mistaken sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir F. Not stir? Waunds madam—

Man. Hold, sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

Sir F. Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

Man. (*Apart to Lady Wronghead.*) Look you, madam, as to the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter enclosed to my lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin.—Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

Lady W. What do you mean, sir? (*Apart to Man.*)

Man. Why, sir Francis—shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure. (*Apart to Lady W.*)

Lady W. Ha! my billet-doux to the count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion! (*Aside.*)

Man. What shall I say to sir Francis, madam?

(*Apart to Lady W.*)

Lady W. Dear sir, I am in such a trembling! pre-

serve my honour, and I am all obedience. (*Apart to Mdn.*)

Man. Sir Francis—my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir F. Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!—And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count B. Mr. Manly; sir, I hope you won't ruin me!

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir?

Count B. Sir—I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate—But it has hurt nobody yet, sir; I beg you will not stigmatize me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out my power, sir, to make it in another, sir.

Man. Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you, but if you expect mercy yourself, you must show it to one you have been cruel to.

Count B. Cruel, sir?

Man. Have you not ruined this young woman?

Count B. I, sir?

Man. I know you have—therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

Count B. Dear sir!

Man. No words, sir; a wife or a mittimus.

Count B. Lord, sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

Man. A private penance or a public one—Constable!

Count B. Hold, sir, since you are pleased to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, sir; the chaplain you expected is still within call.

Myr. Come, sir, don't repine : marriage is at worst but playing upon the square. •

Count B. Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the devil.

Man. Well, sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it ; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honeymoon with. (*Gives it to Myrtilla.*

Count B. Sir, this is so generous an act—

Man. No compliments, dear sir—I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him? [*Exit, L.H.*

Const. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count B. Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however. And I am not the first of the fraternity who has run his head into one noose to keep it out of another—Come, spouse.

Myr. Yes, my life.

[*Exeunt Myrtilla, Count Basset and Constable, L.H.*

Sir F. And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever—come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witness of the ceremony.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—A Dressing Room.

LADY TOWNLY discovered as just up ; MRS. TRUSTY waiting.

Mrs. T. Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so ill ?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep ?

Mrs. T. Dear me ! it was, so long before you rung, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

Lady T. Composed ! why I have lain in an inn here ; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches : what between my lord's impertinent people of business

in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Mrs. T. Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty ! I manage very ill ; for, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Mrs. T. Ah ! if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it ! Do you know that I am undone, Trusty ?

Mrs. T. Mercy forbid, madam !

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered !—stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea !

Mrs. T. You don't tell me so, madam !

Lady T. And where to raise ten pounds in the world—What is to be done, Trusty ?

Mrs. T. Truly, I wish I werewise enough to tell you, madam : but may be your ladyship may have a run of better for tune uponsome of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Mrs. T. Ha ! that's a bad business indeed, madam—Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late—

Lady T. Out with it quickly then, I beseech thee.

Mrs. T. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time ?

Lady T. Oh, ay ; I had forgot—'twas to a—what's his filthy name ?

Mrs. T. Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady T. The very wretch ! If he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately, [*Exit Trusty, L.H.*] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune ! five, five and nine, against poor seven for ever !—No, after that horrid bar of my chance, —that lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake—Sit up all night—lose all one's money—dream of winning thousands—wake without a shilling ! and then—How like a hag I look !—In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame now, I could almost think lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous—If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight—But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

Enter MRS. TRUSTY, L.H.

Mrs. T. Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it ! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot ; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the staircase head again—and scream to him that I must speak with him this instant.

[*Mrs. Trusty runs out and speaks, L.H.*

Mrs. T. (Within.)—Mr. Poundage !—a hem ! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly !

Pound. (Within.) I'll come to you presently !

Mrs. T. (Within.) Presently won't do, man ; you must come this minute.

Pound. (Within.) I am but just paying a little money here.

Mrs. T. (Within.) Odds my life, paying money ! Is the man distracted ? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment—quick !

Re-enter MRS. TRUSTY, L.H.

Lady T. Will the monster come, or no ?

Mrs. T. Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

(Poundage comes to L.H.D with a Money-bag in his Hand.)

Mrs. T. Oh, it's well you are come, sir! where's the fifty pounds.

Pound. Why here it is: if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time—the man's now writing a receipt below for it.

Mrs. T. No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money; there's not enough, it seems—there's a pistole and a guinea that is not good in it—besides, there is a mistake in the account too—*(Twitching the Bag from him.)* But she is not at leisure to examine it now: so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call um call another time.

Lady T. What is all that noise there.

Pound. Why, and it please your ladyship—

Lady T. Pr'ythee don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam.

[Exit, L.H.]

Mrs. T. There they are madam—*(Pours the Money out of the Bag.)* The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them!—I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, ma'am.

(Takes a Guinea.)

Lady T. Why I did not bid you take it.

Mrs. T. No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

Lady T. Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once *(Noise without L.H.)* But hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder?

Mrs. T. I'll listen.

Lady T. Pr'ythee do,

Mrs. T. (*Goes to the L.H.D.*) Ay, they are at it, madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—Bless me ! I believe he'll beat him.

(*A Man's Voice without L.H.*) I won't swear, but damn me if I don't have my money.

Mrs. T. Mercy on us, how the wretch swears !

Lady T. And a sober citizen too ! that's a shame.

Mrs. T. Ha ! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be the porter has knocked him down—I'll step and see.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

Lady T. These tradespeople are the troublesomest creatures ! No words will satisfy them !

Re-enter MRS. TRUSTY, L.H.D.

Mrs. T. Oh, madam ! undone ! undone ! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—If your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady T. No matter ; it will come round presently, I shall have it from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Mrs. T. Oh lud, madam ! here's my lord coming in !

Lady T. Do you get out of the way, then.

[*Exit Mrs. Trusty, R.H.*

I am afraid I want spirits ; but he will soon give them me.

Enter LORD TOWNLY, L.H.

Lord T. How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you ?

Lady T. You don't expect, my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence !

Lord T. I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it ; I thought I had given you money, three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus—what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone! what way, madam?

Lady T. Half the town over, I believe by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady T. My lord, if you insult me, you shall have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous!—you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

Lady T. You'll find at least I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart is your monitor—'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Death, madam! do you presume upon your corporeal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaimed—for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more—if she conceals her shame,

does less ; and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet. *{Crosses to R.H.}*

Lady T. I see, my lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman ! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person ! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered cock-comb, has possession of it ?

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, madam, I have long despaired of and, since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts, our persons too should separate.—This house you sleep no more in ; though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour !

Lord T. Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

Lady T. Done with me ! If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it—but have a care ; I may not perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled ? Who's there ?

Enter WILLIAMS, L.H.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

{Exit Williams, L.H.}

Lady T. My lord, you may proceed as you please ; but pray what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality ?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam.

that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible; and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my lord; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.

Enter LADY GRACE and MANLY, L.H.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you too. (*Crosses to Lady G.*)

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my lord.

Lord T. Thus then—As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation—I know, sir, your good nature and my sister's, must be shocked at the office I impose on you; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent on her side.

Man. My lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lord T. For you, my lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them—For the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter.—As the lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and to our mutual shame I speak it, more than happy wives desire—But those indulgencies must end—state, equipage, and splendour, but ill become the vices that

misuse them—The decent necessities of life shall be supplied, but not one article to luxury—not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased—but if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less; nor will I call that soul my friend that names you in my hearing.—Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love.—There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I for ever hoped to find a cheerful companion, a faithful friend, a useful helpmate, and a tender mother—but, oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck her.

(*Aside.*)

Lord T. No, let me not, (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever,) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes—I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal; and as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister!

(*Turns to Lady Grace, weeping.*)

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where without favour, this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure.

(*Going, crosses to L.H.*)

Lady T. Support me—save me—hide me from the world! (*Falling on Lady Grace's neck.*)

Lord T. (*Returning.*) I had forgot me—(*To Lady G.*)

You have no share in my resentment, therefore as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband. (*Offers to go out L.H.*)

Man. (*Interposing.*) My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus!—One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong. If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer, with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider—since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord T. I shan't refuse you that, madam—be it so. (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Lady T. My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lord T. Proceed—I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves—I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that, when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth—his tender care, my lord, directed him to you.—Our hands were joined, but still my heart was wedded to its folly.—My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures.—The husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, I knew no directors but my passions, no

master but my will.—Even you, my lord, sometime o'ercome by love, were pleased with my delights : nor then foresaw this sad misuse of your indulgence.—And though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet as a truth it cannot be denied, that kind indulgence has undone me ; it added strength to my habitual failings, and, in a heart thus warm in wild, unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly ! where has this creature's heart been buried ? (*Apart, to Man :*)

Man. If yet recoverable, how vast the treasure !

(*Apart, to Lord T.*)

Lady T. What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession ; my errors (give them, if you please, a harder name,) cannot be defended—No, what's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate—no plea can alter ! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure ? Time only can convince you of my future conduct : therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon—The penance of a lonely, contrite life, were little to an innocent ; but, to have deserved this separation, will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.—Sister, farewell ! (*Kisses her.*) Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me ; but when you think I have atoned my follies past, persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, madam ! your errors, thus renounced, this instant are forgotten ! So deep, so due a sense of them has made you what my utmost wishes form'd, and all my heart has sigh'd for.—Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting ; but, from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces.

(*Embraces Lady Townly.*)

Lady T. What words—what love—what duty can repay such obligations ?

Lord T. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

Lady T. Oh ! till this moment never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you !

Lord T. By heaven! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable!—Oh, Manly! sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity—my new-born joy! See here, the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day!

Lady G. Sister,---(for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever.) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual, may it flow!

Lord T. To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

Lady T. Sister, a day like this—

Lady G. Admits of no excuse against the general joy. (*Gives her Hand to Manly.*)

Man. A joy like mine—despairs of words to speak it.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother! (*Embraces him.*)

Man. Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

Lady T. Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit—the guidance of my future days—

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead.

For in the married state, the world must own

Divided happiness was never known,

To make it mutual, nature points the way:

Let husbands govern: gentle wives obey.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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